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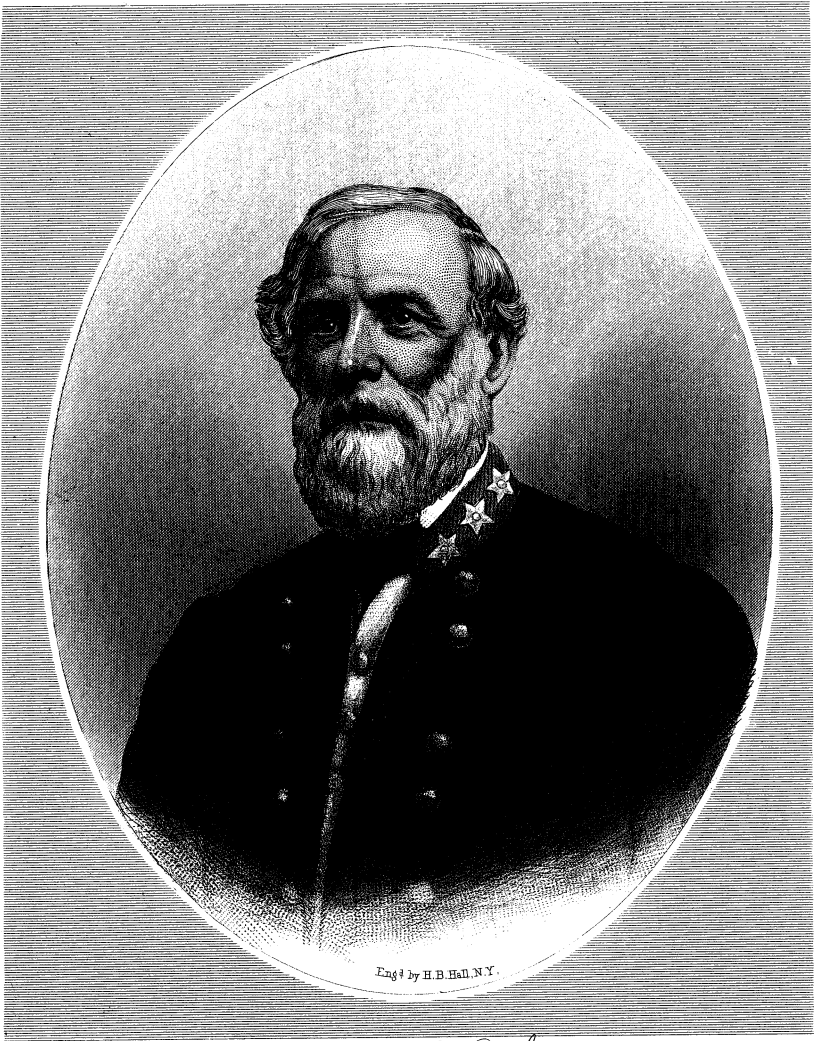
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R. E. Lee

GENL R. E. LEE.

THE
CONFLAGRATION
OF



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THE
EARLY LIFE, CAMPAIGNS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
ROBERT E. LEE;

WITH A RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS AND HEROIC DEEDS

OF HIS

Companions in Arms,

"NAMES THE WORLD WILL NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE."

Pollard Edward Alfred

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Author proposes in this present work to assemble the most heroic names of the South in the late war, and to give to the world biographies of her most illustrious military commanders, including memoirs of all the Army divisions of the Confederacy from Virginia to the Trans-Mississippi. The plan of the work is extensive; the collection is naturally in the shape of a galaxy; but the picture is one, in the common light of the martial glory of the South in which all the figures are grouped.

Authenticity is more difficult in biography than in history; the domain of anecdote is always doubtful; and the most we can obtain of the lives of particular men comes to us through the prejudices and colours of personal narration. Sensible of the difficulties and uncertainties which beset his task, the author may yet declare that he has executed it with such care that he has admitted no statement of fact without ample authority, and mentioned not even the slightest incident without the support of credible testimony. He has been greatly assisted from the notes and memories of surviving actors of the great drama; he has drawn something from various publications contemporary with the war—among which he would especially mention the *Southern Illustrated News*, one of the most interesting literary souvenirs of the Confederacy; and he has explored for evidence every print and manuscript of the documentary history of the Richmond Government. At least, he has not been deficient in research, however he may have used his discoveries.

It has been arranged that the biographies in this volume should cover the whole space of the action of the late war.

INTRODUCTION.

Including all the great commanders, they contain some name dear to each part of the former Confederacy, and thus have an interest distributed through all the States of the South.

The author's design, in short, has been to assemble the most remarkable characters of the late war, and to perform a work, in which Southern youth may look for models of true greatness; the scholar recognize his fruitful themes; and those yet living on the scenes of the great conflict find many subjects of tender and ennobling interest.

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GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

CHAPTER I.

Standards of human greatness.—Three classes of great men.—Nature and peculiarity of genius.—A second order of greatness.—General Lee, as in the third class of great men.—Key to his character.

HUMAN greatness is neither a mystery nor an accident. There is a class of minds, envious or ignorant, which insist that the greatness of men is without reference to any well-settled orders of merit; that it is often the fruit of chance; that it is subject to no well-defined rule or analysis; and that fame is a lawless and irregular thing. We dissent from this view, and disclaim any share in its self-complacency. We believe that human greatness, as interpreted by intelligent fame among mankind, is regulated by well-known laws, is subject to a clear analysis, and is capable of a precise definition. Especially in modern civilized society, with its multitude of concerns, its intricate organization, and its constant and characteristic multiplication of restraints and difficulties upon the self-assertion of the individual, it is impossible for a man to obtain anything like permanent fame without the possession of some substantial and well-defined merit, or some extraordinary quality. To be sure, in the experience of every people there are hasty judgments of the mob, fits of fickle admiration, short triumphs of charlatanism, ephemera of the newspaper. But equally certain it is that no man succeeds to real and lasting fame, and obtains a permanent place in the regard of his fellows, unless he has some visible mark upon him, some true excellence, and only after a severe test and a precise measure have been applied to those qualities in which he asserts an extraordinary character. That character may be one of great virtues or of brilliant vices; we do not discuss the moral question here; we only insist that the man

designated for historical reputation, and the fee of fame, must have something that really distinguishes him from his fellows. Affectation and pretension can never accomplish a permanent name. There is no such thing as being great by accident, and enjoying fame without good reason therefor. Weak men may sometimes make undue noise, and occupy for a little while eminences to which they do not belong; but the sober judgment of mankind soon passes upon the pretender, and reduces him to his proper position. It is the certain and inevitable law of history. Mind, like water, will find its level. We may appear to live in a great confusion of names, amid disordered currents of popular fame, in storms of unjust and turbulent opinion; but after all, we may be sure that there is an ultimate order, that the reputations of men will be finally assigned them by exact rules, and that those only will enter the temple of History who have real titles, by extraordinary virtues or by extraordinary vices, to its places.

That excellence which men entitle Greatness, so far from being any peculiar occasion of confusion of mind, may be readily subjected to analysis, and the classes of fame be separated, with reference to the qualities which obtain it. In the first place, we have a distinction among mankind, and a title to fame in the rare possession of *genius*. The subtile excellence of mind that bears this name is difficult of definition. But its characteristics are easily recognized and unfailling. We call him the man of genius, who, by a quality or gift superiour to reason, reaches the truth, seizes upon it without the intermediate process by which the ordinary man arrives at it; obtains conclusions by the flashes of intuition; perceives things by a subtile sense in which truth is discovered without the formula of an argument, and almost without the consciousness of a mental operation. It is for the metaphysician to attempt the definition of this rare quality of mind, and determine the relations between reason and intuition. But from what we have said of the characteristics of genius we may readily recognize it: the rapidity of its action, the brilliancy of its execution, the intellectual certainty of all its plans, the directness of its methods, and the decisive air of its manners are peculiar, and cannot escape notice. There is another peculiarity of genius. It is that its particular employment, the department in which it displays itself, is determined by accident; that it is universal in its application,

and capable of excelling in all professions of life, in all arts and sciences, in every domain of mind. Genius contains in itself all excellences, and is bound to show itself in some direction or other. The man who is by genius a great General would also have been, had such directions been given to his life, a great poet, or a great mathematician, or a great politician—an ornament of the State, or a light of science. Genius is bound to assert itself, and circumstances will determine its direction. A certain reviewer in the pages of a British periodical has declared that the Great Napoleon was only the product of a peculiar French society, the fruit of the exceptional times in which he lived; and that had he been an Englishman, and served in the British army, he would probably never have been known but as a brilliant colonel of artillery. But this view is superficial and silly. The scholarly and cultivated historian has quite a different judgment from that of the writer in the shallow pages of a magazine. The universality of genius is illimitable, its declarations of itself irrefragable; and we are to believe that Napoleon, if he had chosen, instead of the profession of arms, the peaceful pursuits of science and philosophy, would still have been the great man, would have imprinted the age with great discoveries, and would have taken rank with Bacon, Newton, and other luminaries in the world of letters and pure intellect.

There is a second order of greatness, lower than that of genius, but often mistaken for it in the opinions of the vulgar. It is some special excellence which comes from some faculty in excess, some inordinate development of a single power or property of mind. This is indeed the most usual type of human greatness, occurring far more frequently than that founded on genius, or that proceeding, as we shall hereafter notice, from a certain rare and full combination of virtues and powers in a single mind. The largest class of those whom the world calls great represent single ideas, or specialties and have a well-defined vocation, taken out of which they are no longer remarkable. It seems here indeed that nature has introduced a certain law of economy in its distribution of powers, giving to us special missions, and raising up for the accomplishment of every particular idea the man for the occasion.

A third class of great men in history, not remarkable for genius, and not famous for any special adaptation, rest their reputation on a certain combination, a just mixture of qualities, a perfect balance

of character at once rare and admirable. This type of greatness may not be a very brilliant one, but it is certainly not a low one. It is seldom that we perceive in one person the full, rotund development of mind, a perfect harmony of character, the precise adjustment of the virtues. We may hesitate in a certain sense in designating such a one as a great man. The very fulness and harmony of such a character precludes brilliancy; and it is remarkable that this full and well-balanced order of mind is generally wrought from a *sense of duty*—the only motive indeed which embraces all the powers and dispositions of the mind—and partakes but little of *ambition*, which usually cultivates partial developments of character, and distorts the picture. The excellence and charm of the character we describe is its nice mixture. The man who is successful and famous from a happy combination of qualities may not attract the mysteries of hero-worship; he will lack the vigorous selfishness that puts strong imprints on the pages of history; he will not realize that fierce and romantic theory of greatness which contends that the great man must be cruel, unscrupulous, monstrous, sacrificing all means to one end; he may be more the object of admiration than affection; but after all, he is the great man and not the agreeable commonplace. Apart from any charm in the moral aspects of this character, there is a steady intellectual glow in the contemplation of the man well-developed, and tempered in all his parts, deficient in nothing, with all his powers and dispositions knit in harmony, presenting a single majestic picture of human nature. The brilliant light may startle us for a while; but we shall not the less regard the full-orbed symbol of greatness. The meteor which streams across the vision, the comet which writes its red hieroglyph on the blue page of heaven, may be taken as symbols of certain human fame; but are there not others more quiet, and yet as majestic, in the full round orb of day as it shines on the meridian, or blazes through the broken storm on the horizon, amid clouds

“ At sunset, stranded, firing far
Their dull distress-guns!”

To the third class of great men we have no hesitation in assigning the subject of this memoir—Robert E. Lee. We shall recognize the illustrious Virginian as one of those great men who had but little to dazzle the world, and yet a strong and permanent claim on the sober admiration of mankind. We may not have to recite the brilliant story of genius; but we shall have much to record that is beautiful and admirable in a career that drew the eyes of the world, and traversed a domain of fame as broad as Christendom. In brief, we shall find in this man fruitful and peculiar studies; the almost perfect sum of the qualities of a great military commander; an excellent balance between judgment and execution; a spirit not remarkable for the creation of events, of but little originality, yet always equal to whatever events fortune might marshal; a character fairly developed in every direction, well-rounded and Washington-like; an intellect of great power, but with few gifts of learning; a circle of virtues; the store of a well-regulated life, to which there was one unfailling golden key—**A SENSE OF DUTY.**

CHAPTER II.

The Lee family in Virginia.—“Light-Horse Harry.”—Early life of Robert E. Lee.—His cadetship at West Point.—His home at Arlington Heights.—Services in the Mexican war.—Commended by General Scott.—Appointed Colonel in the First Cavalry.—The John Brown raid.—Colonel Lee and the outlaws.—The first act of “rebellion” at Harper’s Ferry.—Governor Wise arms Virginia.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE belonged to a family conspicuous for two centuries, not only in the local annals of Virginia, but on the ample pages of the colonial and revolutionary periods of America. The genealogy of the Lee family in Virginia is traced to 1666. About that time Richard Lee, the early ancestor of the Confederate chieftain, made large settlements in that part of Virginia situated between the Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers, and designated as the Northern Neck. He was faithful to the loyal sentiments of those times; he acted, for some time, as secretary to Sir William Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia; and on the restoration of Charles II., he exercised no little influence in restoring the colony to its allegiance, although in Cromwell’s time Virginia had taken a step towards independence, and had obtained a *quasi* recognition in a treaty signed by the Protector’s own hand. He shared in the ceremonies of crowning the restored monarch King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and *Virginia*; from which came the legend on the ancient arms of the last commonwealth: *En dat Virginia quartam.*

A grandson of this Richard Lee, Thomas Lee, was one of the first of the leading men of the colony of Virginia; was, for some time, president of the council; was known for the ardour of his enterprises in the exploration of the then wild country of the Ohio River; and, although he preceded the Revolution by a generation, he appeared to have had a foresight of that remarkable event, and is reported to have designated, with comparative accuracy, the present site of Washington City as the seat of the new government. He died in 1750.

Thomas Lee left six sons, three of whom obtained historical

distinction. Richard Henry Lee was a member of the first Continental Congress; and his was the first voice to move a resolution, on the 7th June, 1776, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, signed with him the Declaration of Independence. Arthur Lee, another brother, was distinguished as a scholar and diplomatist.

The descent of Gen. R. E. Lee, of Confederate times, is traced from Henry Lee, a brother of Thomas. This ancestor married a Miss Bland; his third son, named Henry, was united to a Miss Grimes; and from this marriage came the father of Gen. Lee—the famous "Light-Horse Harry," of the period of the Revolution. The immediate ancestor of General Lee achieved, perhaps, the most brilliant name in the Lee family. He was a brave, elastic officer, referred to by all the historians of the Revolution as an excellent cavalry officer; he commanded a legion noted for its daring exploits; he distinguished himself by the capture of a British fort at Paulus Hook; and he served, with constant brilliant effects, under Greene in the Carolinas, who declared that he was "under obligations to Lee which he never could cancel," and, with his own hand, wrote to him: "No man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit with yourself." He was an especial and intimate friend of Washington; he obtained the regard of his government, a brilliant share of popular applause, a vote of thanks from Congress, and a medal on which his services were designated in the following beautiful and classical words: "Notwithstanding rivers and intrenchments, he, with a small band, conquered the foe by warlike skill and prowess, and *firmly bound by his humanity those who had been conquered by his arms.*" It is curious that this description of glory the rigid pen of history may almost exactly repeat in epitomizing the deeds of the son.

It will thus be seen that the name of Robert E. Lee comes before the country with a very abundant historical association, and a rare measure of the glory of the Revolution. Two of his grand-uncles were signers of the Declaration of Independence; one of them, Richard Henry Lee, was the orator of the Revolu-

tion, and among the most beautiful characters of his times, deeply sympathizing with Washington and Peyton, Randolph and Pendleton, and Nicholas and Henry, in their religious character and sentiments; while the immediate ancestor, glorious "Light-Horse Harry," won a brilliant reputation in arms, and obtained an inestimable recognition in the "love and thanks" of Washington himself.

After the battle of Eutaw Springs, Henry Lee returned to Virginia, and married a daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee, of Stafford. His political career was short, but very honourable. He served two terms in Congress, and in 1791 was made Governor of Virginia. His first wife having died, he contracted a second marriage with Anne, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley. The second son was Robert Edward Lee, born in 1806, at the family seat of Stratford. In 1818 Henry Lee died, while visiting a member of Gen. Greene's family, in Georgia, and his remains were committed to a grave on the lands once owned by his beloved commander and companion in arms.

There is a common curiosity to discover, even in the earliest periods of the lives of great men, some indication or augury of their future greatness, some infantile anticipation of the future. This disposition of mind is often silly and absurd, and not unfrequently carried to the point of extravagance.* There is little

* On one of the pages of "*The Lost Cause*" (the author's history of the war), a place was found for the following brief remark:

"There has been a curious Yankee affectation in the war. It is to discover in the infancy or early childhood of all their heroes something indicative of their future greatness, or of the designs of Providence towards them. Thus their famous cavalry commanders rode wild horses as soon as they could sit astraddle; and their greatest commander in the latter periods of the war—Ulysses S. Grant—when an infant desired a pistol to be fired by his ear, and exclaimed '*Fick again!*' thus giving a very early indication of his warlike disposition."

A Northern journal questioned the authenticity of this anecdote of Grant, challenged the whole statement, and charged that the author of "*The Lost Cause*" had had recourse to very small and pitiful inventions to make a theme of ridicule. The author is not only able to reply to the challenge for authorities in the instances referred to above, but the subject has expanded under investigation, and he finds that he has really fallen upon a topic of large and characteristic interest in the history of the war, that has a philosophical bearing as well as a ludicrous aspect.

The world is not yet done with the curiosities of Yankee conceit. It has not been content to date the fame of its heroes in the war from the events of the war, but has ascribed to them infantile phenomena, and invented a modern augury of greatness,

indeed to reward such curiosity in the early life of Lee. He grew up in the quiet of home, without showing any uncommon characteristics of mind; and the only thing remarked about him as a boy was that he was disposed to be quiet and sedate. His associa-

which would be extremely fanciful, if it was not supremely absurd and disgusting. The conceit is part of that Yankee vanity which is constantly asserting its excellence—even in the matter of babies. The genius of Grant is traced to his cradle; Sheridan was *enfant terrible*; and the Yankee heroes of the war, before their adult achievements, were the most remarkable children of their generation.

Now, as to Grant's early pricking of the ears at warlike sounds (something after the fashion of Jupiter's sons of earth) we have the story from his father, recited as follows in a recent Yankee book, characteristically entitled "*Our Great Captains*:"

"Grant relates that when Ulysses was but two years old, he took him in his arms and carried him through the village on some public occasion, and a young man wished to try the effect of the report of a pistol on him. Mr. Grant consented, though, as he said, 'the child had never seen a gun or pistol in his life.' The hand of the baby was accordingly put on the lock, and pressed there quietly, until the pistol was discharged with a loud report. The little fellow exhibited no alarm, neither winking nor dodging, but presently pushed the pistol away, saying, '*Flick it again! Flick it again!*'"

In another part of his book, the biographer of Grant tells us:—

"A still more characteristic incident is related of him by his father. When Ulysses was twelve years of age, his father wanted several sticks of hewn timber from the forest, and sent him with the team to draw them to the village, telling him that men would be there with handspikes to help them on to the wagon. The boy went with the team, but on arriving at his destination the men were not there, and after some little delay they still did not appear. He had been sent for the timber, however, and he had no intention of going home without it. Looking about, he observed at a little distance a tree which had fallen over, and was leaning against another, its trunk forming an inclined plane. This, he reasoned, would enable him to get the timber into his wagon; accordingly he took out his horses, and hitching them to the logs, drew them up to the foot of the fallen tree, and backing his wagon to the side of the inclined plane, he pushed and drew the timber, piece after piece, up the inclined plane, and shoved it into the wagon, and with his load secured, drove home triumphantly."

The writer recollects to have seen recently in an English newspaper a similar story of two wise elephants, at Ceylon, who, employed in raising logs to construct a house, hit upon the device of getting the heaviest logs to their place by pushing them up two other logs inclined to the ground. This is certainly something remarkable in the life of an elephant; but we scarcely think it so wonderful an intellectual display as to be mentioned in the biography of a modern genius and hero!

Of Sheridan we are treated to the following youthful reminiscences in the pages of "*Our Great Captains*," indicating his early equine proclivity:—

"An incident of his early childhood renders his subsequent successes as a cavalry officer less surprising. He was but five years of age when some older boys,

tion in the first families of Virginia naturally gave him, even in the period of boyhood, a cultivated appearance, easy manners, and a prompt perception of social proprieties.

In the year 1825, at the age of eighteen, Lee entered West Point as a cadet from Virginia. He completed the course of studies in the usual four years, without a single mark of demerit against him, and standing number two in a class of forty-six, and leading, among others, Joseph E. Johnston, O. McK. Mitchell, Albert G. Blanchard and Theophilus H. Holmes. At the expiration of his cadet term, he was immediately selected for service in the corps of topographical engineers, receiving his appointment as brevet second

in a spirit of mischief, placed him on the back of a spirited horse grazing in a field near his father's house, and started the horse off at a run; but to their terrour, the horse becoming frightened, leaped the fences, and proceeded at a breakneck pace along the highway, the little urchin clinging fast to his back. The boys supposed that the child would inevitably be killed, but after a run of many miles the horse, completely exhausted and covered with foam, stopped at the stable of a hotel where its owner was accustomed to put up, the child still on its back. The horse was recognized, and though the child's statement that he had come so many miles on its back, without saddle or bridle, was at first doubted, it was soon confirmed, and the villagers began to question him. 'Who learned you to ride?' asked one. 'Nobody,' said the boy. 'Did no one teach you how to sit on a horse?' inquired another. 'Oh, yes! Bill Seymour told me to hold on with my knees, and I did.' 'Weren't you scared?' asked the villager. 'Nary a bit,' said the boy. 'I wanted to go on further, but the horse wouldn't go.' 'Aren't you sore?' continued his questioner. 'Kinder,' said little Phil; 'but I'll feel better to-morrow, and then I'll ride back home.'"

We might make no end of the wonders in the infantile lives of Northern generals, recorded in books, scattered through the newspapers, and handed down to tradition. But we will choose but one more extract—that from a Philadelphia journal relating a most wonderful phenomenon in the birth of the Yankee "Infant Napoleon: "

"A son was born to our professor, and the event scarcely transpired before the father announced it to his delighted pupils. Scales were instantly brought from a neighbouring grocer. Into one dish he placed the babe, into the other all the weights. The beam was raised, but the child moved not! The father emptying his pockets, threw in his watch, coin, keys, knives, and lancet, but to no purpose—the little hero could not be moved. He conquered everything! *And at last, while they were adding more and more weight, the cord supporting the beam gave way, and broke rather than the giant infant would yield!* The father was Dr. McClellan, and the son—General McClellan! our young commander on the Potomac. The country will see a prophetic charm in this incident."

So, a prophetic charm of some sort or other, appears in the early lives of all modern great Yankees—some of them so wonderful as to be recorded on a cross between biography and mythology. The augur or soothsayer attends on the birth of each.

lieutenant in July, 1829. He was employed for several years on the coast defences; and in 1835 served as assistant astronomer for the demarcation of the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Michigan.

In 1832, Lieutenant Lee married Miss Custis, the daughter and heiress of George W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and, through her, became proprietor of Arlington House and the White House on the banks of the Pamunkey. The former place was situated on the heights of the Potomac, overlooking Washington City, and for many years was an object of attraction to visitors, on account of its historical associations, and the Washington relics collected and jealously preserved by the patriotic father of Mrs. Lee. The house was surrounded by a grove of stately trees and underwood, except in front, where a verdant sloping ground descended into a valley, spreading away in beautiful and broad expanse to the river. To the south, north and west, the grounds were beautifully diversified into hill and valley, and richly stored with oak, willow and maple. The view from the height was a charming picture. Washington, Georgetown, and the intermediate Potomac, were all in the foreground, with mountain high and valley deep making a background of picturesque foliage. This place, so charming to the eye, and so full of historical association, was to obtain additional interest as the first camping-ground of the "Grand Army" of the North, that a generation later was to invade Virginia, and make its headquarters in the home of Washington!

In 1836, Lee was promoted to a first-lieutenancy; and in 1838 he was made captain. When the Mexican War broke out, he was placed on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Wool as Chief Engineer, and he retained that post throughout the whole campaign under Gen. Scott. At the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847, he was brevetted major for gallantry. In the August following he again won a brevet rank by his meritorious conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco. In the assault on Chapultepec, September 13, 1847, he was wounded, and received therefor the brevet promotion of lieutenant-colonel.

Lee's service in Mexico is remarkable for the extraordinary attention which the young officer obtained from Gen. Scott. He appears to have been the special favourite of the veteran commander, and there is hardly a single dispatch in which his

name is not honourably mentioned. At Cerro Gordo, Gen. Scott wrote: "I am compelled to make special mention of Capt. R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries, and in conducting columns to their stations, under the heavy fire of the enemy." At Chapultepec, he again highly compliments Capt. Lee "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." And, furthermore, he says: "Capt. Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries."

At the close of the Mexican War, Lee was appointed a member of the Board of Engineers, and remained as such until 1850. On the 1st September, 1852, he was appointed to succeed Capt. Brewerton as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. In 1855, Col. Lee having been promoted to the Cavalry arm of the service, and thereby incapacitated by law from exercising superintendence at the Military Academy, was succeeded by Maj. J. G. Barnard. The regiment to which Lee was now appointed was the Second Cavalry, a new regiment organized under the act of March 3, 1855, its Colonel being Albert Sidney Johnston, afterwards a General in the service of the Southern Confederacy. This regiment was much employed in the Indian wars on the prairies of Texas. On the 16th March, 1861, Lee obtained his last promotion in the service of the United States; being appointed Colonel in the First Cavalry. He was to hold this position but a few weeks.

In the autumn of 1859 occurred the memorable raid of John Brown in Virginia; an event which placed the name of Col. Lee before the public in some very dramatic circumstances. The outlaw had already obtained considerable notoriety in the troubles in Kansas; and among all the men employed to harass and hunt down the pro-slavery settlers in that Territory, he was the most merciless and cold-blooded. His murderous deeds there have since been paraphrased by Northern writers as "the heroic exploits of the stern old man." His career of crime did not end with the supremacy of the Free-State party in Kansas; but having done his work there, he entered upon the monstrous design of making an irruption into Virginia to excite and to aid an insurrection of the slaves against

their masters, and to extend the murderous and incendiary programme to the furthest limits of the South. His passion was to become the instrument of abolishing slavery, by the strong arm, throughout the slaveholding States. His plan was larger than was generally supposed. After his arrest he declared that he had been promised aid from Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, and Canada. With an army, then, consisting of blacks and whites, he designed to make the Blue Ridge his base; and, advancing southward, extending as he went his conquests and his power, he expected to penetrate into Northern Georgia and form a junction there with a column, which was to proceed in the same triumphant manner from Beaufort, South Carolina, along a route which had been already defined.

The first step of this extensive design was on the frontier of Virginia. The outlaw had purchased two hundred Sharpe's carbines, two hundred revolver pistols, and about one thousand pikes, with which to arm the slaves. These arms he had collected and deposited in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. When the plot was ripe for execution, a little before midnight on Sunday evening, the 16th October, 1859, he, with sixteen white and five negro confederates, rushed across the Potomac to Harper's Ferry, and there seized the armory, arsenal, and rifle factory belonging to the United States. When the inhabitants awoke in the morning, they found, greatly to their terror and surprise, that these places, with the town itself, were all in possession of John Brown's adventurous force.

The slaves in the adjoining county did not rise as Brown had expected, and made no response to his signal of attack. The news spread rapidly over the country; public rumor greatly exaggerated the strength of the outlaw's force; and large numbers of volunteers from Virginia and Maryland were soon hastening to the scene of action. The action of the Government at Washington was prompt, and President Buchanan immediately sent forward a detachment of marines under Col. Robert E. Lee, who was accompanied by his aide, Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart. Col. Lee and his command arrived at the Ferry in the night of the 17th. The news was too late in reaching Richmond to enable the Governor of the State, Henry A. Wise, to reach the ground with State forces; but a large number of militiamen and volunteers had collected at the Ferry when Col. Lee arrived, and were meditating an attack

upon Brown and his party, who had now gathered in the engine-house, and debating the policy of storming the refuge, and running the hazard of having the prisoners massacred, whom the outlaw held in the building. This weak hesitation was terminated by Col. Lee's appearance. His manner was cool and severe. He determined that the next morning the engine-house should be stormed by the marines, unless, before that time, the enemy surrendered. During the night, volunteer parties of the hot-blooded Virginians, jealous of the honour of their State, and ashamed of their former hesitation, besought Col. Lee to let them have the privilege of storming the engine-house. All such propositions were, however, refused. As daylight dawned, troops were stationed around the engine-house to cut off all hope of escape, and the United States marines were divided into two squads for storming purposes.

At seven o'clock in the morning Brown was summoned to surrender, under a regular flag of truce, and was promised protection from violence, and a trial according to law. He replied with the absurd proposition: "That his party should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners, the soldiers then being permitted to pursue them, and they would fight, if they could not escape." Col. Lee ordered the attack. The marines advanced by two lines quickly on each side of the door, battered it down, and in a moment terminated the affair; but one volley being fired, which killed one of their number, while Brown was brought to the ground by a blow on the skull from Lieut. Stuart's sword. The whole band of insurgents, with the exception of two who had escaped, were either killed or captured. John Brown himself was wounded almost mortally, but was to survive for the gallows. In the meantime, however, his party had murdered five individuals, four of them unarmed citizens, and had wounded nine others. Col. Lee had terminated a threatening revolt with singular nerve and decision; and having done his duty, at once withdrew from the scene of excitement, turned his prisoners over to the United States District-Attorney (Mr. Robert Ould), and quietly returned to Washington to resume his cavalry command.

The blood shed at Harper's Ferry was the first drops of the crimson deluge that was to overwhelm the South, and whose tides

were to flow across the breadth of a continent. It was no accidental event. It was not the isolated act of a desperate fanatic. The Abolitionists of the North gave significance to the John Brown expedition by their enthusiastic and permanent approbation of its object, and spread alarm and apprehension through the South by their displays of honour to his memory. After his death on the gallows, prayers were offered up for him as if he were a martyr, and even blasphemy was employed to consecrate his memory. It is curious, indeed, that the party that afterwards made war upon the South carried the memory of this man in the van of their armies, and have ever since honoured him as a saint or a martyr in a holy cause.

The event of Harper's Ferry was not without its lesson to Virginia. Governor Wise was one of those who saw the impending conflict. With the ostensible design of providing against a rescue of the criminals from the Charlestown jail, he encouraged the organization of military companies throughout the State, and used every legitimate means to excite a war spirit among the people. Companies were received at Charlestown, and after a short stay there, were sent away to make room for others, in order that the war spirit might be disseminated throughout the State. The attention of the Legislature was called to the state of the Commonwealth, and initiatory steps were taken to put Virginia upon a war footing. All over the State, military organizations sprang up, and serious preparations were made for war. It was to come sooner than any man of that day expected.

CHAPTER III.

Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States.—Anxiety and hesitation of Lee at the commencement of hostilities.—His sense of duty.—He debates the question of his allegiance to Virginia.—His peculiar school of politics.—A reply to a Northern newspaper.—Attitude of Virginia.—A sublime struggle in Lee's mind.—He goes to Richmond.—Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.—His reception by the State Convention.—Appearance and carriage of the man.—Military preparations in Virginia.—She joins the Southern Confederacy.

THE election of Abraham Lincoln by the votes of the Republican or Anti-Slavery party, President of the United States, alarmed the South. When he assumed office, March 4, 1861, the States of South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, had withdrawn from the Union; and what were loosely called the Border Slave States, were agitated by the discussion of instant and dread necessities.

In the first commotions which threatened war, Robert E. Lee, as a member of the United States Army and a native Virginian, gave evidence of the most painful anxiety. His mind was torn by conflicting emotions. He was ardently attached to the Federal service; he had spent more than thirty years in it; he had obtained in it the best honours of his life. He was unskilled in politics, but he had a sentimental attachment to the Union and its traditions. He saw with alarm and anxiety the indications of a movement to dissolve the old Federal compact, and array against it a new league of States. He was sincerely opposed to such a movement; he saw no necessity for it; and in the doubts and anxieties of his mind, he could determine no other course than to await the action of his native State, Virginia, and to adopt in an overruling sense of *duty*, whatever she should decide. In the subsequent development of events, when Lee had decided to stand by his mother State, when she drew the sword, a letter from his wife referred to the terrible trials of his mind in reaching this conclusion. She wrote: "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible

war; but he must, as a man of honour and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State, which has solemnly pronounced for independence."

Lee's early hesitation at the commencement of hostilities was simply the doubt of *duty*. Ambition, the bribes of office, personal interest, did not enter into a mind pure, conscientious, introspective, anxious only to discover the line of duty, and then prompt and resolute to follow it. As long as Virginia wavered, Lee stood irresolute. While he maintained an attentive neutrality and waited for events, the Federal authorities at Washington used every effort to commit him to the service of the Union, and did not hesitate to urge his choice by the most splendid bribes. Mr. Blair, senior, has freely admitted that at this time he was deputed by President Lincoln to sound Lee, and to suggest to him his early appointment to the chief command of the Federal forces, in the event of his declaration for the Union. Those who thus approached Lee to tempt his ambition little knew the man. They did not have the key to those quiet meditations which made him reticent and kept him undecided. His only thought was duty. There is a very noble letter written several years before the war by Lee, which exhibits the man and indicates his characteristic idea of the conduct of life. He wrote to his son, who was at West Point in 1852, the following lesson :

"In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as 'the dark day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Devenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. *Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language.*

Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less."

Such was the lesson which Gen. Lee was now to observe and exemplify in his own life. Assailed by importunities, tempted by the highest military office in the gift of the Federal Government, solicited by the voices of friendship, he remained silently waiting for the call of duty. He was prompt to respond to it. On the 17th April, 1861, Virginia seceded from the Union; on the 19th Lee knew it; on the 20th he dissolved his connection with the Federal army, and sent the following letter to Gen. Scott:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:—Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defence of my native State, I never desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT,
Commanding United States Army.

A copy of the preceding letter was inclosed in the following letter to a relative, which more completely discovers the state of Gen. Lee's mind:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I am grieved at my inability to see you . . . I have been waiting “for a more convenient season,” which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and *though I recognize no necessity for this state of things*, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, *whether I should take part against my native State*. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send a copy of my letter to Gen. Scott, which accompanied my letter of resignation. I have no time for more.

. . . . May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

R. E. LEE.

A Northern publication has remarked on the letter quoted above, that it exhibited a narrowness of mind, and a very imperfect patriotism, in that Gen. Lee was not able to sacrifice for the good of the country his affections for Virginia, and pleaded a partiality for his State against his duty to the general government.

But this commentary is as unjust as it is plausible—an instance of that shallow fallacy, the *petitio principii*. It begs the whole question, and proceeds on the supposition that there was no federation of the American States, that the government at Washington represented a national unit, and that any hesitation between its authority and that of the State was the hesitation between loyalty and a mere local affection. It ignores that school of politics to

which Gen. Lee belonged, which included the whole mind of the South, and which for three generations had persistently regarded the Union as the creature of the States, representing only their convenience, and having no mission whatever apart from them. In this view of the relations between the Federal government and the State, it is clear that the latter was superior in its claims upon the affections of the intelligent; that it was the peculiar object of patriotism; that it was the symbol of the love of country, rather than the Union which, in the estimation of the school of politics referred to, was the mere geographical designation of a league created by the States, and designed for the benefit and pleasure of each. All the accusations with which the Northern press has abounded about the "disloyalty" or infidelity of those who left the Federal service, to take part in the war with the States to which they belonged, have been ingeniously coloured by the confusion of two schools of politics, and have no other foundation than a plausible and insolent dogma of partisan sophistry. Lee went with Virginia in the war, and to her side of the contest; for however he valued the Union, and saw no necessity for the secession of his State, he could not assume to judge for its whole population; and whatever the position of his State, he felt bound to recognize it as that political community to which, as the original and only permanent element in the American system, his allegiance belonged; as his home, around which the affections of the man naturally cling; as the abode of family and friends, where the protection of his arm and sword was due in the season of danger.

Cold, indeed, would have been the heart of any son of Virginia in which welled not up affection, admiration, and sympathy, when he observed the extraordinary perils which beset her at the commencement of the war, and the heroic attitude she had assumed in the very jaws of danger. She had not seceded in any expectation of a peaceable solution of the difficulty, but in the very presence of a war that frowned upon her borders, vexed her waters, and plainly threatened to make her smiling fields the theatre of its revenge and crime. Lee had seen at Washington the mighty power preparing to crush his State, and gathering its forces for the bound upon its prey; he knew that the enemy held Fortress Monroe, her greatest place of arms, and the gate to all the water avenues into her interior; he was sensible that the persistent neutral-

ity of Kentucky would practically expose Virginia on three sides to her invaders; he appreciated, as a military man, the weak and dangerous situation; and when he found his noble State daring the worst, taking counsel only of her honour, stepping into the breach, and baring her bosom to the strokes of relentless war, his heart would have been hard, and his spirit dull, had they not sympathized with the touching scene, and his trained sword been drawn in defence of his native land.

Whenever a man acts conscientiously, from a sincere conviction of duty, a just world gives credit for his motives, and describes his conduct as generous and noble, whatever may have been the error of his decision. Judged even by this rule, Lee's adhesion to his native State, on her declaration of war, was a noble action, because it could not have been determined by any other consideration than that of duty, and sacrificed to that sense the meaner questions of fortune. To act as he did, was to turn his back upon the highest military office in the gift of the Washington government; to incur the most painful censures; to sacrifice his private estates, which were on the direct lines of the Federal invasion, and to put his house and fortunes at the mercy of a declared enemy. Powerful must have been the sense of duty that could have conquered such considerations, and sublime must have been the struggle of mind in which every selfish passion and thought of expediency ultimately surrendered to the conviction of right, and the voice of conscience proclaimed the victory.

Almost immediately upon his arrival in Richmond, the State Convention, still assembled there, voted Lee the appointment of Major-General, in command of all the military forces in Virginia. There had been great anxiety and speculation as to what would be his choice in the war; the newspapers had variously reported his position; a value and interest had been given to his, above all other early military names of the war; it was known that Gen. Scott had indorsed him as his ablest lieutenant; and when at last it was made certain that he had abandoned the Federal service, and thrown his great name and abilities into the scale for Virginia, the joy in Richmond was extreme. There had been a hope that Gen. Scott, himself, would have espoused the cause of his native State, Virginia; but when he declared differently, the people of Virginia were more than consoled in the loss of a valetudinarian General,

by the gain of Lee, who was popularly reported to have inspired the whole campaign in Mexico, to be superiour in mind to his aged chief, to have been designated as his early successor in command of the armies of the United States, and to have the advantage of ripe years and a vigorous body. When, on the 22d April, the name of Robert E. Lee was thus communicated by Governor Letcher to the Convention as nominee for Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, there was an eager and affirmative response. The confirmation was unanimous, and without a moment's hesitation. It was made with a heartiness that attested the cordial and unbounded confidence of Virginia in the man to whom, more than all others, she now intrusted her destinies.

The next day, a grand ceremony was appointed in the main hall of the Capitol. It was announced that Maj.-Gen. Lee, with a distinguished company, would be personally introduced to the Convention, and might be expected to make a remarkable speech on the occasion. The hall was crowded with an eager audience; all the members of the Convention stood, as a mark of respect; on the right of the presiding officer were Governor Letcher and Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, and on the left the members of the "Advisory Council" of Virginia, while Gen. Lee, in the immediate company of the committee appointed to receive him, advanced to the centre of the main aisle. Every spectator admired the personal appearance of the man, his dignified figure, his air of self-poised strength, and features in which shone the steady animation of a consciousness of power, purpose, and position. He was in the full and hardy flush of ripe years and vigorous health. His figure was tall, its constituents well knit together; his head, well shaped and squarely built, gave indications of a powerful intellect; a face not yet interlined by age, still remarkable for its personal beauty, was lighted up by eyes black in the shade, but brown in the full light, clear, benignant, but with a deep recess of light, a curtained fire in them that blazed in moments of excitement; a countenance, the natural expression of which was gentle and benevolent, yet struck the beholder as masking an iron will. His manners were at once grave and kindly; without gayety or abandon, he was also without the affectation of dignity. Such was the man whose stately figure, in the Capitol at Richmond, brought to mind the old race of Virginians, and who

was thereafter to win the reputation, not only as the first commander, but also as the first gentleman of the South, the most perfect and beautiful model of manhood in the war.

Gen. Lee was received with a fulsome piece of rhetoric. The presiding officer of the Convention, Mr. Janney, could not resist the temptation to make the gaudy speech common on such occasions. He conceived that the audience, in the circumstances in which they stood, might hear the echo of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers and sages of by-gone days; he declared that Virginia, having taken a position in defiance of the Federal authority, was "animated by one impulse, governed by one desire and one determination, and that was that she should be defended, and that no spot of her soil should be polluted by the foot of an invader;" and, speaking directly to Gen. Lee, he reminded him of the historical inspirations connected with his name, remarking the singular circumstance that his native county of Westmoreland had shown peculiar productive power in having given birth to the Father of his Country, to Richard Henry Lee, and to Monroe. Connecting the memory of Washington, he closed with this glowing exhortation: "When the Father of his Country made his last will and testament, he gave his swords to his favourite nephews with an injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defence, or in defence of the rights and liberties of their country, and, that if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands, rather than relinquish them. Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand, upon the implied condition that we know you will keep it to the letter and in spirit, that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there shall fail."

The reply of Gen. Lee was very simple and short; but touching in its brevity, Washington-like in its modesty, and pervaded by a deep tone of solemnity that penetrated the excited and giddy assembly that had expected a fulsome harangue. He could not have spoken more appropriately. He said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred, had your choice fallen

upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

When this ceremony took place, Virginia had not formally perfected her alliance and association with the Southern Confederacy. On the 24th April, it was determined by the Convention, that pending the popular vote on the question of secession, military operations, offensive and defensive, in Virginia, should be under the chief control and direction of the President of the Confederate States. Confederate troops from South Carolina and the States of the Gulf were now being rapidly thrown forward into Virginia. On the 10th May, the Confederate Secretary of War invested Lee with the control of the forces in Virginia by the following order:

MONTGOMERY, May 10, 1861.

TO MAJ.-GEN. R. E. LEE:—To prevent confusion, you will assume the control of the forces of the Confederate States in Virginia, and assign them to such duties as you may indicate, until further orders; for which this will be your authority.

I. P. WALKER, *Secretary of War.*

About this time Gen. Lee was busily engaged in organizing and equipping the military forces, hurrying from every part of Virginia, and rapidly arriving on the trains from the South. It was not a brilliant service, but one of peculiar vexation and difficulty. It required all his experience and skill to establish discipline and order; to subdue the excessive spirits of the volunteers; to organize quartermaster and commissary departments; and to bring out of the general excitement and confusion the substance and form of great armies. More than fifty thousand men were already, in the early days of May, 1861, under arms in Virginia; and to organize these, and to distribute them so as to enable the immediate concentration of troops upon the borders of the State, wherever the movements of the enemy might demand their presence, was the immense task imposed upon Lee. He sat almost daily in the military council with Gov. Letcher and others; he performed an amount of labor that was almost incredible, yet

always working with ease and exactness; and he made the reputation of a skilful organizer of armies, before he commenced the career of active commander in the field.

Meanwhile, the popular vote of Virginia having pronounced almost unanimously for secession,* and this formality having been accomplished, the State linked her destiny with the Southern Confederacy; and that government signified the appreciation of the accession of the great Commonwealth, by transferring its capital to Richmond, and making Virginia at once the administrative centre of the new power and the main seat of war. Early in June, Maj.-Gen. Lee was created a full General in the Confederate service. But he was assigned to an obscure and difficult field of service; and the reader will be surprised and pained to find his reputation soon clouded by quick and grievous misfortunes.

* The aggregate of the popular vote of Virginia, on the ordinance of secession, so far as exactly known, was as follows:

For Ratification	125,950
For Rejection	20,373
Majority for Ratification	105,577

There were irregular and conjectural returns from some of the counties, which probably reduced the majority to little less than a hundred thousand votes.

CHAPTER IV.

Gen. Lee sent to Northwestern Virginia.—Description of the theatre of the war.—Unfortunate military councils in Richmond.—Proclamation of Governor Letcher.—A *caricature* of secession.—Disaster of Rich Mountain.—Gen. Lee's plans thereafter.—He is foiled at Cheat Mountain.—Marches to the Kanawha Valley.—Escape of Rosecrans.—Failure of Lee's Campaign.—He is abused and twitted in Richmond.—Scoffs of the Richmond "Examiner."—He is assigned to "the coast service."—Recalled to Richmond, and made "Commanding General."—This post unimportant, and scarcely honourable.

WHAT is known as Northwestern Virginia includes all that part of the State between the Ohio River and the Alleghany Mountains. It has sometimes been called the "highland region" of Virginia. But this comparative term is weak and insufficient to describe the mountainous character of the region and the extreme abruptness and intricacies of its features. The towering ridge of the Alleghanies separates it from the famous Valley of Virginia; and the county of Randolph, which holds the practicable lines of communication between the two, is cut by a series of lofty mountain ridges known as the Sewell, Rich, Cheat, Slaughter's, and Middle Mountains, which fill more than half of the county, and leave a belt of table, or plain lands, hardly ten miles broad, on its western border. There are passes through Cheat and Greenbrier Mountains (the latter being properly part of the Alleghany ridge); but it needed but an ordinary eye to see that the entire extent of this country was but little practicable for artillery and cavalry. It offered to the movements of light-armed infantry only narrow and rough roads, winding along the edges of chasms, through rugged valleys, over mountain-tops, and across the beds of streams and rivers. Through the ravines ran watercourses which, uniting, flowed away until they fell into the Tygart's Valley and Cheat Rivers, and ran northward and westward to find their way at last into the Ohio. In the spring and summer this whole mountain region was habitually visited by heavy rains, which saturated the forest cover, deluged the few open fields, and converted the road-beds into a

mixture of mud and clay impassable for artillery and baggage wagons.

It was undoubtedly a great military error, but one for which Gen. Lee was not responsible, to attempt the retention and occupation by the Confederate arms of a country so rugged and intricate, and so remote in its relations to the dominant campaigns of the war. It needs only a glance at the map to indicate to the observer the important fact that the communications of Northwestern Virginia were much more easy with the enemy's country than with the remainder of Virginia. The Ohio River washed its western border; the Monongahela pierced its northern boundary; and in addition to these water facilities of the enemy, two railroads, from the Ohio eastward, united at Grafton, and enabled the Federal government to pour troops rapidly into the very heart of the country. The Confederates had no access to it except by tedious mountain roads; having neither navigable river nor railroad by which to transport their troops, to compete with equal pace in the occupation of the country, and to retreat with facility in case of disaster. The true military policy appears to have been to have left the enemy in possession of Northwestern Virginia, to tolerate his advance from that direction until he involved himself in the arduous mountain roads, to tempt him to lengthen his own lines of communication, and to have awaited his attacks on the nearer side of the wilderness, where the Confederates might have adroitly transferred to him the difficulties of transportation, and concentrated with ease to crush him. The country that was to be contested was no vital part of Virginia; it was embraced between the most populous and fanatical parts of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania; and its resources were inconsiderable.

But the considerations we have referred to did not prevail. The policy of the military council in Richmond to hold Northwestern Virginia, and drive the enemy out of this region, originated in a mistaken generosity towards the inhabitants; proceeded from an unwillingness to leave what was supposed to be a loyal population to the oppressions of a few traitors, backed by invaders; and assumed the fact that a Confederate army would obtain there the active assistance of the people, which would be a great compensation as against the superior force of the enemy, and with respect to the topographical disadvantages of the country. It may be gene-

rally described as part of the early and much-mistaken military policy of the South, *to cover everything*. When the Confederate Military Department took control at Richmond, it adopted towards Northwestern Virginia the view that Governor Letcher and his advisory council had already decided.

The policy and hopes of the latter are sufficiently indicated in the following proclamation of Governor Letcher, dated June 14, 1861 :

“To the People of Northwestern Virginia :

“The sovereign people of Virginia, unbiassed, and by their own free choice, have, by a majority of nearly one hundred thousand qualified voters, severed the ties that heretofore bound them to the Government of the United States, and united this Commonwealth with the Confederate States. That our people have the right ‘to institute a new Government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness,’ was proclaimed by our fathers, and it is a right which no freeman should ever relinquish. The State of Virginia has now, the second time in her history, asserted this right, and it is the duty of every Virginian to acknowledge her act when ratified by such a majority, and to give his willing coöperation to make good the declaration. All her people have voted. Each has taken his chance to have his personal views represented. You, as well as the rest of the State, have cast your vote fairly, and the majority is against you. It is the duty of good citizens to yield to the will of the State. The Bill of Rights has proclaimed ‘that the people have a right to uniform government ; and, therefore, that no government separate from or independent of the government of Virginia ought to be erected or established within the limits thereof.’

“The majority, thus declared, therefore have a right to govern. But notwithstanding this right, thus exercised, has been regarded by the people of all sections of the United States as undoubted and sacred, yet the Government at Washington now utterly denies it, and by the exercise of despotic power is endeavouring to coerce our people to abject submission to their authority. Virginia has asserted her independence. She will maintain it at every hazard. She is sustained by the power of ten of her sister Southern States,

ready and willing to uphold her cause. Can any true Virginian refuse to render assistance? Men of the Northwest, I appeal to you, by all the considerations which have drawn us together as one people heretofore, to rally to the standard of the Old Dominion. By all the sacred ties of consanguinity, by the intermixtures of the blood of East and West, by common paternity, by friendships hallowed by a thousand cherished recollections and memories of the past, by the relics of the great men of other days, come to Virginia's banner, and drive the invader from your soil. There may be traitors in the midst of you, who, for selfish ends, have turned against their mother, and would permit her to be ignominiously oppressed and degraded. But I cannot, will not believe that a majority of you are not true sons, who will not give your blood and your treasure for Virginia's defence.

"I have sent for your protection such troops as the emergency enabled me to collect, in charge of a competent commander. I have ordered a large force to go to your aid, but I rely with the utmost confidence upon your own strong arms to rescue your fire-sides and altars from the pollution of a reckless and ruthless enemy. The State is invaded at several points, but ample forces have been collected to defend her.

* * * * *

"The troops are posted at Huttonsville. Come with your own good weapons and meet them as brothers !

"By the Governor :

JOHN LETCHER."

It may be remarked here that the people of Northwestern Virginia did not respond to this appeal, but indicated a preference for the Federal authority, proceeded to construct a new government, and thus offered to the army from Richmond that entered this region, the aspect and character of a hostile State, and shifted the perils and disadvantages attending an invading force from the Federals to the Confederates. On the 20th August, a Convention passed an ordinance creating a *new State*, the boundary of which included the counties of Logan, Wyoming, Raleigh, Fayette, Nicholas, Webster, Randolph, Tucker, Preston, Monongahela, Marion, Taylor, Barbour, Upshur, Harrison, Lewis, Braxton, Clay, Kanawha, Boone, Wayne, Cabell, Putnam, Mason, Jackson, Roane, Calhoun, Wirt, Gilmer, Ritchie, Wood, Pleasants, Tyler, Dodd-

ridge, Wetzel, Marshall, Ohio, Brooke, and Hancock. A provision was incorporated permitting certain adjoining counties to come in if they should desire, by expression of a majority of their people to do so. The infinite absurdity was committed at Washington, of acknowledging as the State of Virginia a band of disaffected counties; and the Federal government, although conducting its war on the theory that the withdrawal of the States from the Union was heresy and treason, did not hesitate when it suited its purposes to put itself into the most glaring and grotesque inconsistency of adopting and confirming a very *caricature of secession*.

The defence of Northwestern Virginia was first undertaken by Gen. Lee, in dispatching Col. Porterfield to that region, for the purpose of raising there a local force. The results of the recruiting service were small, and to meet the occupation by McClellan, who in the latter part of May was throwing a force across the Ohio, reinforcements to the amount of about six thousand men were directed upon Northwestern Virginia, under command of Gen. Garnett, who had belonged to the Federal service. On the 11th July, this little army, threatened by fourfold numbers and resources, and while imprudently divided—Gen. Garnett having detached Pegram from the main position at Laurel Hill, which commanded the turnpike from Staunton to Wheeling, to hold Rich Mountain, five miles below—was assailed by two columns of the enemy. Both parts were compelled to retreat across the Alleghanies, with the loss of their baggage and artillery, and about a thousand prisoners; and at Carrick's Ford, at the passage of the Cheat River, Gen. Garnett himself was killed, while attempting to rally the rear-guard of the retreat.

After this disaster, it was determined that Gen. Lee himself should take the field; and he at once proceeded to organize a campaign, with the object of obtaining possession of the Valley of the Kanawha, as well as the country to the northward, from which Gen. Garnett had been driven. He took immediate command of the remains of Garnett's army at Monterey, and also directed the movements of Gens. Floyd and Wise in the lower country; the latter, after the affair of Rich Mountain, having retreated to Lewisburg, on the Greenbrier River, and Floyd's force of about four thousand men having been sent to his relief.

The field was one of little promise for Lee. He found himself

in the midst of a hostile population; the wild ranges in which he was to operate, were known only to the most experienced woodsmen and hunters frequenting them; and although he endeavoured to shorten the arduous line of communication over the mountain roads, by leaving the Central Railroad at a point forty miles west of Staunton, and penetrating the northwest, through the counties of Bath and Pocahontas, at the Valley Mountain, he found that a season of unusual rains robbed him even of this success.

Gen. Rosecrans was at this time commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces in Western Virginia, and had left Gen. Reynolds at Cheat Mountain to hold the passes, and the roads to Weston and Grafton. The month of August and the early part of September were consumed by a series of skirmishes, between the force under Gen. Lee and that under Gen. Reynolds, at Cheat Mountain. These actions were of but little account; Lee's main object being to dislodge the enemy by manœuvres, rather than by direct attack, and to get a foothold on his flanks or on his rear. At one time he had endeavoured to surround and capture the enemy's forces which occupied a block-house on one of the three summits of the Cheat Mountain, and were also strongly intrenched at a place called Elk Water, the junction of Tygart's Valley River and Elk Run. The plan was well formed; but Col. Rust, with a number of Arkansas troops, having failed to attack what was known as the Cheat Summit Fort, Gen. Lee found the whole day disconcerted, and was compelled to withdraw his troops without any results whatever.

The disappointed commander now resolved to march to the relief of Gens. Floyd and Wise, and to unite the whole Confederate army in the Kanawha Valley. The movement was successfully accomplished, and Lee concentrated his forces at Sewell Mountain about the end of September, having left a detachment of about 2,500 men, under Gen. Henry A. Jackson, to guard the road leading to Staunton, and the line of the Greenbrier River. He had now in hand an army of quite 15,000 men; he undoubtedly outnumbered Rosecrans, who had followed him, and was now daily engaged in skirmishing with Wise's troops at Sewell Mountain; and it was thought that Lee might now deliver battle with effect, and bring to some sort of issue a hitherto fruitless and desultory campaign. Expectation was high, and at last became feverish. For twelve days the

two armies remained in position, each waiting an attack from the other. Finally, one morning, it was discovered by Lee that his enemy had disappeared in the night, and reached his old position on the Gauley River, thirty-two miles distant. Gen. Lee was unable to follow. The swollen streams and the mud made anything like hopeful and effective pursuit impossible; and the advent of winter was soon to close active operations, and to leave the campaign exactly where it started—the Federals holding the country west of the Alleghanies, the Confederates occupying the mountains and the Greenbrier Valley.

Even this slight tenure was to be abandoned; the Confederate troops were recalled to other fields, and in November Gen. Lee returned to Richmond with a sadly diminished reputation. The campaign west of the Alleghanies was a sorry affair, and an undoubted failure. It had accomplished nothing; it had expended much of time and troops; it had not only surrendered the country which it was to contest, but it had done so without giving to the enemy a single lesson of resolution, or dealing him one important stroke of arms; and it had sacrificed to disease alone, thousands of men who had fallen victims to pneumonia and other sickness, consequent upon exposure to cold and rain. A just explanation of Gen. Lee's failure is perhaps to be found in the circumstances against which he had to contend—the disconcert of subordinate officers; and the principal fact, which history has abundantly illustrated, that the greatest abilities often fail in small and petty work, where the field is not commensurate with the man, is not suited for the display of his characteristics, and is destitute of any great inspiration. But there were many persons in Richmond who were not inclined to a generous view of the disappointment Gen. Lee had given the public in his first campaign, and who at once fell to ridiculing and decrying him. He was twitted as "Letcher's pet." He was described as a man living on a historical name and a showy presence, with no merit of mind—one who, puffed by what his family had done, had cultivated a heavy dignity and a superiour manner, with no brains to support the display. It was remembered that on his first assumption of command, he had advised that the volunteer spirit of the country was unsteady and excessive—that it needed repression. It was said that he was tender of blood, and sought to accomplish his campaign in the mountains by strategy,

rather than by fighting; it was assumed that he was the representative of West Point in opposition to the school of "fighting Generals;" and all these things were readily put to his discredit in the early and flushed periods of the war, when the Southern populace clamoured for bloody battles, and were carried away by the imagination that a sudden rush of raw men to arms would be sufficient to overpower the adversary and accomplish their independence. Lee's views were not generally appreciated; his failure in mountain warfare was taken by many persons as decisive of his military reputation; and at the period referred to in Richmond, he was the most unpopular commander of equal rank in the Confederate service. A rumour was circulated about this time, that the one ambition of Lee's life was to be Governor of Virginia after the war, and to manufacture reputation in the contest to recommend him for the position. The writer recollects with what derision the rumour was received in certain quarters in Richmond; how Mr. Daniel, the editor of the *Examiner*, hooted it, and made it part of his quarrel with John Letcher, who was supposed to be nursing Lee's conceit; and how the claim of the reputed candidate was generally put down as absurd and insolent. And yet, a few years later, and the man thus derided might have had the Dictatorship of the entire Southern Confederacy, if he had but crooked his finger to accept it!

Happily the Government did not share and refused to reflect this early popular injustice towards Lee. But in view of his loss of so much of the public confidence, it was thought advisable to put him into no very active and conspicuous command; and he was accordingly sent South, and appointed to the charge of the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia. His duties consisted in superintending the fortifications along the coast, and exercising his engineering skill to add to their security. These duties were efficiently performed; the district of South Carolina was placed in an admirable state of defence; and Gen. Lee appears to have won in this department a new accession of popularity and personal esteem. In February, 1862, there was some motion to make him Secretary of War; but it was considered by Congress that he did not command enough of the public confidence for this important position. It was then decided by President Davis to recall him to Richmond, and to confer on him the new appointment of "Commanding General," to take charge of the military movements of the war. The

title of the new office was a sonorous one; but as Mr. Davis had practically annihilated the bill creating it by requiring the miscalled generalissimo "to act under the direction of the President," it may be briefly remarked that the new position of Gen. Lee was not an important one, and was scarcely an honourable one. He was nothing more than a supernumerary in the hands of Mr. Davis. But the great man waits the proper call of events, and the occasion commensurate with his power. In this uncertain period of Lee's reputation a Southern journal ventured to declare that "the time would yet come when his superiour abilities would be vindicated both to his own renown and the glory of his country."

CHAPTER V.

McClellan's march up the Peninsula.—Recollections of the "White House."—Battle of Seven Pines.—Review of condition of the Confederacy.—An act "to disband the armies of the Confederacy."—Carnival of misrule.—Gen. Lee in command of the forces around Richmond.—Nearly two-thirds of his army raw conscripts.—His adoption of Gen. Johnston's idea of concentration.—Manners of Lee as a commander.—The great battle joined.—Beaver-Dam Creek.—Gen. Lee resting at a farm-house.—The glory of Gaines' Mills.—Brilliant audacity of Gen. Lee in delivering this battle.—Retreat of McClellan.—Frazier's Farm.—Malvern Hill.—The circuit of Lee's victories broken.—His official summary of "the Seven Days' battles."

In the early days of May, 1862, McClellan, with his numerous and bedraggled army, was toiling up the peninsular shape of land formed by the James River and the estuary of the York, while Johnston, in command of the Confederate forces, fell back towards Richmond with admirable precision, leaving no considerable trace of disaster on his retreat. On this memorable march, the advanced guard of the Federals occupied the White House on the Pamunkey River, formerly the property and home of George Washington, and which had come into the possession of Gen. Lee when he married Miss Custis. Since the war it had been designated by Gen. Lee as his family seat, and was occupied by his wife until the enemy approached, and she fled towards Richmond for safety. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one much to the honour of McClellan, who was steadily opposed to all private spoliation in the war, that he respected the historical associations of the place, and protected the property from all ravages of the soldiery. It was here the "Father of his Country" had lived, and within a few miles stood the church in which he had been married. When Mrs. Lee departed from the house on the approach of the Federal army, she left a note on a table which read: "Northern soldiers who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life, the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants." It happened that almost the first officer who entered the

house was a cousin of the Lee family, who had continued to serve in the United States army, and commanded a regiment of cavalry. Gen. McClellan strictly complied with the request of the owners of the house, and not only forbade any of his troops to enter the premises, but even abstained from doing so himself, preferring to encamp in the adjoining field. Upon the wall of the room where Mrs. Lee's note had been found, one of the guard wrote an answer: "A Northern officer has protected your property, in sight of the enemy, and at the request of your officer."

This incident is a very pleasant one; so exceptional to the usual conduct of the Federal armies, and in such honourable contrast to what afterwards ensued in the war of incendiarism, plunder, and wanton destruction. But as an illustration of the rancour at Washington, it may be mentioned that this little exhibition of leniency by McClellan, called forth many animadversions, and was even brought to the attention of Congress, where occasion was taken to accuse him of want of patriotism, and a false sentimentalism towards those in arms against the government. The entire circumstance, slight in itself, is interesting as indicating a line of dispute in the conduct of the war, on one side of which a violent party clamoured for measures of savage revenge, and would even have obliterated all respect for the landmarks of history in a wild scene of indiscriminate ruin.

Near the White House the final depôt of stores was organized by McClellan, and a base of operations established for a direct advance on Richmond. By the close of May he had advanced on the Chickahominy, and made an unopposed march to within a few miles of the Confederate capital. On the 30th May Johnston made dispositions for an attack on the left wing of the Federals, which had been thrown forward to a point within six miles of Richmond, and fought the brilliant battle of "Seven Pines," severely punishing the enemy's divisions, but gaining no permanent ground. In this engagement Gen. Johnston was struck down with a severe wound. In consequence of this casualty, President Davis yielded to a common desire, and on the 3d June appointed Gen. R. E. Lee to take chief command of the Confederate forces around Richmond.

At this critical period of the Confederate arms it will be well to make a brief review of the general situation, and especially of certain radical changes about this time taking place in the military

system of the South. When Gen. Lee took command at Richmond the condition of the Confederacy was decidedly gloomy, and its military fortunes for many months had been evidently on the decline. The Border States, which had at first borne the brunt of battle, had given way; Kentucky, Missouri, and Western Virginia had gradually been occupied by the enemy's troops; and the coasts of the Confederacy, assailed by fleets to which they had but little to oppose, had yielded a footing to the Federal armies. New Orleans had been captured, and the curtain had fallen on the policy of Europe, either as regarded recognition or intervention. Richmond was threatened by an army within a few miles of her limits, the strict effective of which was 115,000 men; whilst converging on the apparently devoted city from the west and north marched the three distinct armies of Fremont, Banks and McDowell, making an aggregate of little less than 200,000 men threatening the capital of the Confederacy.

In the internal condition of the South there had been yet more serious causes of alarm and anxiety; and the Confederate armies may be described as having just narrowly escaped annihilation by demagogical laws, and as passing through the severe and critical period of a new organization and *morale*, acquiring for the first time the substance and integrity of real armies. In December, 1861, the weak Provisional Congress at Richmond had passed an act, the true title of which would have been "to disband the armies of the Confederacy." This law, inspired by the lowest demagogism, permitted the men to change their arm of the service, to elect new officers, and to reorganize throughout the army. It was said that the soldiers claimed the letter of their contract, to leave the service at the expiration of one year; and the weak legislators at Richmond thought it necessary to indulge what was called their democratic sense of individualism, by allowing them to reduce the organization and discipline of the army to whatever standards would content them, and to convert their camps into a carnival of misrule, and into the vilest scenes of electioneering for commissions. This so-called "reorganization" had gone on in the face of an enemy, who, if he had taken timely advantage of it, would have found little else than demoralized men disgracing the uniform of soldiers, covering the most vital points of the Confederacy. Every candidate who was anxious to serve his country with braid on his shoulders plied

the men with the lowest arts of the cross-roads politician, even to the argument of whiskey, and contributed to the general demoralization; until the men, feeling the power to dethrone their present officers, lost all respect for their authority, and became the miserable tools of every adventurer and charlatan who imposed upon their confidence.

On this scene of disorder—upon which the enemy had happily not broken—followed the rigorous act of conscription, which at once dated a new military era in the Confederacy, and enabled it to recruit and reorganize its forces, at least in time to meet the tardy steps of the enemy in Virginia. But the forces which came under Lee's hands were raw; there was no time to season the new recruits; and the commander of the forces around Richmond had to contend with all the disadvantages incident upon the transition period in the military affairs of the Confederacy. The reader will doubtless be surprised by the authentic statement, that of the force gathered by Lee for the encounter before Richmond, nearly two-thirds were new conscripts, who had never been under fire, and were only half instructed. This fact affords a pregnant commentary on McClellan's delays; and it indicates—what we shall presently see in the battles around Richmond—a singular want of *mobility* in Lee's army, that curtailed the plans of the commander, diminished his victory, and deprived him of more than half the expected fruits of his own consummate generalship.

After the battle of Seven Pines both armies intrenched themselves. McClellan erected field-works, and threw up a line of breastworks, flanked with small redoubts, extending from the White Oak Swamp in a semicircle to the Chickahominy, and inclosing within the lines the railway and the several roads and bridges constructed to afford communication with his right wing, which continued to hold the country in the neighbourhood of Mechanicsville and Cold Harbour. It was now declared that the circumvallation, as far as designed, was complete, and that the echoes of McClellan's cannon bore the knell of the capital of the Confederacy.

It is but just to observe here, that that theory of action to which the Southern Confederacy most owed its safety, viz.: to draw in its forces around the capital, concentrate there all its available resources, and then fall with crushing weight upon the enemy,

had originated in Gen. Johnston's clear and masterly mind; while Lee, without a thought of rivalry, readily conceived the merit of his predecessor's plan, and determined to continue the same line of action. It is also to be observed that an unfortunate prejudice of President Davis against Johnston had embarrassed his plans, and cross-questioned all his generalship; but, that when Lee took command at Richmond, he was favoured to the utmost in the prosecution of the design that Johnston had initiated, was authorized to draw in the Confederate detachments scattered along the coast and throughout Virginia, and was by this means, and the growing results of the conscription, enabled to raise his effective to about ninety thousand men. It remained, however, for Gen. Lee to fill up the general outline of action his predecessor had traced; he had to make his own immediate plan of battle against the extended front of the enemy; and this he did, as we shall see, not only with the consummate skill of a great mind, but with an audacity that astonished his countrymen, and took the enemy completely by surprise.

There was an early popular supposition that Lee was rather too much of the Fabian stamp of a commander, and disinclined to the risks of battle. For several weeks after he had assumed his important command, his quiet manners, the absence of all bustle about him, and a singular appearance of doing nothing, when in fact he was most busy, confirmed the popular impression of his slowness and unwillingness to deliver battle, and inclined the people of Richmond to believe that he was awaiting the attack of the enemy, which he would at least meet with all the resources of a prudent and skilful commander. They little imagined that he was meditating taking the initiative himself, and putting the insolent enemy on the defensive. The quiet, thoughtful commander never admitted an improper person into his confidence; he was annoyed by politicians and Congressional delegations who wanted information of his plans, but never obtained it; he was assailed by foolish clamours of demagogues, whose interests in the Confederacy appeared to be inclosed within the boundaries of their Congressional districts or counties, and who complained that particular parts of the country had been stripped of troops to defend Richmond; he was pursued by popular impatience for a battle; but to all he was the imperturbable gentleman, opposing to curiosity and clamour a placid man-

ner and a polite but supreme reticence. Each day he was seen on horseback about the lines, dressed in a plain suit of gray, with a scanty attendance of staff-officers, presenting, perhaps, not so impressively his importance and dignity, as a Federal brigadier with his couriers and orderlies at his heels. Each day his army was busy in strengthening their defensive works, and people wondered at McClellan's silence and Lee's apparent unconcern, and speculated when the great battle would be delivered.

Lee waited for a precise event. That event was the junction of Jackson's forces from the Valley. His plan of battle contemplated that so soon as Jackson, by his manœuvres on the north bank of the Chickahominy, should have uncovered the passage of the stream at Meadow and Mechanicsville bridges, the divisions on the south bank should cross and join Jackson's column, when the whole force should sweep down the north side of the Chickahominy, towards the York River, laying hold of McClellan's communications with the White House. Meanwhile, for almost every day in June, the Federal commander had sent a dispatch to Washington that he was about to bring on a general action. On the 25th June, it was said that he was preparing for a general forward movement by the Williamsburg road. But the preceding night the swift and skilful Jackson had reached Ashland, was within striking distance of the right wing of the Federal army, and the next day the storm of battle was to burst upon the hesitating McClellan and his astounded troops.

In the morning of the 26th June, the only intimation that Lee gave at the War Department of the terrible work before him, was a simple brief note, addressed to the Secretary of War, stating that he might be *beyond* a certain designated point where couriers could find him, should there be anything of importance the Secretary might wish to communicate during the day. That was the day of battle! In the afternoon quick beats of sound told the feverish ear of Richmond that a great battle was in progress, and that the red flails of artillery were at work. The evening sky reflected the conflagration at Mechanicsville; and as the sun descended, the division of A. P. Hill, joined across the stream by those of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, swept down the north bank of the Chickahominy, driving the enemy to a further and stronger line of defence.

At Beaver Dam Creek, a small tributary of the Chickahominy, Porter's corps arrested the progress of the Confederate divisions and held a position on the almost perpendicular bank of the creek, which seemed to defy assault. But the presence of Gen. Lee upon the field, accompanied by the President, impelled the troops to the attack; the gigantic struggle was begun here; the heroic troops pressed up to the stream, but could effect no lodgment within the hostile works; and the cannonade died away about nine o'clock in the night. Morning, however, brought a swift solution of the difficulty; for at dawn Jackson passed Beaver Dam Creek above and turned the position. It was at once evident to McClellan that the position of his right wing was no longer tenable, and he therefore determined to concentrate his forces, and withdraw Porter's command to a position near Gaines' Mills, where he could concentrate his forces, and occupy a range of heights between Cold Harbour and the Chickahominy.

It was evident that the enemy designed to fix here a decisive field; and the Confederates advanced in perfect order, and with deliberate dispositions for the attack. Gen. A. P. Hill, who had the advance of Lee's column, swung round by New Cold Harbour, and advanced his division to the attack. Jackson, who was to form the left of the Confederate line, had not yet come up, and Longstreet was held back until Jackson's arrival on the left should compel an extension of the Federal line.

While Gen. Lee waited to get all his divisions in hand, he made his temporary headquarters at a farm-house near the battle-field, and there with perfect composure awaited the critical hour that would probably decide the fate of the city whose spires were in sight. What thoughts must have been in his mind as he sat entirely alone on the rear portico of the house, while the foreground and the adjoining orchard were occupied by general officers, aides, couriers, and prisoners, making an animated scene of war! Officers, who in a few moments were to stand face to face with death, chatted as gaily as if they were going to a picnic. Some sat under the shady trees, making a hasty repast. In the brilliant day, fields flecked with sunshine and dotted with dead men stretched away; the white tents of Magruder's and Huger's troops glanced in peaceful light on the other side of the Chickahominy; in other directions were fretted landscapes of cultivated patches, and thickets,

and marshes ; then wooded hill-sides ; while, just screened by a narrow zone of trees, the brow of an eminence crowned with batteries told where the demon of destruction had taken cover, and glared for a new struggle of vengeance, and a new feast of slaughter. Gen. Lee sat alone, as in a reverie ; there were marks of thought on his face, but no cloud of care upon the fine open countenance ; he awaited an hour on which hung mighty and untold destinies, as calmly as a signal for the ordinary duties of the day. It was past noon when a courier rode up, and delivered some papers to him. He perused them calmly. But the next moment he was mounted, and with Gen. Longstreet by his side, was galloping to New Cold Harbour, three miles distant, where it was now understood Jackson's right wing had already arrived.

Meanwhile, A. P. Hill had attacked alone, and had gained no advantage, but was losing ground, when Longstreet advanced to relieve him. Terrible was the loss of the attacking force as they marched over the open ground exposed to a fire of artillery that swept every approach to the enemy's lines. Men and officers fell by hundreds ; mounted officers, who lost their horses, led their men on foot ; an artillery which was the pride of McClellan's army appeared to devour the column of attack. But, as the right of the Confederate line was thus struggling in vain against the terrible fire, Jackson and D. H. Hill pressed forward on the left, and succeeded in driving back the forces opposed to them ; the right renewed its efforts, and Gen. Lee, seizing the decisive moment, ordered a general advance along the whole Confederate line. It was ordered just as the sun touched the horizon. Hood's Texan troops were the first to pierce the enemy's stronghold, and seize the guns ; his left was broken ; what batteries he saved retired in such haste as to overrun the infantry, and throw the whole mass of fugitives into inextricable disorder ; and as night fell, the Confederates were satisfied to occupy the field of their victory.

It was indeed an important field gained by Lee, and one on which McClellan had lost the flower of his army. But it had been won by a boldness of tactics, a brilliant audacity, such as that in which the master of the art of war asserts his superiority over the military commonplace. To deliver an important battle, Gen. Lee had divided his army, bringing the greater portion to the left bank of the Chickahominy, and actually at a greater distance from Rich-

mond than the main body of the enemy's forces. He had left McClellan's centre and left wing on the south side of the stream, with apparently easy access to the city. Twenty-five thousand Confederates on this side of the Chickahominy—the troops of Magruder and Huger—held in check sixty thousand Federal troops; while Lee shattered the enemy's right wing, and inflicted upon him such disaster as to put him on his final retreat. He knew the character of his adversary, his caution, his methodical genius; he calculated upon the exaggerated opinions which McClellan had formed of the Confederate numbers; and having decided that it was practicable to deceive him by feints of attack on his centre and left, he quickly determined to wrest a victory from his right, and by a sudden blow put him beyond the possibility of reclaiming it.

After the victory of Gaines' Mills, Gen. Lee entertained no doubt that the enemy would retreat, but by what line was as yet unknown. He therefore retained the bulk of his army on the left bank of the Chickahominy, trusting to Magruder and Huger to observe the movements of the enemy on their front. It was not until the night of the 28th, that Gen. Lee discovered that the enemy had been imperfectly watched by some of his division commanders, and having gathered his forces, was in rapid motion for James River, pursuing a line of retreat through the mass of forest and swamps known as White Oak Swamp. McClellan had gained one precious day, but he was not yet out of danger; he had a considerable stretch of country to traverse; his men were dispirited; and as the unhappy commander rode down the long lines of his army to superintend the retreat, the men of a single corps—Porter's—alone cheered as he went by; and with no other recognition, the sorrowful figure of the defeated General passed the whole army on its line of march.

On the morning of the 29th, Lee put his columns in motion in pursuit. Magruder pushed forward on the Williamsburg road, expecting that Jackson, who was to make the passage at Grapevine Bridge, and sweep down the south bank of the Chickahominy, would come in to the flank and rear of Savage Station. He found himself, however, engaging only the rear-guard of the enemy, while Jackson was engaged nearly all day in rebuilding the bridge over the Chickahominy. The next morning McClellan's whole army was across White Oak Swamp. It had been the precise design of

Gen. Lee, that as the enemy debouched into the region looking out towards the James, that Jackson, who was to press on the heels of the retreating army, should come in immediate communication with the force under Longstreet, who was to make a *détour* by the roads skirting the river, thus uniting the whole Confederate army so as to envelop the enemy, or pierce his line of retreat. The Long Bridge, or New Market road, on which moved the two divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, was nearly at right angles with the road pursued by the Federal army on its retreat; but as these divisions neared the point of intersection, it happened that Jackson's progress was arrested at White Oak Swamp, by the destruction of the bridges, and that McClellan was thus enabled, while Jackson was paralyzed, to turn upon the force menacing his flanks. A severe fight, known as the battle of Frazier's Farm, was maintained for several hours; and it was only by the most desperate courage that the small Confederate force held the field. During the night the forces that had checked Longstreet withdrew; and Lee, proceeding to collect his scattered divisions—awaiting the arrival of Magruder, who came up about midnight, and that of Huger, who should have come up on the right of Longstreet, but was too slow to get into action, and joined by Jackson the next morning, who had a good cause for his delay—had the Confederate army again concentrated on the morning of the 1st July. But the great opportunity had passed; and when he was next able to strike the enemy it was only after the latter had assembled all his forces on Malvern Hill, and had assured communication with the Federal gunboats in the river.

The battle of Malvern Hill was a bloody attempt to take by assault an elevated plateau, on which the enemy had planted all that remained of his artillery, and instanced again the want of concert between Lee's divisions. The troops of A. P. Hill and Longstreet were held in reserve; while Jackson's divisions, on the left, and those under Magruder and Huger, on the right, were advanced to carry the heights by storm. But an attack was prematurely made by D. H. Hill, commanding one of Jackson's divisions; it was not supported by Magruder and Huger; and when the latter did finally advance, a brigade was thrown forward at a time, only to be beaten back in detail.

It was unfortunate for Lee's *éclat* that the circuit of victory was

broken here, and that the last incident of the struggle threw a shadow on the succession of fields he had won. But at least the final retreat of the enemy was assured; the Confederate capital was visibly saved; and although Lee had not ascended to the climax of success he had designed, and destroyed McClellan, he had accomplished a great and admirable work with an army, the greater portion of which was raw troops, which was badly officered, and which had bungled the best combinations of the commander. Gen. Lee has since declared that "under ordinary circumstances" the Federal force which menaced Richmond should have been destroyed; but his army was not as mobile as he expected; there was an evident disarray throughout it; some of the division commanders were utterly incompetent; the scene of operations was a country of numerous intricate roads, of marshy streams, and of forests; and the wonder and admiration is that the Confederate commander accomplished what he did under circumstances so exceptional and injurious.

In his official report, Gen. Lee wrote: "Regret that more was not accomplished, gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised; and the object of a campaign, which had been prosecuted, after months of preparation, at an enormous expenditure of men and money, completely frustrated. More than 10,000 prisoners, including officers of rank, 52 pieces of artillery, and upwards of 35,000 stand of small-arms, were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value, but small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy. His losses in battle exceeded our own, as attested by the thousands of dead and wounded left on every field; while his subsequent inaction shows in what condition the survivors reached the protection to which they fled."

CHAPTER VI.

General Lee the favourite of the populace.—He moves out to the line of the Rappahannock.—Cedar Run.—Bold and daring enterprise of General Lee, in detaching Jackson to the enemy's rear.—A peculiarity of his campaigns.—How he disregarded the maxims of military science.—The battles of Second Manassas.—Gen. Lee marches for the fords of the Potomac.—His address at Frederick, Maryland.—Jackson detached again.—McClellan finds an important paper.—The Thermopylæ of "South Mountain Pass."—Battle of Sharpsburg.—Gen. Lee obtains a *victory*, but is unable to press it.—He retires to Virginia.—An authentic statement of Gen. Lee's reasons for the Maryland campaign.—His constant and characteristic idea of defending Richmond by operations at a distance from it.—Congratulations to his troops.—Moral results of the campaign of 1862.—Testimonies to Southern heroism.

GEN. LEE had fought what was now the greatest battle of the war, in sight of Richmond; he had effected the deliverance of more than one hundred thousand people within sound of his guns; he became the favourite of the populace, and was cheered in the streets of the capital. But his great historical fame and the best display of his abilities was to commence when he withdrew from Richmond, moved out to the line of the Rappahannock, and for two years carried his arms along the Blue Ridge and the Potomac, and extended the blaze of war to the very foreground of Washington.

The failure of McClellan to take Richmond was a great disappointment to the North, but, like all its disappointments, was followed by energetic measures for the prosecution of the war. On the 11th July, by order of President Lincoln, Gen. Halleck was appointed General-in-Chief of the whole land forces of the United States. Gen. Burnside, with a large portion of his army, was recalled from North Carolina, and dispatched to the James River to reinforce Gen. McClellan, and plans were considered for another advance on Richmond, under the guidance of Gen. Pope, who had been appointed to the command of the forces in the vicinity of Washington, and in the Shenandoah Valley.

But while these movements were in progress, Gen. Lee had

detached Jackson to check Pope in his supposed advance on Gordonsville, which he effectually did by the battle of Cedar Run; and in a few weeks, the Confederate commander removed from James River, and massed his army between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, directly on the flank of the new Grand Army which Pope had assembled. In his expectation, however, of a decisive battle here, he was disappointed. Gen. Pope had no intention of renewing a trial of strength with the Confederates after his experience at Cedar Run; and with a prudence which ill assorted with his insolent address to his troops, promising them that they should see nothing but the "backs of rebels," he fell back promptly to the north bank of the Rappahannock, and, crowning every hill with his batteries, prepared to dispute the passage of the river.

In this situation Gen. Lee conceived a bold and daring enterprise, which appears never to have entered even the imagination of the enemy. In the morning of the 24th August, he sent for a courier, and after asking Gen. Chilton, his Adjutant-General, if he was sure the man could be relied upon, he said to that officer: "General, make it a positive order to Gen. Jackson to march through Thoroughfare Gap, and attack the enemy in the rear, while I bring up the rest of the army;" and then turning to the courier, remarked: "Young man, if you are not well mounted, my Inspector-General will see that you are." The order was swiftly conveyed, and by night Jackson had taken up his hard and perilous march in the direction indicated.

The detachment of Jackson with twenty thousand men, so as to have the whole army of Pope interposed between it and its friends, was a hazardous measure, and was in fact contrary to the maxims of the military art, as it put Lee to the risk of being beaten in detail. But there is a higher generalship than that of formal maxims, which quickly and rightly estimates the mind and temper of an adversary, and founds its plan of action on these conditions, rather than on fixed rules of military science, and often in defiance of them; and of this supreme and fine order of generalship, we shall find many instances in the career of Lee. We have already seen a display of it in the battles around Richmond, when, to obtain a great victory, he exposed an advantage to McClellan, which he calculated his mind and temper were incapable of seiz-

ing; and we now find him repeating the same experiment with Pope, and using, as a great General always does, knowledge of the character of his opponent as a condition of his enterprises. This peculiarity, indeed, runs through the whole of Gen. Lee's campaigns, and is most interesting in its suggestions; it exhibits what at first view seems a curious inexplicable union of great prudence on some occasions, with the most daring enterprise on others; and it offers to the military inquirer a fine study of those instances in which genius surmounts the rules of war, constructs theories on moral as well as material grounds, and wins victories in spite of the maxims of science.

Had Pope been a Lee, the order which detached Jackson to the rear, would indeed have been putting the Confederate army in the jaws of death. As it was, the movement took him by the surprise which Lee had calculated, and when he heard that Jackson was in his rear at Manassas, he was so utterly unable to take into his imagination a thing so opposed to his military commonplaces, so little sensible of the extent of the enterprise, that he at first supposed it was only an incursion of cavalry upon his supplies.

When at last Pope's army faced towards Washington, Lee and Longstreet at once started on the circuitous march through Thorougfare Gap, to join Jackson. When they came up with him, along the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, he had already fought the battle of Groveton; and on the 29th August, he sustained the shock of Pope's attack, with no assistance from Longstreet, beyond a few brigades sent to his support in the evening. The great battle occurred on the 30th August.

The enemy had been reinforced, but from the experience of the two preceding days, appeared to have lost much of his confidence, and to hesitate in manœuvres for attack. For a considerable time the action was fought principally with artillery. Then followed an advance in three lines of the Federal infantry, which was repulsed with great loss by the concentrated fire of some batteries posted on a commanding position. It was now evening, and Gen. Lee perceiving that there was confusion in the enemy's lines, ordered a general advance. Jackson on the left, and Longstreet on the right, pushed forward. The advance was never checked; the result was, the enemy was driven back in confusion over the old battle-ground of Bull Run; a large number of prisoners were captured—7,000

paroled on the field of battle—and the remains of Pope's army, during the night of the 30th, crossed Bull Run stream, and took refuge behind the field-works at Centreville, where Sumner's and Franklin's corps, which had arrived from Alexandria and the lines around Washington, were drawn up.

The next morning, the enemy was discovered in the strong position at Centreville, and Gen. Lee's army was put in motion towards the Little River turnpike, to turn his right. Upon reaching Ox Hill, on the 1st September, Gen. Lee again discovered the enemy in his front, on the heights of Germantown; and about 5 P.M. a spirited attack was made by the Federals upon the front and right of Lee's columns, with a view of apparently covering the withdrawal of their trains on the Centreville road, and masking their retreat. The position of the Confederates was maintained with but slight loss on both sides. Maj.-Gen. Kearney was left by the enemy dead on the field. During the night the enemy fell back to Fairfax Court-house, and abandoned his position at Centreville. The next day, about noon, he evacuated Fairfax Court-house, taking the roads to Alexandria and Washington.

So far, the summer campaign in Virginia had been a succession of Confederate victories. Gen. Lee had already obtained an extraordinary reputation for moderation in his statements of success, and when he telegraphed to Richmond that he had obtained, on the plains of Manassas, "a *signal* victory," the popular joy was assured. The results were large and brilliant. Virginia was now cleared of invading armies, and there was no appearance of an enemy within her borders, save at the fortified posts along the coast, where they were protected by their overwhelming naval forces, at Alexandria, and at Harper's Ferry, and Martinsburg, in the Valley. A circuit of wonderful victories illuminated the fortunes of the Confederacy; an aggregate force of the enemy, much exceeding 200,000 men, had been defeated; an immense spoil had been gathered; and in a few weeks the war had been carried from the gates of Richmond to the foreground of the enemy's capital.

But Gen. Lee was not a man to repose on laurels, when there were others yet to be won. On the 3d September his army was on the march for the fords of the Potomac! He had quickly resolved to turn aside from Washington, cross the Potomac, and pursue his advantage by invading the country of the enemy in return,

and thus give such occupation to him as would secure to Virginia, during the remainder of the season, a respite from the devastations of war, and the burden of invading armies. It was considered, too, in some quarters, that such a movement might inspirit the people of Maryland to attempt something in the way of their own liberation; and that there might be many speculative results of an invasion of the enemy's territory, which the temper of the South had so long demanded.

On the 8th September we find Gen. Lee assembling his army at Frederick, in Maryland, and issuing the following address to the people of that State :

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

“NEAR FREDERICK, Monday, Sept. 8, 1862.

“TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND:—It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves. The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned, upon no charge, and contrary to all the forms of law. A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by an illustrious Marylander, to whom, in better days, no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with contempt and scorn. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of speech and of the press has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commissions for what they may dare to speak.

“Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State. In

obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned. No restraint on your free will is intended; no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army, at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come in of your own free will.

“R. E. LEE, *General Commanding.*”

Gen. Lee had supposed that his advance to Frederick would cause the evacuation of Harper's Ferry. This not having occurred, and it being necessary to open the line of communication through the Valley, Jackson's command was detached to accomplish this purpose; it being calculated by Gen. Lee that the reduction of Harper's Ferry would be accomplished, and his columns again concentrated, before he would be called upon to meet the Federal army, which, placed again under the command of McClellan, showed great hesitation in the resumption of the campaign, and was evidently bewildered as to the designs of the Confederates. But these designs were betrayed by a singular circumstance. While Gen. Lee moved to Boonsboro and Hagerstown, to await Jackson's operations, there curiously fell into the hands of the enemy a copy of the order which Gen. Lee had prepared at Frederick, detailing with exactitude the proposed movements of the several portions of his army. The paper had been conveyed to Gen. D. H. Hill, who from some cause of dissatisfaction, and in a characteristic fit of impatience, tossed it to the ground; and, lying there forgotten, it was picked up by a soldier of the Federal army, and forwarded at once to McClellan, who thus became possessed of the exact detail of his adversary's plan of operations.

McClellan immediately ordered a rapid movement towards Harper's Ferry; and Gen. Lee, unaware of what had happened, was surprised to find the Federal army marching from its lines, with

the intention of offering battle, and relieving Harper's Ferry. The division of D. H. Hill was instantly ordered to guard the South Mountain pass, and Longstreet was instructed to move from Hagerstown to his support. A severe action took place here; but the object was only to delay the enemy; and when at last McClellan broke through South Mountain and was in position to relieve the beleaguered force at Harper's Ferry, he found it had already been surrendered to the rapid and indomitable Jackson. Meanwhile, the forces of Longstreet and D. H. Hill were withdrawn into the valley of the Antietam; and Gen. Lee prepared to take position to confront a united army, far larger than his own, advancing to meet him, and to fight a battle against superiour forces, not for conquest, but for safety.

On the 14th and 15th September, Gen. Lee took up a position on a range of low heights near the creek of Antietam; the little town of Sharpsburg, which gave the Confederate name to the battle that was to ensue, being almost in the centre of his line. The undulations of the ground and the thick masses of wood that clothed the hill-sides enabled him to conceal the strength of his army. On the 16th, Jackson arrived from Harper's Ferry with a greater portion of his corps; but the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Walker, and A. P. Hill, had not yet effected a junction with Gen. Lee, and on the morning of the 17th, about 33,000 Confederates were in line of battle to engage a united army which certainly exceeded 100,000 men within the limits of the field. It was an anxious situation for the Confederates. Gen. Jackson held the left of the line, extending from near the Potomac to the Sharpsburg and Boonsboro road; in the centre was D. H. Hill's division, and the right was but thinly occupied by what remained of Longstreet's corps.

As the morning of the 17th of September broke, the batteries of both armies opened fire, and the battle was commenced by Hooker attacking with a corps of 18,000 men on the Confederate left. Here for several hours the action raged with varying success. The Confederates for some time held their ground, though suffering terribly. More than half the brigades forming the first line were either killed or wounded, together with nearly every regimental commander. Of this appalling loss, Gen. Early, who took command of Ewell's old division, after Gen. Lawton had been shot

down, says: "The terrible nature of the conflict in which these brigades had been engaged, and the steadiness with which they maintained their position, is shown by the losses they sustained. They did not retire from the field until Gen. Lawton (commanding division) had been wounded and borne from the field. Col. Douglas, commanding Lawton's Brigade, had been killed, and the brigade had sustained a loss of 554 killed and wounded, out of 1,150, losing five regimental commanders out of six. Hayes, Brigade had sustained a loss of 323 out of 550, including every regimental commander and all of his staff; and Col. Walker and one of his staff had been disabled, and the brigade he was commanding had sustained a loss of 228 out of less than 700 present, including three out of four regimental commanders."

But as the Confederate line at last gave way under an attack so terrible, some portions of Walker's and McLaw's divisions reached the field, and Early, converting the defence into an attack, led forward his brigades, drove back Hooker's corps, and shook the Federal line so severely that McClellan feared at one time that his centre would be broken. The retreat, however, of the enemy's infantry, unmasked the powerful artillery in the first line of woods, and the fire from these batteries checked the Confederate pursuit.

While the battle slackened here, there occurred on another part of the field a yet more critical and desperate struggle, occasioned by the effort of Burnside to obtain possession of the lower bridge over the Antietam. Five attacks here at different times, were heroically repulsed by two Georgia regiments under Gen. Toombs, and the enemy was at last compelled, by crossing the fords lower down, to flank the position, Toombs withdrawing his command, and Burnside being content to hold the bridge without demonstrating further. About 3 P.M., however, there came an imperative order from McClellan that Burnside should press forward to the attack of the batteries on the heights in his front. Here again the first incident was a successful advance of the enemy; Burnside gained the crest, driving back Jones's division of 2,000 men. But at this critical moment Gen. A. P. Hill arrived on the ground from Harper's Ferry, and took up a position on the right of the Confederate line, and opposed to Burnside. This reinforcement was most opportune; it enabled the Confederates to assume the offensive, and Burnside was driven from the heights he had carried, and with

some difficulty maintained his hold of the bridge. It was now a desperate time with the enemy. A correspondent of a Northern newspaper thus describes what was taking place on the Federal side in the half hour of daylight that was yet left: "More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half-hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz-John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both Generals. 'They are the only reserves of the army; they cannot be spared.' McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff, rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General. Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is: 'I want troops and guns. If you do not send them, I cannot hold my position half an hour.' McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: 'Tell Gen. Burnside this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry.' Then as the messenger was riding away he called him back. 'Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost.'"

But the Confederates did not press their advantage; they found the approaches to the Antietam swept by a heavy artillery fire; they were too much exhausted to encounter fresh troops of the enemy, and as night fell they were recalled to their former posi-

tion, satisfied to have driven Burnside under the shelter of his batteries.

The next day McClellan was indisposed to renew the battle. He consulted anxiously with his officers, and finally resolved to defer attack during the 18th, with the determination, however (as he reports), to renew it on the 19th, if reinforcements expected from Washington should arrive. The morning of the 19th came, and with it the discovery that Lee had withdrawn across the Potomac, and already stood again with his army on the soil of Virginia. Although victory had inclined to him on the field of Sharpsburg, the Confederate commander readily perceived that with his worn and diminished army he could not hope to make head against an army so superiour in numbers, and situated so as to receive constant reinforcements; that, in fact, there was an end to the *invasion*, although all the other objects of the campaign had been fully accomplished; and so, with a sufficient sum of glory, without loss or molestation on their retreat, the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac, remained in the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Winchester to recruit before being moved to Lee's favourite ground of combat between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and concluded the ever-memorable campaign of the summer and autumn of 1862.

Gen. Lee always claimed Sharpsburg as a Confederate victory. His force on that field, all told, including the divisions which came up in the evening, was less than 40,000 men; with these numbers he had inflicted a loss upon the enemy of 12,500 men—nearly double his own—had gained some ground, and although too weak to assume the offensive, had awaited steadily for a whole day a renewal of the attack. But if Sharpsburg had been more than a statistical victory—one constituted by a comparison of casualty lists—if Gen. Lee had routed McClellan and broken the only array of force between him and Washington, he would then have had at his mercy the capital, and all the principal cities of the North, and would probably have been able to continue his invasion to the successful issue of peace and independence; and it was only with respect to such a result, pictured by the lively popular imagination of the South, that his campaign fell short, and produced a feeling of disappointment. How fearful was the situation was well described in McClellan's

own words, when, speaking of what depended on the field of Sharpsburg, he declared: "At that moment, Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded, the national cause could afford no risks of defeat. One battle lost, and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might then have marched as it pleased on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York. It could have levied its supplies from a fertile and undevastated country, extorted tribute from wealthy and populous cities; and nowhere east of the Alleghanies was there another organized force able to arrest its march." These almost mortal apprehensions of the enemy were not realized. The idea of an invasion reaching to the vitals of the North had to be abandoned; the prospects of a popular rising in Maryland proved illusory; but although these expectations of the campaign, which were popular and speculative, and really subordinate in Gen. Lee's plan of action, were not fulfilled, the result actually accomplished was a real and considerable success, and answered the reasonable expectations of the commander. This success consisted in the facts that Virginia was relieved of invading armies; that a respite was obtained for the revival of her industry and the collection of her resources; that important time was secured for recruiting and reorganizing the army; and that "the line of the Rappahannock" was cleared, and made the proper defence of Richmond.

So many various reasons have been ascribed to Gen. Lee for his movement into Maryland, and that campaign has been estimated on so many different hypotheses, that it will be well here to give the authentic version of it, and with it the key to all of Gen. Lee's campaigns in the war. When he first took command before Richmond he had conceived the idea that the proper line of defence for the capital was at the greatest possible distance from it, and that any investment of the city by the enemy's forces, unless it could be speedily broken, would ultimately and surely prove fatal to the defenders. The situation of Richmond he regarded as peculiar, and as plainly justifying this view of defence. It was an inland city, fed by seven different railroads and one canal, and was entirely dependent on its communications; and as Gen. Lee properly assumed, what the war subsequently proved, that railroads could not be protected against cavalry, he concluded that Richmond could not be held as a defensive point, and was to be protected by

an army operating at some distance from it, with its lines of supply drawn through the city. His great anxiety was to keep the war as far as possible from Richmond, and especially to get it on the enemy's frontier, so as to relieve the country he protected, and make himself sure of supplies. This idea ran through all his campaigns. It urged him to cross the Potomac whenever he could, and at any rate to keep the war on the line of the Rappahannock. The persistent effort of all his campaigns was to make the theatre of operations as far as possible from Richmond; and in the last periods of the war, when the army holding that city and its outposts was almost palsied, we shall find him making the last, desperate, characteristic effort to relieve the capital by a campaign in the Valley and on the Potomac.

But we must not anticipate the events of the war, and we return to consider the results of the Maryland campaign. The account of the operations of the summer and autumn of 1862 is appropriately concluded with Gen. Lee's address to his troops on their return to Virginia:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

October 2, 1862.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond, you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than eleven thousand men, and captured upwards of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small-arms, and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other insured its success by arresting, at Boonsboro, the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favourite General to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted, from daylight until dark, the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front, of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning, without molestation, across the Potomac.

Two attempts, subsequently made by the enemy, to follow you across the river, have resulted in his complete discomfiture and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valour and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valour and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. LEE, *General Commanding.*

The moral effect of the campaign which Gen. Lee had now concluded is too large and brilliant to be omitted from any estimate of results. To the world it was a chapter of wonders. It had accomplished a sum of victories unequalled in the same space of time by anything in the previous or subsequent experience of the war; it had made a record of toils, hardships, and glories famous in history; it had accumulated a brilliant spoil; and the wonderful statement is derived from the books of the provost-marshal in Richmond, that in twelve or fifteen weeks the Confederates had taken and paroled no less than forty-odd thousand prisoners! If "the opinion of foreign nations may be taken as an anticipation of the judgment of posterity," the Confederates had already for these achievements an assurance of historical memory that nothing could defeat. Of the events we have narrated, the leading journal of Europe—the *London Times*—declared: "The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achieve-

ments almost without a parallel, can compensate men for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as their friends, from those who condemn their acts as well as those who sympathize with them, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written, the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger, for the veil which has covered the South will be drawn away, and disclose a picture of patriotism, of unanimous self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which we can now only see indistinctly. The details of extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse and almost to the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million of men, will then become known to the world; and, whatever may be the fate of the new nationality, or its subsequent claims to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly begin its career with a reputation for genius and valour which the most famous nations may envy."

Even the enemy was forced to tributes of admiration. "It was not," writes a historian* of the events, "without mixed feelings that the better classes in the North heard of the exploits of their former fellow-countrymen. They could not but admire the military qualities and personal character of the leaders of the Confederate armies; and although feeling the reproach that their own well-equipped troops had been beaten by men who possessed few of their advantages, yet they received some comfort from the fact that their opponents were Americans. Even if a portion of the Democratic party could scarce refrain from the opinion that a Union under President Davis and Gen. Lee would be preferable to discord under President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton, few can blame them."

Indeed, this admiration of the Confederates went so far that popular orators in New York freely and abundantly declared that the war had increased the respect felt by the North for the South. For once, without the fear of Federal authorities before their eyes, they pointed to what appeared to them the miraculous resources of the "rebel" government, the bravery of its troops, their patience under hardships, their unshrinking firmness in the

* *Fletcher*: History of the American War. BENTLEY, London.

desperate position they had assumed, the wonderful success with which they had extemporized manufactures and munitions of war, and kept themselves in communication with the world in spite of a magnificent blockade; the elasticity with which they had risen from defeat, and the courage they had shown in threatening again and again the capital of the North, and even its interior. It will be recollected that such a eulogy of the Confederates was publicly pronounced by Dr. Bellows, one of the most popular preachers of New York. He concluded: "Well is Gen. McClellan reported to have said (privately), as he watched their obstinate fighting at Antietam, and saw them retiring in perfect order in the midst of the most frightful carnage, 'What terrible neighbours these would be! We must conquer them, or they will conquer us!'"

These testimonies to Confederate heroism are not idly repeated here. Each year of the war had some characteristic by which it is easily remembered; and that of 1862 may be taken as the period of the greatest lustre of the Confederate arms. Whatever its sequel, what is testified of it here remains, cannot be recalled from the memory of the world, and constitutes a secure monument of history, which no after-thought of envy, no modification of opinions on the part of an enemy ultimately successful, can possibly destroy or diminish.

CHAPTER VII.

General Lee's perilous situation in North Virginia.—His alarming letter to the War Office.—The happy fortune of McClellan's removal.—The Battle of Fredericksburg.—Gen. Lee's great mistake in not renewing the attack.—His own confession of error.—He detaches nearly a third of his army to cover the south side of Richmond.—He writes a severe letter to the Government.—The enemy's fifth grand attempt on Richmond.—Gen. Lee in a desperate extremity.—The Battles of Chancellorsville.—Three victories for the Confederates.—The masterpiece of Gen. Lee's military life.

AFTER the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. Lee did not indicate an immediate purpose to retire from the Potomac, but remained in the neighbourhood of Winchester, anxiously waiting for the development of McClellan's designs. There was serious reason to apprehend that the enemy would again press him to battle. But the extreme moral timidity of McClellan again gave opportunities to the Confederates; and while with an army already triple that of Lee, he was yet entreating and importuning the government at Washington for reinforcements, the latter was recruiting his strength so terribly diminished by the hardships of the Gordonsville and Maryland campaign, and making necessary preparations for the renewal of operations. In not pressing Lee after his retirement into Virginia, McClellan made the great mistake of his military career. Of the reality and extent of his opportunity at this time, we have in evidence a letter of Gen. Lee himself. In the first days of November, 1862, he wrote to the War Department that he had *not half men enough* to resist McClellan's advance with his mighty army, and that he would have to resort to manœuvring in preference to risking his army in battle. He added that three-fourths of the cavalry horses were sick with sore-tongue, and their hoofs were falling off; he complained that his soldiers were not fed and clad as they should be; and he expressed the greatest anxiety as to any movement of McClellan threatening battle.

But most happily for the Confederates, the uncertainty of McClellan's designs terminated in his removal from command, and

the appointment of Gen. Burnside to succeed him; event which gave occasion to a new meditation and plan of campaign, and secured for Gen. Lee the delay which he so much needed. It was a deliverance from an alarming crisis. Gen. Lee had at first supposed that Burnside intended to embark his army for the south side of James River, to operate probably in eastern North Carolina; but in the latter part of November, the enemy showed plainly another design, and the Confederate scouts reported large masses of infantry advancing on Fredericksburg. On the 18th November, a portion of Longstreet's corps was marched thither; and Gen. Lee wrote to Richmond: "Before the enemy's trains can leave Fredericksburg" (*i.e.* for Richmond) "this whole army will be in position." The assurance was faithfully and fully kept, and Burnside found his alert antagonist in full force on the banks of the Rappahannock.

The battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th December, 1862, was one of the most easily and cheaply won Confederate victories of the war. It was a striking illustration of the advantage of fighting in a strong position—an advantage too little regarded by the Confederates during the war; for although victories in open fields obtained for the South a certain prestige, it was at the woful price of the flower of her people, for which there was but little compensation in the loss of life in the enemy's ranks, recruited as they were from the dregs of his own society, and the mercenary markets of the whole world.* At Fredericksburg, the Confederate position was all that could be desired by Gen. Lee. His army was drawn up along the heights, which, retiring in a semicircle from the river, embraced within their arms a plain six miles in length, and from two to three in depth. This semicircle of hills terminated at Massaponax River, about five miles below Fredericksburg. The right

* Dr. Dabney, the biographer of Stonewall Jackson, writing in 1863, says: "One-half of the prisoners of war, registered by the victorious armies of the South, have been foreign mercenaries. Mr. Smith O'Brien, warning his race against the unhallowed enterprise, declares that the Moloch of Yankee ambition has already sacrificed 200,000 Irishmen to it. And still, as the flaming sword of the South mows down these hireling invaders, fresh hordes throng the shores. Last, our country has to wage this strife only on these cruel terms, that the blood of her chivalrous sons shall be matched against the sordid streams of this *cloaca populorum*. In the words of Lord Lindsay, at Flodden Field, we must play our 'Rose Nobles of gold, against crooked sixpences.'"

of the Confederate army, extending nearly as far as the Massaponax, comprised the cavalry and horse artillery under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, posted on the only ground at all suitable for that arm of the service. On his left was Gen. Jackson's corps, of which Early's division formed the right, and A. P. Hill's the left; the divisions of Taliaferro and D. H. Hill being in reserve. The left wing of the army, under Gen. Longstreet, comprised the division of Hood on the right, next to it that of Pickett, then those of McLaws, Ransom and Anderson. The artillery was massed together, and not dispersed among the divisions, and was so posted as to sweep the front of the position. It may be remarked that this was Gen. Lee's favourite disposition of his artillery in battle, and in this instance it was much favoured by the semicircular formation of the hills.

The battle was at first declared against the Confederate right by a heavy attack upon Jackson, which was repulsed, and finally ceased about noon. By this time fresh divisions had crossed the river at Fredericksburg, and the mass of Burnside's army was brought to the desperate attack of Marye's Height, held by McLaws' division and the Washington artillery. Here, during the whole afternoon, attack after attack was repeated with a desperation never before exhibited by the enemy, and with appalling recklessness of human life. "It is hardly to be supposed," says a Northern writer, "that Gen. Burnside had contemplated the bloody sequence to which he was committing himself when first he ordered a division to assail the heights of Fredericksburg; but having failed in the first assault, and then in the second and third, there grew up in his mind something which those around him saw to be akin to desperation. Riding down from his headquarters to the bank of the Rappahannock, he walked restlessly up and down, and gazing over at the heights across the river, exclaimed vehemently, 'That crest must be carried to-night.' Already, however, everything had been thrown in, saving Hooker, and he was now ordered over the river." But all was in vain. Hooker's attack shared the fate of its predecessors; the men rushed forward, then wavered, a third of their number fell, and the remainder fled. During the entire afternoon the struggle continued. The simile, so commonly used in descriptions of battles, of waves breaking upon a rock-bound coast, was never more just in its conception than in the frantic battle in which the Federal divisions were shattered upon the heights assailed,

and were hurled back, one after the other, on the crimson tide of death.

Night closed on a field on which lay more than ten thousand Federals killed or wounded. Gen. Lee dispatched to Richmond: "Our loss during the operations since the movements of the enemy began, amounts to about 1800 killed and wounded." It was a great victory; but the Confederate public expected from it something more than *éclat*, and had reason to hope that there would be inflicted upon the enemy not only defeat, but destruction. It was thus that the inconsequence of Burnside's safe retreat across the river was a great disappointment, attended for the first time with some popular censure of Gen. Lee. The only reply to such censure was a very candid explanation, in which Gen. Lee confessed he had been surprised as to the extent of the enemy's disaster and his design of retreat. In an official report he says: "The attack on the 13th had been *so easily repulsed*, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his effort to one attempt, which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations, and the extent of his force, seemed to be comparatively insignificant. Believing, therefore, that he would attack us, it was not deemed expedient to lose the advantages of our position, and expose the troops to the fire of his inaccessible batteries beyond the river, by advancing against him. But we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the darkness of night, and the prevalence of a violent storm of wind and rain, to recross the river."

With the Confederate victory of Fredericksburg quiet fell upon the lines of the Rappahannock; but on other theatres of the war there was not that cessation of interest that might have been expected in the harshest months of winter. The authorities at Richmond were soon disturbed by reported movements of the enemy in other directions, apparently against the city and its southern communications; and the consequence of these alarms and anxieties, in which Gen. Lee fully shared, was, that about one-third of his army had to be detached to cover the south side of the capital. In the month of February, 1863, the greater portion of Longstreet's command was sent to confront the army corps of Hooker, supposed to have been sent to the Peninsula, and to watch the movements

of the enemy in the neighbourhood of Suffolk and on the coast of North Carolina. It was a period of indecision and anxiety; Charleston was threatened, and Gen. Lee advised every available man to be sent thither; the enemy was reported at various points of the sea-coast south of James River, and it was not known where his heaviest blow would be delivered; and distracted by so many prospects of attack, the policy of dispersion became, for a time, a necessary one, and Gen. Lee found himself, with not more than two-thirds of the army he had in the battle of Fredericksburg, left to watch the movements of the enemy still remaining north of the Rappahannock.

This serious diminution of his forces affected Gen. Lee with great anxiety, in view of the exigencies of the approaching spring campaign, in which the fate of Virginia, and of the sea-coast, and of the Mississippi Valley, appeared to be equally involved, and naturally led to a revision of all the Confederate forces in the field. He made it the occasion of one of the plainest letters he ever wrote to the War Department—a letter in which the tone of censure and rebuke was more apparent than in any appeal he ever made to the patriotism of the people and the wisdom of the authorities. He suggested to the government an appeal to the Governors of the States to aid more directly in recruiting the armies. He said the people habitually expected too much from the troops now in the field; that because they had gained many victories, it did not follow that they should always gain them; that the legitimate fruits of victory had hitherto been lost for the want of numbers on our side; and, finally, that all those who failed to go to the field at such a momentous period, were guilty of the blood of the brave soldiers who perished in the effort to achieve independence.

While Lee's force on the Rappahannock was reduced to the extent we have noticed, the enemy had always been able to keep up its army in Northern Virginia to a strength exceeding 100,000 men; and now, for its *fifth* attempt on Richmond, had a force not less than 150,000, under the command of "Fighting Joe Hooker," the hero of Northern prints. To meet this tremendous force, Gen. Lee had the corps of Jackson, and only two divisions of Longstreet's corps—Anderson's and McLaws'—a total of about 45,000 men. Jackson's corps consisted of four divisions, commanded by A. P. Hill, Rodes, Colston, and Early.

Gen. Hooker's plan of attack was to divide his army into two portions, of which the stronger, having crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, should advance against the Confederate left wing; while the Federal left wing, under Sedgwick, equal in numbers to Gen. Lee's whole army, should attack and occupy the heights above Fredericksburg, and seize the railroad to Richmond. On the night of the 28th April, the greater portion of the Federal army crossed the rivers, and headed towards Chancellorsville, the assigned point of concentration.

The situation in which Hooker boasted that the Confederate army must "either ingloriously fly or come out from behind its defences," where "certain destruction awaited it," was no sooner perceived by Gen. Lee, than he determined, leaving Early's division to deal with Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, to "come out" with the remainder of his little army against Hooker's four corps at Chancellorsville. On the 29th April, Jackson's three divisions, and those of McLaws and Anderson (Early's division remaining in the lines of Fredericksburg), were on the road to Chancellorsville. The aspect of affairs was anything but reassuring. The force moved out towards Chancellorsville was outnumbered nearly three to one; from 90,000 to 100,000 men were on what had formerly been its left rear, but which was now its front; while a force equaling in strength the whole army, threatened, by an advance from Fredericksburg, either to crush it or force it to retreat with both flanks exposed, and with a cavalry column of 10,000 sabres already on its communications with Richmond.

But it was the absence of his cavalry which he had sent away in assurance of Lee's retreat, that proved the fatal circumstance for Hooker; for it at once suggested the surprise of a movement on his flank. While, therefore, the divisions of Anderson and McLaws were sufficient to amuse him by feints of attack in front—indeed to such effect that on the 1st May he ordered another of his divisions from across the river, under the impression that the Confederates were in force in his front—Jackson was marching swiftly and silently to find his flank in the Wilderness. In the evening of the 2d May, the battle of the Wilderness was fought; Jackson striking the extreme right of the Federal army, routing Howard's corps, and driving the entire right wing of the enemy down upon the divisions of Anderson and McLaws. The torrent

of Jackson's success was stemmed only by his fall in the midst of a victory, the completion of which had to be reserved for another day.

On the 3d May, Gen. Stuart, having succeeded to Jackson's command, bore down again on the enemy's right wing, while Gen. Lee's remaining divisions attacked the centre and left. By ten o'clock in the morning, Hooker was driven to his second line of intrenchments, Chancellorsville was taken, and the destruction of the enemy now appeared to be the work of but a few hours. But just here that adverse combination of circumstances in which Gen. Lee fought was again apparent; and as he gathered up his forces to attack Hooker's fresh position, news came that Sedgwick, having turned Marye's Heights, was advancing from Fredericksburg, while Early had fallen back to a position at Salem Church, five miles from the town. It became necessary at once to turn attention to this movement; and McLaws' division was rapidly marched to Early's support in time to check Sedgwick's advanced troops, and drive them back on the main body. On the 4th May the battle was renewed, and Sedgwick was overwhelmed and driven back in disgraceful confusion, while Hooker remained idle in his intrenchments, detained in a defensive attitude by a few Confederate divisions, thoroughly cowed, and without spirit even to make the attempt to relieve one of his own corps. On the night of the 5th, his grand army, despite its losses yet larger than that of Lee, but directed by a commander who had evidently lost all stomach for fight, retreated across the river in a drenching storm of wind and rain, leaving behind it 17,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, 14 pieces of artillery, and 30,000 stand of arms.

Thus three victories—that of the Wilderness, that on Hooker's front, and that at Salem Church, all compassed in the general name of "the battle of Chancellorsville"—had been achieved by Gen. Lee in so many days. In looking back upon all the circumstances of this struggle, it must be pronounced to have been for Gen. Lee the most brilliant of the war, and to have crowned his reputation for transcendent courage and ability. All the movements of the enemy preceding the battle had been successful and well-timed; he had turned the Confederate line of defence on the right and on the left; and he had apparently placed the little army of Lee in the jaws of destruction. With what consummate

skill the great Confederate commander extricated his army; with what impregnable equanimity he awaited the full development of his adversary's designs; with what admirable readiness he divided his forces, and concentrated his chief strength upon the important point; with what towering courage he at last struck the enemy on his vulnerable side, then engaged him in front, and finally turned to engage a victorious column in his rear, the reader will perceive even from the bare outlines of the battle we have given in the preceding narrative. Those who were near Gen. Lee's person in these eventful three days, say that his self-possession was perfect, and his calm, courteous demeanour the same as on ordinary occasions; he spoke of his success without exultation; and from first to last, his unshaken confidence in his men fortified his resolution and manners, and assured him of victory.

A few days after the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Lee issued an address to his army, congratulating them for "the heroic conduct they had displayed under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm, in a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg," and inviting them to unite on the following Sunday "in ascribing to the Lord of Hosts the glory due His name." At the same time a letter from President Davis was read, wherein he said to Gen. Lee: "In the name of the people, I offer my cordial thanks to you and the troops under your command, for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which your army has achieved. The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result, will be mingled with a general regret for the good and the brave who are numbered among the killed and wounded."

Two great victories, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, had now been won on the banks of the Rappahannock; but they had no other effect than driving the enemy back to the hills of Stafford. The position was one in which he could not be attacked to advantage. It was on this reflection that Gen. Lee resolved on a new and adventurous campaign. It was to manœuvre Hooker out of Virginia, to clear the Shenandoah Valley of the troops of the enemy, and to renew the experiment of the transfer of hostilities north of the Potomac. But the events of this campaign we reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Controversy between Gen. Lee and the War Department.—The Secretary wincses.—Gen. Lee's new campaign of invasion.—How it differed from that of 1862.—Reorganization of the Army of Northern Virginia.—Some remarks on its artillery service.—Gen. Lee across the Potomac.—His orders at Chambersburg, Pa.—His errors with respect to the policy of "retaliation."—His conversation with a mill-owner.—A letter from President Davis.—Gen. Lee misunderstood and disappointed by the Richmond authorities.—Orders to Stuart's cavalry.—The Confederate army *blinded* in Pennsylvania for want of cavalry.—The battle of Gettysburg has the moral effect of a *surprise* to Gen. Lee.—The lost opportunity of the 1st July.—Why Gen. Lee fought the next day.—Temper of his army.—He assaults the enemy's centre on the 3d July.—Recoil of the Confederates.—Gen. Lee cheering and comforting his men.—His fearful retreat, and his wonderful success in extricating his army.

In the shifting of forces consequent upon the battle of Chancellorsville, the divisions of Longstreet that had been operating in Southeastern Virginia were recalled to Gen. Lee; and the usual consequence of a great victory in the return of large numbers of "absentees" to the ranks, was fully realized. From these sources Gen. Lee rapidly increased his army to the mark of the necessities of the campaign he now designed.

Since Gen. Lee had been in command, he had been able to effect a much-desired reform in curtailing the authority of the War department, which at one time had presumed to dictate campaigns, and had once driven Gen. Jackson to the extremity of resignation by moving forces under his command by its peremptory orders. That despotic department was now much reduced in its authority, and its favourite idea of a dispersion of forces was brought within limits. After what we have already said of detachments from Gen. Lee's army, and the peril this policy occasioned at Chancellorsville, it will surprise the reader to learn that on the 15th May, 1863, the Secretary of War dispatched him that a portion of his army (Pickett's division) might be sent to Mississippi. To this untimely and vexatious call, Gen. Lee replied that it was a dangerous and doubtful expedient; that it was a *question*

between Virginia and Mississippi; but that he would send off the division without delay, if still deemed necessary. The issue was thus boldly and sharply thrust upon the Richmond authorities. The Secretary winced, and the troops were not sent away.

The campaign which Gen. Lee had now determined upon was more properly one of invasion than when in the previous year he had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. His design was larger and more ambitious; and so far as it contemplated not merely putting back the war to the trans-Potomac region for the purpose of respite, but a steady and formidable invasion of the enemy's territory, it overleaped the former defensive and prudent policy that had hitherto prevailed in the military councils of the Confederacy. The reoccupation of the Shenandoah Valley, the invasion of Pennsylvania, and the change in the theatre of the war from Virginia to the enemy's country, were the immediate objects of Lee's intended movements. Whatever might result from these operations could not be foreseen, and the ultimate designs could only develop themselves as success, or the reverse, should occur in the campaign, and influence its prosecution. But never was the prospect of invasion more hopeful. It was undoubtedly thrust upon Gen. Lee by the excited and extraordinary spirit of his army and the country. The *morale* of his troops had been wonderfully improved by the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; the confidence of the men and of their commander had been greatly raised by these events; the army of Northern Virginia had been mobilized, improved, was in better condition in transportation, equipment, and clothing (and in every respect but supplies) than it had been before, and in increased confidence in itself and contempt for the enemy, was said to be "equal to anything;" and, above all, the public temper of the South, swollen and bursting with grief at the ruin the enemy had wrought on its own dwellings and fields, fiercely and with one voice demanded that in this season of opportunity, some of the suffering and rigour of the war should be carried home to the people of the North. Gen. Lee could not be insensible to these considerations, or wholly deaf to the appeals of the populace. Pennsylvania offered supplies for his troops, and Commissary Northrop had told him to go there to find them; the spirit of his army pointed to invasion; and so, when the alternative of campaigns was presented at Richmond, of reinforcing the

armies of the West or carrying the war across the Potomac, Gen. Lee chose the latter, believing that a victory in Pennsylvania, besides all its other advantages, would be a counterpoise to whatever successes the enemy might obtain in the West, and relieve the pressure on our armies in Tennessee, Mississippi, and in all parts of the Confederacy. It was thus for various reasons and in peculiar circumstances that he cut loose from the defensive policy, and on his own responsibility undertook the experiment of invasion.

In preparation for the campaign, the Army of Northern Virginia was now thoroughly reorganized, and divided into three equal and distinct corps. The reorganization was made with a view to recent promotions in the army—five Major-Generals and two Lieutenant-Generals having obtained their promotions, without a proper distribution of commands. The two Lieutenant-Generals were Ewell and A. P. Hill. To each of these a corps was assigned, consisting of three divisions; Gen. Longstreet, for this purpose, parting with one of his divisions (Anderson's). A. P. Hill's old division, reduced by two brigades, was assigned to Maj.-Gen. W. D. Pender. The two brigades taken from A. P. Hill's division were united with Pettigrew's and another North Carolina brigade, and assigned to Maj.-Gen. Heth, who, with Maj.-Gen. Pender, had been recently promoted from the rank of Brigadier-General. Gen. A. P. Hill was assigned to the command of this corps, whilst Gen. Ewell retained Jackson's old corps, consisting of Early's division (Early having been made a Major-General in February, and receiving command of Ewell's old division), Rode's division, and Trimble's division, the latter assigned to Gen. Edward Johnson, then just promoted to a Major-Generalship. There were thus three corps of three divisions: Longstreet (McLaws, Hood, and Pickett); A. P. Hill (Anderson, Pender, and Heth); Ewell (Early, Rodes, and Johnson)—each corps numbering about 25,000 men, with about 15,000 cavalry, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, making a total of 90,000 men.

But the most important part of the reorganization, directed by Gen. Lee, was the reform of the artillery arm, which had been wonderfully growing in strength and brilliancy since the time when the famous "Washington Artillery" first wreathed the Confederate banner with the smoke of its guns on the field of Manassas. It had now become the matchless pride of the Army of North-

ern Virginia, and presented a splendid array of high intelligence, practised skill, and disciplined valour. The original organization of the Confederate artillery was into companies, attached each to its infantry brigade, and subject to the orders of the brigadier; but it was soon discovered that commanders of brigade, the great majority of whom were from the walks of civil life, were not the class of officers to give the artillery arm that power and effectiveness, of which, under skilful scientific direction, it was so eminently susceptible. Therefore, before the opening of the spring campaign of 1863, a regular artillery and ordnance staff was organized in the Army of Northern Virginia, with Gen. Pendleton at its head. Battalions were formed, numbering from sixteen to twenty guns each, and operating in the field, with its respective infantry division, and each under the immediate command of its own artillery chief, who had been assigned, or promoted to it, by reason of his distinguished fitness and qualification, as indicated by former tests of high excellence in the practice of the field. And under the direction of this able corps of artillery officers, the grand Southern field-park, both mounted and horse, proudly asserted its claim to a place in the very front rank of the artillery armament of the world. Pelham's and McGregor's famous cavalry batteries, that operated with the dashing troopers of Stuart, won a distinction, second not even to the celebrity of the famous flying artillery of Austria.

For the first two years of the war, the field-metal of the Confederate park was greatly inferior to that of the enemy. The battles of Bull Run, and Manassas, and the Seven Pines, were fought with six-pounder guns, twelve-pounder howitzers, and a few three-inch rifles; and it was not until the battle of Chancellorsville, that the Confederate artillery armament was of sufficiently heavy metal to cope successfully with the formidable Federal field-ordnance. By capture and foreign purchase, the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia was strengthened by a full field-complement of ten and twenty-pounder Parrotts, the twelve-pounder Parrotts, the twelve-pounder Napoleon gun-howitzer, and a few Whitworth and Armstrong rifles; but the twenty-pounder Parrotts, and the twelve-pounder Napoleons, were the weapons with which the Confederate artillerists chiefly won their bloody trophies, and wrote such a brilliant chapter in the records of artillery performance. In nothing was the Southern artillery inferior to that of the Federals, save in

the matter of ammunition; in every other particular it was decidedly superiour, as attested on every field where the two armies were brought into direct collision.

To gain the Shenandoah Valley and relieve the town of Winchester was the first aim of the intended movement. In the first week in June, Longstreet's and Ewell's corps were directed to march on Culpeper, whilst the corps of A. P. Hill was left to occupy the lines of Fredericksburg. A reconnoissance of cavalry imperfectly disclosed the movement to Hooker; but while his attention was turned to Culpeper, and guarding the line of the Rappahannock, Ewell's corps was thrust into the Valley through Chester Gap, and, moving rapidly on Winchester, captured the place, with more than three thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery. Upon learning the movement, and now quite bewildered as to the designs of the Confederates, Hooker broke up his camps along the Rappahannock, and moved on the direct route towards Washington, following the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, his first anxiety being to respond to Mr. Lincoln's usual fears for the safety of the capital. The disappearance of the enemy behind the hills of Stafford was the signal for A. P. Hill to take up his line of march towards Culpeper, where Longstreet's corps still held position. On the 22d June, Ewell, with the van of the invading columns, passed into Maryland; and two days later the corps of Longstreet and Hill, making the passage of the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, followed the path of Ewell into Pennsylvania. The troopers of Jenkins had already preceded Ewell's advance by a week, and had penetrated Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, throwing the whole country into a condition of unparalleled alarm and excitement. President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for one hundred thousand militia from the States most directly menaced; New York was summoned to send twenty thousand men; the archives were removed from Harrisburg, and the farmers in the rich valleys drove their cattle to the mountains. Some asserted positively that Pittsburg and Ohio were the objects of Lee's march; others that Harrisburg, and even Philadelphia, would fall into his hands; and others, again, pointed to Baltimore and Washington as the true points which were menaced by the invading army.

After crossing the Potomac, Gen. Lee had marched up the

Cumberland Valley, while Ewell's corps occupied York and Carlisle, and threatened the passage of the Susquehanna at Columbia and Harrisburg. Within twenty days he had brought his army from Fredericksburg into Pennsylvania, made the march in the face of hostile garrisons at Winchester, Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, and Berryville, blinded the enemy as to his designs, and moved without his progress having been once seriously arrested. He had now fairly entered upon the campaign, and at Chambersburg issued the following order to his troops for their government in the enemy's country :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 73.—The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.

The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it, our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favour and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The reader will perceive in this address some pleasing and honourable sentiments; although the distinction appears to have been clouded in Gen. Lee's mind, between retaliation *in kind*, and such severe and regular retribution as might have been visited upon the enemy by acts of war; such as devastating the country in line of battle, without endangering the *morale* of his troops, and running counter to the charges of irregular pillage and brigandish atrocities. Such devastations of the enemy's country, the Confederate public had expected; and, while Gen. Lee professed to yield much to the temper of the South in the project of invasion, he might have reflected that the main object of the popular desire for such a measure was to visit upon the enemy, not necessarily the exact repetition of his atrocities, but the severest penalties of war that could be executed under the authority of superiours, without risk to the discipline of the army, and without contravention of the just practices of a provoked invasion. But these were not his views; and even the commonest penalties of war were unexpectedly spared the people of Pennsylvania.*

* Of the extreme forbearance of Confederate soldiers in Pennsylvania, abundant evidence may be gathered even from the most violent newspapers printed in the North. The following is quoted from a Northern account of the proceedings of Jenkins' cavalry:—"By way of giving the devil his due, it must be said, that although there were over sixty acres of wheat, and eighty acres of corn and oats in the same field, he (Gen. Jenkins) protected it most carefully, and picketed his horses so that it could not be injured. No fences were wantonly destroyed, poultry was not disturbed, nor did he compliment our blooded cattle so much as to test the quality of their steak and roasts. Some of his men cast a wistful eye upon the glistening trout in the spring; but they were protected by voluntary order; and, save a few quarts of delicious strawberries, gathered with every care, after first asking permission, nothing in the gardens or about the grounds was taken."

An intercepted letter from a Confederate officer to his wife in Virginia, which found its way into Northern newspapers, contained the following: "I felt, when I first came here, that I would like to revenge myself upon these people for the devastation they have brought upon our own beautiful home; that home where we could

In the Northern newspapers an account was given by a mill-owner of Pennsylvania, of a conversation with Gen. Lee, in which occurred the following: "It is not that we love the Pennsylvanians," observed Lee, "that we refuse to let our men engage in plundering private citizens. We could not otherwise keep up the *morale* of the army. A rigid discipline must be maintained, or the men would be worthless." "In fact," adds this mill-owner, "I must say that they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have forty thousand rebels quartered on my premises than one thousand Union troops. The Colonel of one of the New York regiments (militia) drove his horse into the engine-room of my mill, a place which must be kept as clean as a parlour; the men broke all the locks, and defiled every apartment from basement to garret. Yet all this time I have been quartering sick Federal officers at my house, and my new hotel is thrown open to the men to sleep in, free of charge."

"I told Gen. Lee," continues this correspondent, "that the South must give it up; that the North would fight it out rather than see the country broken in two, and that their invasion of Pennsylvania was a great mistake." "What would you do," replied the General, "if you were in our place?" Here he produced copies of the Richmond papers, which complained so bitterly about the war being waged in the South, while it ought to be carried into the Free States.

But we must return to the movements of the two armies, which were now approaching the greatest crisis of the war. The day Gen. Lee issued at Chambersburg the order just referred to, Hooker relinquished the command of the Federal army, which he had now marched to Frederick in Maryland; and Gen. Meade, who succeeded him, having ascertained the general direction of Lee's march, at once put his columns in motion by the inner line from Frederick towards Harrisburg. But he had ascertained something more. Whilst reconnoitring the passes of South Mountain,

have lived so happily, and that we loved so much, from which their Vandalism has driven you and my helpless little ones. But though I had such severe wrongs had grievances to redress, and such great cause for revenge, yet when I got among these people, I could not find in my heart to molest them. They looked so dreadfully scared, and talked so humbly, that I have invariably endeavoured to protect their property, and have prevented soldiers from taking chickens, even in the main road."

Capt. Dahlgren—the same who afterwards made a murderous raid on Richmond—had captured an orderly carrying an important dispatch from President Davis to Gen. Lee, in which the former stated his disapproval of the advance into Pennsylvania, throwing the responsibility of it entirely on Lee, and informing him that he could expect no reinforcements, as Richmond was almost stripped of troops; also that no assistance could be furnished by Beauregard from South Carolina, as his hands were full, and he could not spare a man. This dispatch afforded a new encouragement to the enemy, and gave him the important assurance that Washington could not be threatened by any forces remaining in Virginia.

It had been Gen. Lee's idea, not that Gen. Beauregard should get a force for active operations, but that he should merely collect the *semblance* of an army at Gordonsville, announce his headquarters there, etc., so as to distract the enemy's attention, and continue his anxiety for Washington. In this respect he was misunderstood and disappointed by Richmond authorities. But a greater mishap had already befallen him, and compelled him practically to relinquish the campaign.

When Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac from the Shenandoah Valley, the plainest orders had been given to Stuart's cavalry column, left on the east side of the Blue Ridge, to watch the enemy, keep on his left flank, and maintain constant communications with Lee, so as to develop the enemy's designs. Now it happened that Stuart had not followed these orders, but crossing the Potomac at Seneca, below where Hooker crossed, found the entire Federal army interposed between him and Lee, and finally resolved to make a circuit of it by way of Westminster and Carlisle. Unaware of this disappointment of the most essential part of his plans, Gen. Lee had marched on day after day, inquiring ceaselessly after his lieutenant. His anxiety was extreme; all his staff-officers observed the troubled look in his face, as day after day, and at last hour after hour, he inquired for "news from Stuart." The phrase at headquarters was: "We are hungry for cavalry." Gen. Lee had depended upon Stuart for information of the enemy's movements; he had designed an advance upon Harrisburg; but when he headed his columns to cross the Susquehanna, there was still no news of Stuart, and no information of the movements of the

enemy. The situation was one in which Gen. Lee found himself in the mountains of Pennsylvania, with *the eyes of his army* put out, not knowing where the enemy was, or where would be the field of battle, compelled to grope his way to whatever issue accidents might determine. It was in these circumstances that he determined to relinquish his hold on the Susquehanna, to look after his routes of retreat on the east side of the South Mountain range, and to find the enemy in order to bring him to a battle. With this view, Ewell was recalled from the demonstration on Harrisburg, and the several corps ordered to march towards Gettysburg. It will surprise the reader to learn that *when this movement was made, Gen. Lee was actually ignorant that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, and was compelled to turn from his designs on the Susquehanna river, to hunt the enemy up for battle!* Such were the disastrous results of the absence of Stuart's cavalry. And in such circumstances the battle of Gettysburg had all the moral effect of a surprise for the Confederates.*

On the 1st July Heth's division of Hill's corps, moving towards Gettysburg, became engaged near the town with the enemy's advance, Reynolds' corps. Gen. Reynolds was shot down as he rode forward to superintend the dispositions of his troops; and Ewell, coming up by the Harrisburg road, completed the disorder of the enemy, driving his fugitive and disorganized troops through the streets of Gettysburg with heavy loss, including about five thousand prisoners and several pieces of artillery. The success was not followed beyond the town; the broken Federal divisions were re-formed on a high range of hills south and east of Gettysburg; and the attack of the Confederates, which might have easily pushed this routed detachment of the enemy beyond this critical position, was recalled as the sun inclined to the horizon. Gen. Lee had had the opportunity of getting possession of these heights, instead of

* In Gen. Lee's official report he makes no complaint of the disappointment of the campaign by the absence of Stuart's cavalry column; and, indeed, this circumstance was, until recently, lost to history. Gen. Lee was always very abstinent of censure of his officers; and he once remarked that he could never consider himself at liberty to make a reference in his official reports to a fault of an officer, unless it had been found and established by a court-martial. Despite Gen. Stuart's abundant record of glorious services, he is said to have deeply regretted his failure to get his cavalry in position to serve as designed in the campaign, and to have been affected by the disappointment to the day of his death.

being forced to fight the succeeding days on a sunken parallel, under every disadvantage of position. But the opportunity slipped away in the darkness of one night; and Gen. Meade, who had in fact laid out a different line of battle, being advised of the singular advantages of the new position overlooking Gettysburg, pressed forward the bulk of his army, and on the morning of the 2d July had all his forces concentrated in the strongest position that had ever been taken by either army in the war.

But it was no fault of Lee's generalship that he had been thus anticipated, and the table of position turned upon him; it was but another consequence of the circumstances which fettered him in the absence of his cavalry. It must be remembered that when he recalled the attack of the preceding evening, he was completely in the dark as to the movements and dispositions of the enemy's forces; his army was not concentrated; it was at a great distance from its base; he was uncertain of the numbers of his opponents; he was unable, by reason of the nature of the ground, to ascertain their exact position; and in these circumstances it would have been the height of imprudence to have risked, in the late hours of the day, an attack upon what might have been the whole Federal army.

But while Gen. Lee is thus cleared of the censure, which popular opinion sometimes attached to him, of having allowed the enemy to take at leisure an almost impregnable position in the face of his victorious divisions, the more serious question remains, why he should have risked a battle after the enemy had secured an advantage so decisive, and in view of what were now the unequal circumstances of the field. In his official report he has given a partial statement of the reasons which determined him to deliver battle. He says: "It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavourable for collecting supplies while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the first day, and in view of

the valuable results which would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack."

The fact is, the difficulties of retreat was an inferior consideration, in Gen. Lee's mind, to others which he hints in his official word. Those difficulties were not insuperable. Gen. Longstreet was opposed to the risk of attack at Gettysburg, and proposed to manœuvre Meade out of his position by a march on Frederick, threatening Washington. But the confidence of Gen. Lee in his troops, inspired by the results of the first day, overruled all other considerations; he felt that the temper of his men justified almost any enterprise; he had promised a repetition in Pennsylvania of the victories that had so often crowned their arms in Virginia; and witnessing the enthusiasm of his men, he could not bear to shock their expectations and to abandon his own towering hopes by declining battle, and changing the bold policy of invasion to a campaign of manœuvres.

It was the animus and inspiration of the invasion that determined him to attack. In the morning of the 2d July, his line of battle was formed: Ewell occupying the left, A. P. Hill the centre, and Longstreet the right. The battle raged with unexampled fury. Longstreet broke the first part of the enemy's line in his front, and made one of those mortal struggles, rare in war, for the possession of "Round Top"—a steep hill, the key of the enemy's position. The opposing forces were clinched here in close contest. It was, as Longstreet describes it, fighting "belly to belly." He gained some ground, and once some of his brigades were in temporary possession of the prize, but unable to hold it for want of a timely reinforcement. On the left, Ewell had thrust himself within the breastworks of the enemy, and gained some important positions, but the chief action of the day had been borne by Longstreet's corps and a part of Anderson's division of Hill's corps; and although the force had failed to obtain the coveted prize of "Round Top," it had carried the whole front of the enemy on which Sickles' ill-fated corps had been drawn, and night found the advantage on the side of the Confederates.

The next day the fiery drama was resumed at noon. Gen. Lee's plan of attack had been previously directed against both flanks of the enemy's position, but he now altered his determina-

tion, and resolved to assault Meade's centre, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery. More than 100 guns of the batteries of Longstreet's and Hill's corps opened a simultaneous fire, whilst Ewell's artillery, from the neighbourhood of Gettysburg, played on the slopes of Cemetery Hill. The Federal batteries replied, and for the space of two hours, a cannonade, whose volume had not yet been equalled in the war, thundered in the narrow valley separating the two armies. The Confederate columns of attack were formed on the edge of the woods, Pickett's division to lead the van, with one brigade of Hill's corps, commanded by Wilcox, on his right, and Heth's division under Gen. Pettigrew, on his left. There was an intervening space of near a mile, over not more than one-half of which, the Confederate artillery could protect the devoted troops. As they descended the hill and emerged into the plain, they received the fire of the enemy's artillery; but through shot and shell, Pickett carried his hostile front in compact and magnificent order. With a steady advance that awed the enemy, the Virginia troops came within musketry range. The artillery had ploughed their ranks in vain, and the lines of Federal infantry, with breathless expectation, braced themselves to receive the impact. Buffeting the severe volleys that met it, rushing up the crest of Cemetery Ridge, thrusting itself within the lines of the enemy, the solitary division of Pickett carried the long-contested heights and crowned the stone wall, from which had leaped so many messengers of death, with the battle-flags of the Confederacy. But, under the quick, desperate volleys of the enemy's musketry, and as the last fringe of fire blazed along the stone wall, Pettigrew's division had faltered, and was now in retreat; Wilcox's command had not attacked in time; and Pickett's division remained alone "a solid lance-head of Virginia troops tempered in the fire of battle." It only remained to consult safety where a moment before it had won success, and to withdraw from what were now desperate straits, which might have been the breach of a decisive victory. As the shattered column of Pickett returned to its lines on Seminary Ridge, Gen. Lee saw that the day was lost.

He had watched the battle from a hill in rear of Gen. Hill's position; and when he witnessed the fatal recoil, he saw at once the necessity of providing against a counter-attack of the enemy, and

displaying, in these terrible moments, the confidence and self-possession by which alone he could now hope to save his army. Never was he more sublime, more forgetful of self, more perfect in temper, as in this one hour of great misfortune and terrible danger. Among the throng of disrupted troops he rode quite alone, calm in manner, kind in voice, comforting the wounded, and encouraging the officers dispirited by the reverse. He exclaimed, repeatedly, "It's all my fault!" His presence, his generous words, kindled a new inspiration; the disorder was quickly remedied; and as successive detachments were formed in the woods, they were quietly brought forward, and placed in positions to resist the attack which all considered imminent. The men were ordered to lie down in the woods, to await the attack. Presently a prolonged cheer arose from the Federal lines. It was thought to be the painful signal of another battle; but it proved to be only the greeting awarded Gen. Meade, as he rode along the lines, in full sense and satisfaction of the victory he had won.

The 4th of July, heretofore the most joyful and proudest of American anniversaries, was spent in burying the thousands of dead that strewed an arena of civil war, and cursed with fraternal slaughter what had once been a valley of beautiful and supreme peace. More than 16,000 killed and wounded Federals had fallen on that field. On the Confederate side, the casualties were scarcely less, while their loss in prisoners was considerably greater than that of the enemy. Gen. Lee, so far from being in a condition to renew the conflict, was at the extremity of fear for the safety of his army; his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and the Potomac was reported to be rising, from recent freshets, so as to cut off his chances of retreat. In the night of the 5th July, he commenced his fearful retreat, compelled to leave many of his wounded behind; and by daylight his rear column had left Gettysburg, without interruption from the enemy. On reaching the Potomac he found, as he had feared, his retreat barred by the rise of the river; and until the 12th July, his desperate army remained in line of battle at Williamsport. But the timidity of the enemy, which appeared to be consequent on all his victories, or rather that weak characteristic fear of a mediocre commander, which fears to spoil *éclat* already won, by the possibility of a reverse, and stops half-way in success, saved Gen. Lee from the fearful trial of another battle; and, eventually,

in face of the hesitating Federals, his pontoon bridges being completed, he crossed the river, was again in Virginia, and by leisurely movements succeeded in planting his suffering and diminished army on the banks of the Rapidan. His scheme of invasion had been baulked and brought to naught; he had sustained a severe defeat; but he had reason to congratulate himself that he had extricated his army, which the whole Northern public had waited to hear would be cut off by Meade, as the crowning prize of his campaign. "The fruit seemed so ripe, so ready for plucking," said President Lincoln, "that it was very hard to lose it."

CHAPTER IX.

Decline of the fortunes of the Confederacy.—Operations in the autumn of 1863.—Gen. Lee's patriotic exhortation to his troops.—His great care for them.—Meeting of the chaplains in his army.—Relations between General Lee and his troops.—His habits on the battle-field.—Intercourse with his men.—Simplicity of his manners.—His feelings towards the public enemy.—How he rebuked a *Yankee-photobist*.—Sufferings of the Confederate troops.—Commissary Northrop.—General Lee demands food for his troops.—Touching address to his half-starved men.—Anecdote of Gen. Lee and his cook.—Personal recollections of the great commander.—An English officer's description of his person and habits.

THE recoil at Gettysburg marked a period when the Southern fortunes commenced to decline, and on its disastrous field was buried much of the former prestige of the Army of Northern Virginia. But the army had saved itself and its honour, if it had not done all that popular admiration had predicted for it; and it obtained at least the advantage of several months' repose. It was not in motion again until October, and the remainder of the year was consumed by a campaign of manœuvres, which, as it was generally without result, we need not give in detail here. An attempted flank march on Centreville, by which Gen. Lee aimed to get between Meade and Washington, was anticipated by the enemy, and proved a failure; and in the month of November the enemy appeared to make a retaliatory signal of attack, advancing, and crossing the Rapidan at several points. Gen. Lee, noticing the movement, issued the following general order, in which his patriotic exhortation and appeal to the army were expressed in words of more than usual urgency and power:

"The enemy is again advancing upon our capital, and the country once more looks to this army for its protection. Under the blessings of God, your valour has repelled every previous attempt, and, invoking the continuance of His favour, we cheerfully commit to Him the issue of the coming contest.

"A cruel enemy seeks to reduce our fathers and our mothers, our wives and our children, to abject slavery; to strip them of

their property, and drive them from their homes. Upon you these helpless ones rely to avert these terrible calamities, and to secure to them the blessings of liberty and safety. Your past history gives them the assurance that their trust will not be in vain. Let every man remember that all he holds dear depends upon the faithful discharge of his duty, and resolve to fight, and if need be to die, in defence of a cause so sacred and worthy the name won by this army on so many bloody fields."

But the expected battle did not occur; Meade's plan of action came to an abortive issue, and, in a few days, he withdrew across the Rapidan, and resumed his old camps. Both armies went into winter-quarters; and Gen. Lee, who was always busy in the intervals of action in recruiting and improving his army, again addressed himself to the usual tasks of winter, providing for the comfort of his men, and corresponding with the War Department at Richmond on the many needs of the military service.

It is interesting to observe how the religious interests of his men were attended to by a commander who appears to have taken into his heart every comfort and care of the soldiers he commanded, and to have omitted nothing from his scheme of welfare. In November, all the chaplains of Gen. Lee's army held a meeting or convention in the camps on the Rapidan, to invoke the God of Battles, and to consult about their spiritual cares. Most interesting reports were made, showing a high state of religious feeling throughout the army. At a later day, in his winter-quarters, Gen. Lee appointed a day of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer;" requiring military duties to be suspended, and desiring the chaplains to hold divine service in their regiments and brigades. A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* said: "The great success of Gen. Lee's army is due to the religious element which reaches every corner of it; whilst, on the other hand, I am very much disposed to fear, from what I have been told by officers who have served in the Army of Tennessee, that the lack of success of that army is due, in a large measure, to the want of religious influence upon the troops."

The task of reorganizing and inspiriting his army, after the most arduous campaigns, was one in which Gen. Lee was more successful than any other Confederate commander. And while engaged in this work, preparatory to the great spring campaign of

1864, it will be convenient for us to pause here to make some estimate of the commander for which the accounts of so many battles already fought will prepare the reader, and to explain those relations to his army in which he was so fortunate and powerful.

A great element of Gen. Lee's popularity in his army was his exceeding, almost paternal, care for his men. It is a remarkable circumstance that he never harangued his troops on a battle-field; he employed but little of rhetoric, and was innocent of theatrical machinery in maintaining the resolution and spirit of his army. He was never a conspicuous figure in the field of battle. His habit was to consult the plan of battle thoroughly; assign to each corps commander his precise work, and leave the active conduct of the field to his lieutenant-generals, unless in some case of critical emergency. He but seldom gave an order on the field of battle. It is indeed remarkable that with such little display of his person, and with a habit bordering on taciturnity, Gen. Lee should have obtained such control over the affections of men whom he tried not only by constant battle but by tests of hardship, privation and suffering, and by a measure of general endurance such as has not been applied to any army of modern times.

But his intercourse with his army was peculiar. He mingled with the troops on every proper occasion; he spoke a few simple words here and there to the wounded and distressed soldier; and his kindliness of manner was so unaffected that it at once gained the confidence and touched the heart. He had a rare gift, which many persons copy or affect, but which can never be perfectly possessed unless by a great man and a true gentleman—a voice whose tones of politeness never varied, whether uttered to the highest or lowest in rank. His men not only felt a supreme confidence in his judgment as a commander, but they were conscious everywhere of his sympathy with their sufferings, and his attention to their wants; and they therefore accepted every sacrifice and trial as inevitable necessity imposed upon them by a paternal hand. In those long and weary marches which try the patience of the soldier, he would not allow the men to be hurried without necessity, gave them sufficient opportunities for rest and refreshment, and would inquire among them at the end of the day how they had stood the march, and receive any suggestions for making that of the next day less irksome. When the march was necessarily a hard one, it

was his custom to send back couriers, when the point aimed at was near at hand, to encourage his weary men with the intelligence.

The habits of Gen. Lee was those of a thorough soldier, and all that men can require in the assurance that their commander shares with them the hardships of war. On a march, when camping out, he did not, as some of his brigade commanders did, select the finest dwelling-house in the neighbourhood of his camp, and insist upon the occupant entertaining himself and staff. It was only when he had established headquarters at a place where he was likely to remain some time, that he sought the protection of a house. He dressed without unnecessary display of his rank; he endured the commonest hardships without the affectation that calls attention to them; and in the sincere simplicity of his manners he afforded an example how readily even the much-abused populace will distinguish between the arts of the demagogue and the virtues of the man.

In all his official intercourse and private conversation Gen. Lee never breathed a vindictive sentiment towards the enemy who so severely taxed his resources and ingenuity, and put against him so many advantages in superiour means and numbers. He had none of that *Yankee-phobia* common in the Southern army; he spoke of the Northern people without malevolence, and in a style that deprecated their political delusions rather than denounced their crimes; and he generally referred to the enemy in quiet and indifferent words, quite in contrast to the epithets and anathemas which were popularly showered on "the Yankees." On one occasion, a spectator describes him riding up to the Rockbridge Artillery, which was fiercely engaging the enemy, and greeting his son Robert, who as a private soldier was bravely working one of the guns. "How d'ye do, father?" was all that Robert had to say as he continued his duty at his gun; and Gen. Lee replied quietly: "That's right, my son; drive *those people* back."* At another time,

* Gen. Lee had three sons, all of whom did hard and noble service in the Confederate army. Brig.-Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, was for some time aide-de-camp to the President, and held part of the Richmond defences; Maj.-Gen. W. H. F. Lee commanded a division of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia; and Robert Edward Lee, to whom we have referred as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, was afterwards on the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, a son of Commodore Lee, and nephew of the great commander.

in sight of the enemy on the Rapidan, Gen. Lee was standing near his lines, conversing with two of his officers, one of whom was known to be not only a hard fighter and a hard swearer, but a cordial hater of the Yankees. After a silence of some moments, the latter officer, looking at the Yankees with a dark scowl on his face, exclaimed most emphatically, "I wish they were all dead." Gen. Lee, with the grace and manner peculiar to himself, replied, "How can you say so, General! Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same." He then moved off, when the first speaker waiting until he was out of earshot, turned to his companion, and in the most earnest tone said, "I would not say so before Gen. Lee, but I wish they were all dead *and in hell!*" When this "amendment" to the wish was afterwards repeated to Gen. Lee, in spite of his goodness and customary reproof of profanity, he could not refrain from laughing heartily at the speech, which was so characteristic of one of his favourite officers.

The greatest suffering of Confederate troops was in the article of food; and on this subject Gen. Lee exhibited especial care, and exhausted every possible appeal to the proper authorities. He was constantly writing to Richmond of the deficiency of food in his army; he experienced here the greatest difficulty of his campaigns; and he appears never to have convinced the dull brain of the government, of the vital importance of a concern which lacerated his sensibilities, weighed down his energies, depleted the army by "absenteeism," and contributed largely to the final catastrophe of his arms. In the first winter of his campaign in Northern Virginia, he recommended that an appeal should be made to the people to bring food to the army, to feed their sons and brothers. But the plan was overruled by Commissary Northrop, who put on it a curt and impertinent indorsement, that as he had no acquaintance with that means of maintaining an army (the patriotic contributions of the people), he could not recommend the adoption of Gen. Lee's suggestion. In the spring of 1863, Gen. Lee appears to have been more deeply concerned in this matter, and wrote a remarkable letter to the government at Richmond. He stated that his men had each, daily, but a quarter-pound of meat, and sixteen ounces of flour; they had, besides, one pound of rice to every ten men, two or three times a week; and he plainly declared that such

rations might sustain life in his men, but if they were expected to keep the field, they must have more generous food. But this was only the beginning of trials and sufferings which culminated in later periods of the war, when, for days, Lee's army was entirely without meat, and the supply of bread, even, was in danger. That these deficiencies were the result of culpable neglect in Richmond, appears to have been the persistent opinion of Gen. Lee, as there is a letter from him as late as December, 1864, declaring his judgment that, even then, there were supplies enough in the country, if the proper means were used to procure them.

There is no more noble and touching appeal to his army than that made by Gen. Lee in the bitter winter that preceded the mighty campaign of 1864 in Virginia, when the destitute and half-starved troops found themselves in almost the last extremity of suffering. In this dark period, he issued the following proclamation, expressive of proud congratulation and noble encouragement:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 22, 1864.

The Commanding General considers it due to the army to state that the temporary reduction of rations has been caused by circumstances beyond the control of those charged with its support. Its welfare and comfort are the objects of his constant and earnest solicitude, and no effort has been spared to provide for its wants. It is hoped that the exertions now being made will render the necessity but of short duration; but the history of the army has shown that the country can require no sacrifice too great for its patriotic devotion.

Soldiers! you tread, with no unequal steps, the road by which your fathers marched through suffering, privation, and blood, to independence.

Continue to emulate in the future, as you have in the past, their valour in arms, their patient endurance of hardships, their high resolve to be free; which no trial could shake, no bribe seduce, no danger appall; and be assured that the just God who crowned their efforts with success, will, in His own good time, send down His blessings upon yours.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

In the article of food, as in other things, Gen. Lee appears to

have uniformly shared the distress of his men, and to have claimed for headquarters no exemption from the common lot of the army. His scanty meals were the occasions of some thoughtless jokes, and many comic anecdotes. In his tent, meat was eaten but twice a week. His ordinary dinner consisted of a head of cabbage, boiled in salt water, and a pone of corn bread. The story is jocosely told that on one occasion, a number of gentlemen having appointed to dine with him, he had ordered his servant to provide a repast of cabbage and middling. A very small bit of middling garnished the dish; so small that the polite guests all declined middling, and it remained on the dish when they rose from the table. Next day, the General, remembering the untouched meat, ordered his servant to bring "that middling." The man hesitated, scratched his head, and finally said: "De fac is, mass'r Robert, dat ar middlin' was borrid middlin,' and I done giv it back to de man whar I got it from."

Gen. Lee never allowed familiarity; but he was of that dignity that rather disarmed than repulsed it. Yet to those immediately around him he often spoke in a simple, playful speech, that was quite charming. An aide relates of him, that just before the battle of Chancellorsville, when the army was alert for action, he entered Gen. Lee's tent with a hurried message that the enemy was supposed to be crossing the river about Fredericksburg. Gen. Lee replied: "Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about. Say to Gen. Jackson that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do." When Jackson was prostrated with his wound that unexpectedly proved mortal, Gen. Lee sent him a number of kindly messages in his peculiarly simple and affectionate words. "Give him," he said in his half-playful and tender manner, "my affectionate regards, and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm." At another time, hearing of the threatening change in the condition of the sufferer, he said with great feeling: "Surely Gen. Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us, now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." He afterwards added: "When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a

suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night, as I never prayed, I believe, for myself."

We have already referred to Gen. Lee's noble and collected behaviour on the field of Gettysburg. An English colonel, who observed him closely on that momentous occasion, has made such a characteristic relation, that every one will recognize in it the manner and words of Gen. Lee, especially his simple and unaffected way of talking to his men. This writer says: "I joined Gen. Lee, who had, in the meanwhile, come to the front on becoming aware of the disaster. Gen. Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about, a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance, and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, 'All this will come right in the end; we'll talk it over afterwards; but, in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,' etc. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted to 'bind up their hurts and take up a musket' in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him.

"There was a man lying flat on his face, in a small ditch, groaning dismally; Gen. Lee's attention was drawn to him, and he at once appealed to the man's patriotism to arouse himself, but finding such to be of no avail, he had him ignominiously set on his legs, by some neighbouring gunners.

"Gen. Wilcox now came up to him, and, in very depressed tones of annoyance and vexation, explained the state of his brigade. But Gen. Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said, in a cheerful manner, 'Never mind, General. All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.' In this manner did Gen. Lee, wholly ignoring self and position, encourage and reanimate his somewhat dispirited troops, and magnanimously take upon his own shoulders the whole weight of the repulse. It was impossible to look at him, or to listen to him, without feeling the strongest

admiration, and I never saw any man fail him, except the man in the ditch."

The same writer (Col. Fremantle) has made the following description of the person and habits of the great and beloved Confederate commander: "Gen. Lee is, almost without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw. He is tall, broad shouldered, very well made, well set up—a thorough soldier in appearance—and his manners are most courteous, and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South all agree in pronouncing him as near perfection as a man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing; and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well-worn, long, gray jacket, a high, black felt hat, and blue trowsers, tucked into his Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms; and the only marks of his military rank are the three stars on his collar. He rides a handsome horse, which is extremely well groomed. He himself is very neat in his dress and person; and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean."

CHAPTER X.

Opening of the great campaign of 1864.—Precise account of Gen. Lee's plans.—He acts with his accustomed boldness, and takes the offensive.—Actions of the 5th and 6th May.—General Lee determines to lead a critical assault.—Protest of the soldiers.—Grant resorts to manœuvre.—Spottsylvania Court-House.—General Lee again in the extreme front of his men.—A thrilling spectacle.—Heroic action of Gordon.—“*Gen. Lee to the rear!*”—Account of the strategy from Spottsylvania Court-House to the vicinity of Richmond.—Grant on the old battle-field of McClellan.—His army defeated *in ten minutes* at Cold Harbour.—His losses in one month exceed Lee's whole army.—Precise statement of the odds against Gen. Lee.—Reflections on the nature and degrees of generalship.—Comparison of the two rival commanders of the North and South.

THE most terrible campaign that had yet happened in Virginia took place when the Federal army, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand men, under U. S. Grant, now acclaimed the hero of the North, and the little army of Lee, consisting of not one-third of that number, of all arms, with diminished strength, but unabashed front, came into the grand collision of the war, and upstarting in the days of spring, faced each other on the lines of the Rapidan.

At midnight of the 3d May, 1864, Grant commenced his advance in two columns, crossing the river at Germanna and Ely's Fords, and designing a turning movement on the right flank of the Confederate line. The passage of the Rapidan was not disputed by Lee. His army was positioned in echelon from the river to Gordonsville—the corps of Longstreet being near the latter place, that of Hill in the vicinity of Orange Court-House, and that of Ewell stretching thence towards the Rapidan, in the direction of Raccoon Ford—and he immediately determined on a rapid concentration of his forces so as to give battle before the enemy emerged from the Wilderness, thus taking the offensive where Grant had expected him to fall back. The movement was characteristic of Gen. Lee, and displayed his accustomed boldness in seizing the opportunity of attack; there was no hesitation when he found his flank turned,

no thought of retreat; but an instant determination to make a rapid change of front, and fall upon the enemy before he should have time, by a march beyond the Wilderness, to lay hold of the Confederate communications with Richmond.

Such was the theory of the battle. In the morning of the 5th May, Ewell's corps, moving by the old turnpike, and Hill's by the plank-road, were in close proximity to the enemy's line of march. The action commenced by Ewell's advance, consisting of Johnson's division, making an impetuous attack on the enemy on the turnpike; it was momentarily repulsed; but joined by Ewell's other divisions, it resumed the offensive, broke Warren's corps, and gave a severe shock to the enemy's column, entailing upon it a loss of above 3,000 men. Later in the day the enemy concentrated against Hill, who, with his own and Wilcox's divisions, successfully resisted the repeated and desperate assaults, which continued until eight o'clock in the night.

Satisfied with the work of the day, Gen. Lee did not press his advantage, and awaited during the night the arrival of Longstreet's corps, which had to march from Gordonsville—forty miles—to the scene of battle. It was appointed that Longstreet, on his arrival, should come upon the right flank of Hill's corps; but before he got into position, the enemy renewed his heaviest attack on that part of the line, and for a time carried away the whole hostile front, throwing Hill's division into confusion, and driving them back more than a mile. It appeared that the enemy was about to snatch a great victory; but, at the height of Hill's confused retreat, the head of Longstreet's division came upon the ground. There was now a pause on the enemy's side; a rehabilitation of the Confederate line, and then again, with a new breadth and weight, the battle was restored. But in the fury of the onset, which drove Hancock's corps back, and while Longstreet prepared for a decisive blow on his flank, he fell severely wounded, as he rode forward in front of his column, from a musketry fire of his own flanking force. The attack was stayed; Gen. Lee arrived to take charge of this critical part of the field, but precious time was obtained by Hancock to thoroughly reestablish his position, now strengthened by fresh troops sent to him.

It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that any new demonstration was made on the part of the Confederates. About

that time, Gen. Lee, having got well in hand the troops of Longstreet and Hill, prepared to make a desperate assault upon the enemy's intrenched position, where Hancock had taken refuge under the pressure of the former attack. At this anxious moment he expressed a determination to lead the assault himself; but as he moved forward to take his place at the head of the troops, an anxious murmur ran along the lines, and grim and ragged soldiers refused to advance unless their beloved commander retired to a place of safety. The protest was one of touching solicitude; the troops would not move while their commander was in the advance, but with shouts declared that they were ready to drive the enemy, and only waited for the word of command. It was given, and nobly did the men redeem the promise by which they had urged Gen. Lee's withdrawal from the post of danger. Within less than a hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork of logs, they delivered their fire, got temporary possession of the intrenchments, and only retired a little space under the heat and smoke of a conflagration which had sprung up in the woods, and was now communicated to the logs behind which the enemy had fought.

This closed the main action of the day. But on the Confederate left, about dark, Ewell gained the last success, moving a force around the right flank of the wing held by a portion of the Sixth corps, driving the enemy in confusion through the forest, and capturing Brig.-Gens. Seymour and Shaler, and the greater part of their commands.

The next day (7th May) the Confederates were found standing at bay behind their intrenchments; and Grant, now despairing, after two days of bloody battle, of finishing his adversary by the application of brute masses in rapid and remorseless blows, *i. e.*, "hammering continuously," determined to resort to manœuvre, and to plant himself between Lee's army and Richmond, by a movement upon Spottsylvania Court-House. When darkness came he began his march to this new trial of fortune. Although in the battles of the Wilderness Lee had not obtained a positive victory, yet the result was a grievous disappointment to Grant, who had hoped to *destroy* his antagonist, and who, coming to the command of the Army of the Potomac with the declared opinion that it had never fought its successes out, had expected at one blow of his immensely superiour numbers, and without the aid of strategy, to

accomplish his work, and clear the road to Richmond. Disillusioned by the bloody experience of two days, he was now content to essay a new route, to attempt a strategic operation, and yet, in the end, to repeat the dreadful experiment of the application of brute masses and the competitive destruction of human life in the decision of the contest.

At Spottsylvania Court-House he found Lee ready to receive him and his entire army, right across the path by which he must march to get to Richmond. It was the repetition of the slaughter of the Wilderness. Of the battle which took place here, and its monument of carnage, the Richmond *Examiner* had the following account:

“Grant attempted no manœuvre; he relied on main strength; bringing up his ten lines at a run, each one close behind another, and dashing them like the waves of the sea against the rocks, on the breastworks of the South. By these tactics, either a perfect victory is won, or an attacking army is lost. The first rush was successful on one point. The enemy broke through the blaze of the living volcano upon Johnson’s men, leaped the works, took 2,000 men and 10 guns. But reserves were ready, and a charge of greater fury than their own drove them out in brief time. On all other parts of the line they were entirely unsuccessful; they were utterly repulsed with scarcely any loss to the Confederates, who fired with the advantages of rest, aim, and cover, but with a slaughter of the foe which is represented by universal testimony to have been the most terrible of modern warfare.

“The Confederate loss, killed, wounded, and missing, in all these battles, beginning with the Wilderness, and including that at Spottsylvania Court-House, was under 15,000. The *Washington Chronicle*, the organ of Lincoln, that sees all these things in the rose’s colour, announces the depletion of Grant’s army, by the battle of the Wilderness and ‘other causes,’ to have been on Tuesday evening ascertained at 35,000. To this awful figure must now be added the two days of unsuccessful assault on the breastworks of Spottsylvania—assault without manœuvre, full in front, with deep columns, each forcing the other on the muzzle of the guns.

“There are butchers of humanity, to whom the sight of their fellow-creatures’ blood affords an intoxicating pleasure. They are indifferent whose blood it is, so it does not come from their veins.

And Grant is one of those charming individuals. His government and his Generals will not balk him in the present instance. A large part of the army now in his hands is composed of the regiments enlisted for three years, and their time expires in this coming summer. They have resisted every inducement to re-enlist, and have formally notified the Secretary of War that they will obey orders so long as they are legally given, *but no longer*. The government is entirely willing that Grant should save it the trouble and mortification of giving the discharge to these veterans. He *will* use them, and he is using them."

At one time in the terrible contest of Spottsylvania, it seemed that the fate of Lee's army hung in the balance—the time when the enemy had taken a salient of the works and overrun Johnson's division, when Hancock sent to Grant his laconic dispatch: "I have finished Johnson, and am going into Early" (meaning A. P. Hill's corps, then commanded by Gen. Early). It was at this time that the quick and impetuous Gordon, commanding two brigades, Evans' Georgians and Pegram's Virginians, saw his opportunity and determined to check the enemy. His brigades were too short to extend across the front of attack; but he had determined to make a counter-charge, and by sheer audacity stem the current of the battle. At this fearful moment, when the men waiting the word of command could hear the pulses in their hearts, Gen. Lee himself was suddenly seen to ride out in front of the line, as if to lead the desperate charge. He took a position near the colours of the Fifty-ninth Virginia regiment. Not a word did he say. He simply took off his hat, as he reined up his gray charger. It was a spectacle that thrilled the senses of the men. But at this moment Gordon spurred his foaming horse to the front, seized the bridle-rein in the hand of his Commanding General, and exclaimed with passionate anxiety: "Gen. Lee, this is no place for you: go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir—men who have never failed. Men, you will not fail now!" Loud cries of "No, no! Gen. Lee to the rear! Gen. Lee to the rear!" burst along the line. As his horse was guided a little way to the rear, his speaking eyes yet turned upon the men who carried upon their arms the trembling issues of the day, the command, "Forward! Charge!" rang out, and well did Gordon's brave troops redeem their promise; rushing through bush and swamp, coming so suddenly on the first

line of Federals that they shouted "Surrender!" to men motionless with surprise, the next moment scattering them like straw, pressing forward, driving everything before them, and following the enemy half a mile within his lines. If the charge did not terminate the day, if again the enemy rallied to the attack, yet it was the most powerful and dramatic incident of the field, and restored the spirit of the Confederate army, and recovered its position just as it had been pushed to the verge of a great disaster.

The Confederate lines at Spottsylvania were but slightly broken, and stood firm at the close of the day. Although Grant had taken the field with triple Lee's numbers, he found it necessary to call for reinforcements. Out-generalled, beat, he was now detained a whole week by Lee's little army, waiting for fresh troops from Washington. Resolved at first to carry the Confederate positions by direct attack, he was willing at last to resort to manœuvre. That manœuvre would have been easy enough in the first instance, if Grant had not been in love with the "hammering process," and deliberately and criminally reckless of the lives of his men. On the 21st May, he commenced a movement to the North Anna River, resolved by a turning operation to disengage Lee from a position he now declared to be unassailable. But Lee had already taken up a position here before Grant reached his new destination, and again confronted him on the path to Richmond. Here the Federal commander, defeated in the game of war, took up a new line of advance, and headed his army eastward and southward, to cross the Pamunkey River. But it was only again to encounter the Confederate force ready to accept the gage of battle. The whole strategy from Spottsylvania to the neighbourhood of Richmond, was simply a series of movements in which each of Grant's turning movements was met by a corresponding retrograde on the part of Lee, and at each stage of operations the two armies stood constantly face to face.

It was thus at last that Grant found himself on the old battlefields of McClellan (which he might have reached by the Peninsular route without loss or opposition); found Lee confronting him, covering the approaches to the Chickahominy; found the cost of another great battle demanded to decide the experiment of securing the prize of the Confederate capital by an action in the field.

The ground occupied by Gen. Lee, in the vicinity of Cold Harbour, was the same as that on which McClellan had sustained his

most decisive defeat in the battles of 1862 around Richmond; while the Federal army held about the same position to which the Confederates had been pushed out in the attempt to dislodge McClellan. In view of the relative situations of the two combatants thus reversed, it will be interesting to compare the results of the first and of the second battle of Cold Harbour. In the position which McClellan had failed to hold, Lee's army gained in *ten minutes* one of the most decisive victories of the war! In the first gray light of the morning of the 3d June Grant advanced in full line of battle; but one corps (Hancock) came in contact with the Confederate works; it was immediately repulsed most disastrously; while other parts of the enemy's line staggered before they had got beyond their rifle-pits. It was the most shameful spectacle the enemy had ever exhibited; more shameful than the drama of Bull Run—an entire army beat in ten minutes, standing stock-still in fear, its palsied commanders in vain issuing orders to advance, absolutely without power to move the demoralized and terrour-stricken mass. Mr. Swinton, the Northern historiographer of the Army of the Potomac, says:—"The action was decided in an incredibly brief time in the morning's assault. But, rapidly as the result was reached, it was *decisive*; for the consciousness of every man pronounced further assault hopeless. The troops went forward as far as the example of their officers could carry them; nor was it possible to urge them beyond; for there they knew lay only death, without even the chance of victory. The completeness with which this judgment had been reached by the whole army was strikingly illustrated by an incident that occurred during the forenoon. Some hours after the failure of the first assault, Gen. Meade sent instructions to each corps-commander to renew the attack without reference to the troops on his right or left. The order was issued through these officers to their subordinate commanders, and from them descended through the wonted channels; but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent, yet emphatic, against further slaughter. The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was over thirteen thousand, while on the part of the Confederates it is doubtful whether it reached that many hundreds."

It is said that Grant rode from the field slow and serious, and with a cast of deep thought on his face. He had probably in the brief space of time decided that the experiment of taking Rich-

mond by assault was at an end, and that nothing was left for him but the slow results of siege-operations, wherein he would have to demand a new lease of Northern patience, which he had abused by promises to destroy Lee and to eat a patriotic dinner in Richmond on the Fourth of July. He had sacrificed in the experiment thus concluded more men than there were in Lee's whole army; in one pregnant month of operations he had lost more than sixty thousand men; while Lee had lost in the same time, as reported by his Adjutant-General, about eighteen thousand men, covered probably by the reinforcements of Beauregard, etc, and had conducted his army with such skill, constantly thrusting it between Grant and Richmond, that its *morale* was never better than after the battle of Cold Harbour.

A review of this remarkable one month's campaign in Virginia, so glorious to Lee, illustrates the difference between the mediocre commander and the master of the art of war, and is a striking commentary on the fruitful topic of skill against numbers. Gen. Lee was not reinforced by a single musket upon the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court-House, and had no resource at hand from which to repair the terrible losses sustained on those bloody fields. It was not until he arrived at Hanover Junction that he received any addition to his thinned ranks; and here he was joined by Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, and Breckinridge, with two small brigades of infantry, and a battalion of artillery. These, with Hoke's brigade, were the first and only reinforcements received by Gen. Lee since the opening of the campaign. He had commenced the campaign with not more than 50,000 effective men of all arms. The report of the Federal Secretary of War shows that the "available force present for duty, May 1, 1864," in Grant's army, was 141,166, to wit: In the Army of the Potomac 120,386, and in the Ninth corps 20,780. The draft in the United States was being energetically enforced, and volunteering had been greatly stimulated by high bounties. The Northwestern States had tendered large bodies of troops to serve one hundred days, in order to relieve other troops on garrison and local duty, and this enabled Grant to put in the field a large number of troops which had been employed on that kind of duty. It was known that he was receiving heavy reinforcements up to the very time of his movement on the 4th May, and after-

wards; so that the statement of his force on the 1st May, by Stanton, does not cover the whole force with which he commenced the campaign. Moreover, Secretary Stanton's report shows that there were, in the Department of Washington and the Middle Department, 47,751 available men for duty, the chief part of which, he says, was called to the front after the campaign began, "in order to repair the losses of the Army of the Potomac;" and Grant says that, at Spottsylvania Court-House, "the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th May, were consumed in manœuvring and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Washington." His army, therefore, must have numbered very nearly, if not quite, 200,000 men, before a junction was effected with Butler.

To a review of the odds and difficulties against which Gen. Lee had to contend, and to the comparisons suggested by the operations from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy, there is a view so apposite in the work of a recent military writer,* that we transcribe it here as a just conclusion of what may be said of this campaign, and the two rival commanders of the North and South:

"Skill in arms is the equivalent of thousands of good troops, and may again succeed, as it has so often succeeded before, in gaining, against odds, victories which fix the fate of nations. Let us imagine that an army in the field is commanded by a General who has fought his way upward from grade to grade, who is valiant, devoted, and practised in war. He is versed in all routine duties, knows the uses and capabilities of the different arms, can choose and occupy a position, make the dispositions for the march of his columns, stubbornly cover a retreat, and save his army even after a heavy disaster. But not having a mind capable of comprehensive views or of deep study, he knows nothing of great combinations. Strategy, in the sense of a flexible science to be adapted to circumstances, is a sealed book to him; the theatre of war is written in a cipher to which he has not the key; he can deal with accidents of the country, when they present themselves, as something to be immediately attacked or defended, but they suggest no large problems by the solution of which a few marches decide a campaign. Cautious, from not knowing when he may venture to be bold, and rash from ignorance of what may be attempted

* *Col. Hamley: Operations of War.*

against him, he spoils his offensive movements by hesitation, defends himself by makeshifts, and only half understands his own blunders when they have ruined his army. This is no unfair picture of what has often passed muster in the world as a respectable leader to be intrusted with the fate of hosts. It would do injustice to some of Napoleon's most celebrated marshals. Such a one will probably acquit himself with credit so long as he is opposed by no qualities superiour to his own.

“But let us imagine that a General of a different stamp enters the field—one who has been taught by study and thought, not merely what has been done in war, and how to conform to respectable precedent (although that may be much), but how to meet new circumstances with new combinations. He has mastered the problems of strategy, and can read the theatre of war. He knows not only how to draw from a situation all its inherent advantages, but how to produce the situation. Thus when a great opportunity arrives he is the less likely to lose it, because it is of his own making; he seizes it unhesitatingly, because he has confidence in his own knowledge of the game; and in darkness and difficulty his step is assured, because he is familiar with the ground he moves on. When such opponents are matched we have the conditions of startling, brilliant, decisive success in war.”

CHAPTER XI.

General Lee's private opinion of the defences of Richmond.—A serious communication to the Government, and how it was treated.—Vagaries of President Davis.—Gen. Lee decides that the safety of Richmond lies in raising the siege—Expedition of Early across the Potomac.—Anxiety of Gen. Lee.—He meditates taking command of the force in Maryland.—Retreat of Early.—Gen. Lee next proposes a diversion in the Valley of Virginia.—Failure of this operation.—Constant extension of Grant's left around Richmond.—Period of despondency in the South.—A letter of Gen. Lee on the question of supplies.—He proposes bringing in two or three years' supplies from Europe.—Desertion the great evil in the Confederate armies.—Difficulties of dealing with it.—Various letters and protests from Gen. Lee on the subject of discipline.—An angry comment of President Davis.—Gen. Lee a severe disciplinarian, and yet loved by his men.—Anecdote of the General and a one-armed soldier.—*Skeleton* returns of the army.—The popular clamour against President Davis.—Gen. Lee's *quasi* acceptance of the position of Commander-in-chief. Nature and peculiar history of this rank in the Confederate armies.—Hopeful views of Gen. Lee.—Project of arming the negroes.—Growth of new hopes for the Confederacy.

ALTHOUGH Gen. Lee had fought, in most respects, a successful campaign, and in all respects a glorious one, he feared now that the safety of Richmond was to be put to a test which he had been long persuaded it could not withstand. As long as the enemy chose to "hammer" on his lines, he had nothing to fear; but the anxiety was that Grant might proceed to envelop the city as far as possible, without attacking fortifications; might turn his attention to the railroads on the south side, and trusting to the slow operations of taking one by one Lee's communications, and wearing out his little army, assure himself of a result which he had not been able to obtain by an action in the field.

It was not long before Grant's operations against Richmond developed the very designs which Gen. Lee had suspected and feared; the bulk of the Federal army being transferred to the south side of the James, and after an abortive attempt to take Petersburg, turning its attention to the railroad lines which fed Richmond, and were, indeed, of vital concern to the army which defended it.

It is not necessary to detail these operations further than to explain the ideas which governed Gen. Lee in his radical change of the defence of the capital from a distant line to one immediately covering Richmond and its outpost in Petersburg. When Grant crossed the James River, and developed his design upon the communications of Richmond, Gen. Lee seriously advised the Richmond authorities that he could not hope to hold the Weldon road; and he frequently thereafter expressed his surprise that the government received this information with so little concern, scarcely exhibiting a sense of danger. Indeed, such was the almost incredible obtuseness of the Confederate President and his advisers, that the reader will scarcely be prepared for the statement that while Lee's little army stood in the desperate straits of Richmond and Petersburg, Mr. Davis was actually proposing a detachment from his thin lines to reinforce Charleston, in answer to letters from the Governor of South Carolina, exclaiming, what was the constant cry from that State, that if Charleston was lost, the Southern Confederacy would be instantly non-existent by that event!

But such insane counsels were ultimately abandoned. As Gen. Lee had predicted, the Weldon Railroad, after repeated attempts of the enemy, was at last seized, and firmly held by him; while Grant extended the left flank of his army to insure its tenure. His operations now appeared, by repeated extensions of the left, to be directed against the Southside and Danville roads, which remained covered by Lee's army. These remaining lines of supply were threatened not only by the extension of Grant's line, but might be operated against by a column able to cut itself loose from its base.

In these circumstances of the danger and difficulty of his communications, and the constant accession of unstinted numbers to the enemy in the design of enveloping his army, which could not possibly keep pace with that of Grant in reinforcements, Gen. Lee decided that the safety of Richmond lay in raising the siege. About the first of July, Washington was uncovered as it had never been before. The Army of the Potomac was south of the James; and that of Hunter, which had been defeated at Lynchburg, had retreated wildly into the mountains of Western Virginia, leaving open the line of march to Washington by the Shenandoah Valley. It was an extraordinary opportunity to strike Washington, or at

least to make such a menace against it as to compel Grant to turn his attention in that direction, and relieve the pressure on the beleaguered lines of Richmond; and Gen. Lee was prompt to avail himself of a great advantage which the chances of war had now cast in his way.

It was a matter of great concern to select, for the important enterprise of a movement against Washington to relieve Richmond, a commander of certain qualifications. Jackson, who would have been the man for the occasion, was dead; Ewell was disabled and out of the field; Longstreet was thought unfit for separate commands; Early, upon whom the choice at last fell, had a mediocre reputation, and only that of a division commander who had fought courageously and tenaciously in the positions to which his superiors had assigned him. With a force consisting of the greater portion of Ewell's old corps, and numbering more than twelve thousand men, Early commenced his march from Lynchburg without hindrance, and on the 7th July reached Frederick in Maryland, from which point he might threaten both Baltimore and Washington.

How large and anxious were Gen. Lee's expectations from this movement may be judged from a letter which he wrote to the War Department, on hearing of Early's arrival at Frederick. He desired of the Secretary of War most especially that the newspapers be requested to say nothing of his movements for some time to come, and that the department would not publish any communication from him which might indicate from its date his "*distance* from Richmond." But while the commander anxiously awaited further news from Early, expecting the capture of Washington, and the possible necessity of his personal presence on a new and towering theatre of operations, the report came that Early, after having won the battle of Monocacy Bridge, had delayed to attack Washington until overawed by reinforcements, and had retreated across the Potomac satisfied with the success of his spoils.

Gen. Lee was disappointed, more than he cared to express, in the failure of his lieutenant to fulfil the expectations that had been indulged in the direction of Washington; but, determined to give Early another chance, and to persist in his counter movement to relieve the Richmond lines, he reinforced him by two divisions (Kershaw's infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry), for an active

campaign in the Valley. Nearly a month elapsed without results; Kershaw's division was recalled in consequence of this inaction; and without going further into the details of the Valley campaign, it may be said that it was one of such repeated and decisive victories for the Federals, that it was wholly ineffective as a diversion of the enemy from Richmond, and merely confirmed there the unequal circumstances in which Gen. Lee was left to fight the last battles of the Confederacy.

It would be a tedious narrative to include here the various incidents on the Richmond lines, which took place in the course of many months, and were yet without any remarkable result beyond the constant and growing extension of Grant's left threatening Lee's lines of supply. This indeed was the feature of interest. Lee's army proved itself equal to the repulse of partial assaults; it gained some successes; but it was a serious question how long it could defend a line which, running from northeast of Richmond to southwest of Petersburg, already extended nearly forty miles, and was being constantly stretched to meet Grant's development of his left in the direction of its only remaining communications with the South.

The autumn and winter of 1864 are remarkable for the concern which fell upon the Confederacy as to the question of supplies and men for the prosecution of the war. In this period, Gen. Lee's correspondence with the War Department is very interesting, and indicates how much his foresight extended beyond the circles of the Richmond Administration. At a time when Wilmington was the only practicable seaport through which to obtain foreign supplies, Gen. Lee insisted that it should be used to its utmost capacity. In September he wrote a long letter to the Secretary of War, deprecating the use of this port by the Tallahassee and other cruisers, that went out and ravaged the enemy's commerce, such as the destruction of fishing-smacks, etc. Already he noticed that the presence of the Tallahassee and the Edith at Wilmington had caused the loss of a blockade-runner, worth more than all the vessels destroyed by the Tallahassee, and the port was now guarded by such an additional number of blockaders that it was with difficulty steamers could get in with supplies. He suggested that Charleston, or some other port, be used by the cruisers; and that Wilmington be used exclusively for the importation of supplies—quartermaster's,

commissary's, ordnance, etc. He concluded by advising that supplies enough for *two or three years* be brought in, so that there might be no apprehension of being destitute hereafter. The admonition and advice of this letter were alike unheeded.

But the military situation was not only desperate with respect to supplies; there was a more painful concern, and one which, as it has not been admitted to sufficient consideration in most accounts of the war, we may state here at some length.

Desertion was the great evil in the Confederate armies, and the most conspicuous of the immediate causes of the downfall and destruction of the Southern Confederacy. The world will be astonished when the extent of this evil is fully and authentically known, and will obtain a new insight into that maladministration which wrecked the Confederate cause, and which is positively without parallel in any modern history of war. There were various and peculiar causes of this evil; among them the injudicious and excessive use of President Davis' prerogative to pardon deserters and men condemned to death under the military law. Mr. Davis was one of those obstinate men, immovable in certain respects, and yet utterly destitute of real vigour of character; he had a weak sentimentalism that was easily approached, and that put him under the dominion of preachers and women, who in the character of humanitarians, friends or relatives, were constantly beseeching the pardon of deserters. The President scarcely ever refused such appeals to his feelings, or strengthened the weak side of his character by public considerations; and the consequence was that the broadcast interposition of the pardoning power soon made it plain to the soldiers of the Confederacy that there was the fullest immunity for desertion. The statement is derived from authorities in the War Department, that in the last two years of the war, an average of *two-thirds of the Confederate armies* was constantly in the condition of deserters and "absentees!" This statement is sufficient to damn the administration of military affairs in the Southern Confederacy, and is an example of weakness in the authorities that will astonish political mankind. People in Richmond did not doubt the evil; it was constantly before the eyes of the authorities. One could not travel a day in the Confederacy outside the military camps without seeing about the *dépôts* and cross-roads sauntering soldiers enough to form several regiments. But no hand appeared

strong enough to arrest the scandalous and mortal evil, as long as President Davis continued to shudder at public executions, and interposed to pardon deserters condemned to die.

Gen. Lee, although no commander ever took better care than he of his troops, or obtained a larger share of their affections, was a thorough disciplinarian, and an uncompromising judge on all questions of duty. His heart was kind; but he did not have that mercy which murders justice. Ever since the return of his army from its first invasion of Northern territory, in 1862, he was deeply exercised about its discipline, and was constantly writing letters to the War Department at Richmond, urging this vital concern, and especially protesting against the loose practice of executive pardon to offenders. After the battle of Sharpsburg, which appears to have dated an era of desertion and disorder in his command, he had written to Richmond that unless some additional power was given by Congress to enforce discipline, he feared his army would melt away. He suggested that incompetent officers should be reduced to the ranks, and that more stringent regulations should be adopted. The recommendation was observed to some extent, and the condition of the army improved. Other suggestions were made; the most notable of which was to keep the new conscripts in camps of instruction until they were "seasoned" for the field. In these respects Gen. Lee improved the discipline and material of his army; but with the monster evil of desertion he was but little able to contend, as long as he was fettered by the prerogative of the President to pardon men condemned by the military authority. The consequence was, that in the hard and critical campaign of 1864, the evil of desertion broke out afresh, and to such an extent that Gen. Lee lost nearly half his army from this cause alone, and in the last period of the war found his numbers utterly incapable of offensive operations.

In December, 1864, Gen. Longstreet reported: "Over 100 of Gen. Pickett's men are in the guard-house for desertion, and that the cause of it may be attributed to the numerous reprieves, no one being executed for two months." Gen. Lee indorsed on the paper: "Desertion is increasing in the army, notwithstanding all my efforts to stop it. I think a rigid execution of the law is mercy in the end. *The great want in our army is firm discipline.*" The Secretary of War sent it to the President "for his information." The

President sent it back with the following imperious indorsement: "When deserters are arrested they should be tried, and if the sentences are reviewed and remitted, *that is not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander.*"

These texts are sufficient indication of the policy on the part of the President that had broken down military discipline, depleted the armies, and brought the Confederacy to the brink of destruction. The protest of Gen. Lee, even, was unavailing; desertions increased as the rigour of winter came on, demoralizing the army as well as diminishing its numbers, until at last we shall find Gen. Lee holding both Richmond and Petersburg with not more than 34,000 men, while Grant confronted him with an army of 160,000, and Sherman with another grand army of 100,000 men was within 150 miles of his lines.

While the record of Gen. Lee on the subject of discipline in the army was thus full and explicit, we must repeat that it was consistent with the most kindly and affectionate care for his men. Although this alone was unable to stop desertion, yet it had some effect, and probably explains the fact that extensive as was this evil in Gen. Lee's army, it was considerably less than in other armies of the Confederacy. Of his constant and unaffected care for his men there are numberless anecdotes; one of which is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from copying it here, although it has been so widely circulated in the newspapers that by this means it is doubtless already known to the public. It was an incident of the last winter of the war, and was thus told by the Richmond *Whig*:

"A gentleman who was in the train from this city to Petersburg, a very cold morning not long ago, tells us his attention was attracted by the efforts of a young soldier, with his arm in a sling, to get his overcoat on. His teeth as well as his sound arm were brought into use to effect the object; but, in the midst of his efforts, an officer rose from his seat, advanced to him, and very carefully and tenderly assisted him, drawing the coat gently over his wounded arm and buttoning it up comfortably; then with a few kind and pleasant words, returning to his seat. Now the officer in question was not clad in gorgeous uniform, with a brilliant wreath upon the collar, and a multitude of gilt lines upon the sleeves, resembling the famous labyrinth of Crete, but he was clad

in 'a simple suit of gray,' distinguished from the garb of a civilian only by the three stars which every Confederate colonel in the service, by the regulations, is entitled to wear. And yet he was no other than our chief General, Robert E. Lee, who is not braver than he is good and modest."

It is interesting to notice in the last periods of the war the skeleton organization of the Confederate armies, and to compare its imposing breadth on paper with the number of men actually under arms. Regiments were counted by tens, brigades by hundreds; and a division, which according to European ideas represented, in some respects, a complete army, often did not number more than a thousand men. As an instance of such reduction in Gen. Lee's army, we may take the actual numbers of some of the brigades just before the final battles of Petersburg. Corse's brigade was put down at 1,100 muskets; Terry's at 700; Stewart's at 800. In the division of Bushrod Johnson, Ransom's brigade numbered 700 muskets; that of Wallace, 300 muskets! It may be said here that these brigades selected for example, composed the force of infantry that the enemy estimated as a large army in his account of the battle of Five Forks—an event which we have yet to relate.

It is not to be supposed that the Congress at Richmond was as wilfully blind as the President to the desperate situation of military affairs. In the growing distrust of Mr. Davis' administration there had come to be a very general opinion that the only hope of the South remained in some radical change in the conduct of military affairs, some new inspiration of the Confederate arms, which Gen. Lee alone was competent to effect. To him all eyes turned as the remaining hope of the Confederacy; on his shoulders there was an anxiety to put the burden of the public cares; and a movement commenced in the second year of the war, to give him the entire administration of military affairs apart from and above the President, and then discontinued by his wishes, was now resolutely and persistently renewed. To the extent of this trust and confidence of the people in him Gen. Lee could not be insensible; his modesty could not bar the knowledge of it; it was in the thoughts and speeches of all men; it was before his eye in every newspaper he read; it was the daily conversation of the people; it reached his ear in every tone of expression. His judgment, approved by so many events; the great proportions and lordly character of the

man; his constancy under heavy trials; his noble equanimity in the face of misfortune, were to popular apprehension the only assurances of the future, the only signals of hope and deliverance in what was now the darkest and most painful time of the war.

The irresistible logic of events had proved Mr. Davis incapable, at least in the military branches of his administration. In times of peace he might have made a fair President; he had virtues and accomplishments; he was really a man of ability; and in the ordinary routine of government, his personal prejudices, his unjust and unequal distribution of favours, might have amounted to nothing more than a partisan delinquency, in which the country, though badly served, was not seriously injured. But he had not the broad intellect requisite for the gigantic measures needed in a time of war; he had not the health and physique for the labours devolving on him; he was too much of a politician to discard prejudices for public considerations; and he persisted in keeping aloof from him and his administration all the great statesmen and patriots who had been conspicuous in the first stages of secession, and had been his distinguished colabourers in the work of preparing the minds of the people for resistance to Northern domination. While the finance and subsistence of the country, the two most important concerns of the war, were surrendered to such curiosities as Memminger and Northrop, where were such men as Hunter, Wise, Floyd, Rhett, Yancey, Toombs, etc.? The mere apposition of such names is sufficient commentary on Mr. Davis' administration. Its cardinal fault was that he drove from him the heart and brain of the country; and the consequence was that many of these influential men whom he excluded from the circle of his patronage and power busied themselves in organizing an opposition, and carried with them the sympathies of the people.

It was a long time before Gen. Lee could be brought to accept the position of Commander-in-chief of all the forces of the Confederacy, empowered to act in military matters without the advice of the President, and then only, as we shall see, in an ineffective sense. The great fault of Gen. Lee was a want of self-assertion in a time and circumstances which demanded this quality. It was not so much the declination of modesty, as a positive disinclination to accept any responsibilities not imposed upon him by the clear and dominant demand of duty. The disposition of the man to

keep within the severe boundaries of his vocation, and not to do an iota more or less than *duty* demanded, is apparent in every article of his life. It was, we repeat, conscientiousness rather than a modesty timid of new experiments; but a conscientiousness carried to a morbid excess, and bordering on the negative side of character, is not admirable, and it is to be regretted that Gen. Lee was impracticable to the universal popular demand that he should take control of the military administration of the Confederacy.

His scruple was that President Davis was Commander-in-chief; and the appointment of himself to such a position, in derogation of his authority, was, in a certain sense, a revolutionary measure. Yet the whole war was, in a certain sense, revolutionary, and the circumstances were those in which the *salus reipublicæ* was the higher law and the supreme consideration of duty.

With reference to the popular demand that Gen. Lee should take command of all the armies, President Davis made the following explanation:—"When Gen. Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, he was in command of all the armies of the Confederate States by my order of assignment. He continued in this general command, as well as in the immediate command of the Army of Northern Virginia, as long as I would resist his opinion that it was necessary for him to be relieved from one of these two duties. Ready as he has ever shown himself to be to perform any service that I desired him to render to his country, he left it for me to choose between his withdrawal from the command of the army in the field, and relieving him of the general command of all the armies of the Confederate States. It was only when satisfied of this necessity that I came to the conclusion to relieve him from the general command, believing that the safety of the capital and the success of our cause depended, in a great measure, on then retaining him in the command in the field of the Army of Northern Virginia."

It is to be regretted that the President of the Southern Confederacy could have brought his mind to so disingenuous a statement. The position which Gen. Lee held in 1862, described here as "command of all the armies of the Confederate States," had attached to it the condition, "*with the advice and direction of the President,*" and the occupant was nothing more than part of "Mr. Davis' military family;" while the present demand was that Gen.

Lee should have independent supreme control of the armies, and supersede the military authority of the President.

The discussion of this change in the Confederate Administration ended with the apparent acceptance by Gen. Lee of the appointment of Commander-in-chief. It was thus announced by him to the public :

“In obedience to General Order, No. 3, from the Adjutant and Inspector-General’s office, February 6, 1865, I assume command of the military forces of the Confederate States. Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibility of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people, confident that their united efforts, under the blessing of Heaven, will secure peace and independence.”

But Gen. Lee did not accept the position in the sense and to the extent that Congress had intended. He had not discarded the scruple referred to ; he still believed the President to be “constitutionally” Commander-in-chief ; and while accepting the position to which Congress and the country had called him, in terms so as to satisfy public sentiment and end a controversy in which he was unpleasantly involved, he did it, with a mental reservation to respect the views of the President quite equivalent to the former written conditions that had been attached to the position. This explanation is necessary to understand a part of Confederate history which has been generally confused ; and proofs of it we shall soon see in the sequel, where the unfortunate judgment of the President was still visible, and took its accustomed precedence in the conduct of military affairs.

The apparent change, however, in the military conduct of affairs, which the public interpreted according to the letter of the announcement, and without knowledge of its limited application, was the occasion of some new animation in the Confederacy. It was believed now, that with the renewal of confidence in the armies under Gen. Lee’s hand, that the efflux of desertions might be stayed, and time gained for new measures to recruit the armies. Men commenced to lay hold on new grounds of hope. Gen. Lee himself was not despondent, as might be supposed, in his full knowledge of the desperate condition of affairs ; he had conceived

the hypothesis that the Confederacy might last another campaign, and proceeding on this hypothesis, he meditated many measures by which its strength might be repaired in another twelve months' lease of existence, and the really large resources which yet remained in the country he made available for the purposes of the war. Mr. Rives was given as authority in Congress for saying that Gen. Lee "had but a single thing to fear, and that was the spreading of a causeless despondency among the people." "Prevent this," he said, "and all will be well. We have strength enough left to win our independence, and we are certain to win it, if people do not give way to foolish despair."

These hopeful views of Gen. Lee contemplated time; and probably proceeded in a great degree from his conception of a measure to make available the negro population of the South—a vast resource, indeed, but unwieldy, and surrounded by embarrassing questions as to the precise methods of employment. In September, 1864, Gen. Lee had given his opinion in a letter to the Secretary of War, that the army should have the benefit of a certain per cent. of the negroes, free and slave, as teamsters, labourers, etc.; and he suggested that there should be a corps of them permanently attached to his army. Subsequently, he enlarged his view of the matter, and addressed the following letter to a leading member of Congress:

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
February 18, 1865.

Hon. E. Barksdale, House of Representatives, Richmond:

SIR:—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., with reference to the employment of negroes as soldiers. I think the measure not only expedient, but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them; and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate many parts of the country, I cannot see the wisdom of the policy of holding them to await his arrival, when we may, by timely action and judicious management, use them to arrest his progress. I do not think that our white population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity and imposing great suffering upon our people; and I believe we should provide resources for a protracted struggle—not merely for a battle or a campaign.

In answer to your second question, I can only say that, in my opinion, the negroes, under proper circumstances, will make efficient soldiers. I think we could at least do as well with them as the enemy, and he attaches great importance to their assistance. Under good officers, and good instructions, I do not see why they should not become soldiers. They possess all the physical qualifications, and their habits of obedience constitute a good foundation for discipline. They furnish a more promising material than many armies of which we read in history, which owed their efficiency to discipline alone. I think those who are employed should be freed. It would be neither just nor wise, in my opinion, to require them to serve as slaves. The best course to pursue, it seems to me, would be to call for such as are willing to come with the consent of their owners. An impressment or draft would not be likely to bring out the best class, and the use of coercion would make the measure distasteful to them and to their owners.

I have no doubt that if Congress would authorize their reception into service, and empower the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it proved successful, most of the objections to the measure would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles. I think the matter should be left, as far as possible, to the people and to the States, which alone can legislate as the necessities of this particular service may require. As to the mode of organizing them, it should be left as free from restraint as possible. Experience will suggest the best course, and it would be inexpedient to trammel the subject with provisions that might, in the end, prevent the adoption of reforms suggested by actual trial.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

What might have been the results of this measure if the conditions of time necessary to realize them had been secured, it would be profitless speculation now to inquire; for the time to test it was

never obtained. The experiment was but poorly initiated by Congress in a very defective bill passed on the heel of the session, and shared the fate of all Confederate things in a few weeks thereafter. While Gen. Lee laid hold of new hopes and new measures, all were overwhelmed by one catastrophe, and the Southern Confederacy fell with a suddenness that the enemy even had not expected, and perished before the time predicted in which a temporary recovery might take place and a last grand struggle of arms terminate the contest.

CHAPTER XII.

Extraordinary cheerfulness of Gen. Lee.—A psychological reflection.—The Army of Northern Virginia at a third stage in its history.—Military preparations for the evacuation of Richmond.—Protests of the Government.—Gen. Lee's last and desperate resolution.—Battle of Five Forks.—Theory and results of the action.—Grant's assault in front of Petersburg.—How Gen. Lee received it.—His remark to a staff-officer.

It has often been remarked by those who saw Gen. Lee in Richmond in the last periods of the war, shortly before the final battles of Petersburg, what extraordinary cheerfulness he exhibited, despite of all he knew of the extreme condition of the Confederacy. His manners were observed to be unusually lively and pleasant at this time; his step was elastic; and he presented a picture of healthy, cheerful activity that many despondent persons were at a loss to understand. There is in some measure a psychological explanation of this apparent inconsistency of behaviour. While ordinary men are depressed by the approach of a desperate trial, it appears to be the gift of the great soul to meet it with inspirations of alacrity, and to show a smiling face even in the last agonies of the contest against fate. It is the old heathen picture of man sublimely contending with fate, to the admiration of the gods; the modern idea of the true hero, with elated form and illuminated face, accepting the last test of endurance, and with the smile of a sublime resolution risking the last defiance of fortune. Cheerfulness in such circumstances is an inspiration; the crest of the truly great man rises in circumstances wherein the ordinary countenance falls, and the thought of a desperate trial puts a peculiar smile on his face when that of meaner men it would stamp with anxiety and alarm.

But there were reasons other than this recondite inspiration that so perceptibly kindled Gen. Lee's manners in what proved to be the last days of Richmond. He had conceived a resolution, at that time utterly unknown to the public, and founded on it a rational and lively hope.

The Army of Northern Virginia was at a third stage in its history. The three stages were: First, when it had defended Richmond on a distant line of operations; second, when it held the immediate works of the capital, and was subjected to the operations of siege; third, when unable to break the enemy's investment, no longer capable of offensive operations, and in imminent danger of losing its communications, its policy had come to be the extrication of itself, and an eccentric campaign. The third and last concern Gen. Lee was now meditating; and he determined to save his army while there was exit for it, and the means of retreat were available.

In the early part of February he made preparations for the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. It was certainly the best thing he could do under the circumstances. There is a stupid persistence in whatever may once take the imagination of the populace; and thus many persons in Richmond maintained the hallucination that Lee's lines were to be held *en permanence*, and Grant to "hammer" away indefinitely, for no other reason than that this situation was the one most familiar to their minds. But it was plain to the intelligent that this situation must soon resolve itself into one or the other of two things—retreat or surrender; that it was impossible that Lee could hold his lines against the large and steady reinforcements sent to Grant. He had already forty miles of earthworks to defend against more than four times his own numbers. There were some things obvious on the survey of the field, which were, of course, not lost to the military eye of Gen. Lee. It was obvious that if Grant continued to receive heavy reinforcements, and Lee none, while his army continued to diminish from desertions and casualties, the time would soon come when retreat or surrender would be the only alternative. It was obvious that if the immense line of Lee's works was broken anywhere, he was lost. It was obvious that he should make an attempt to save his army, and that there was only one hopeful way to do it, the opportunity of which was of doubtful duration.

If he moved at all, he would have to do so on the line of the Southside Railroad towards Danville; and he must move at once. With the hope of cutting off his retreat, and with a full knowledge of his adversary's necessities, Grant was moving heavy columns towards Hatcher's Run, and was awaiting what he supposed to be the certain attempt of the Confederates to retreat. His army was kept

ready day and night, with rations cooked and in haversacks, and with every preparation complete for instant pursuit. If Gen. Lee did not retreat, time might allow the Federal army to fight its way to the Southside road, or opportunity might be obtained to operate on it with a detached column; and once lodged on this great artery of the Confederate army, it could at once cut its vital communications, and bar what was apparently its only chance of escape.

Influenced by these views, Gen. Lee determined to evacuate Richmond and Petersburg during the winter months, and before spring brought on those active operations which he feared might be fatal to his army. In February he gave orders for the removal of all the stores of the army to Danville. Cotton and tobacco, belonging to the Government, were hauled away from Petersburg; large numbers of the inhabitants left the place; all the surplus artillery was sent to Amelia Court-House, and even the reserve ordnance train of the army was ordered to the same point.

But in the midst of these preparations came such protests from Richmond as Gen. Lee felt bound to regard. President Davis considered the evacuation of the capital as the last thing to be done; he feared its moral effect; he hoped for changes in the military situation elsewhere which might relieve the aspect of affairs about the capital; he clung to the strange idea of a victory over Sherman, whose eccentric march was described by one of the Richmond clergy in the words: "God had put a hook in Sherman's nose, and was leading him to destruction." The unhappy consequence was that Gen. Lee was dissuaded from his first intentions, and finally determined to hold his position, to test his lines of defence, and in the last event of their giving way to trust for the extrication of his army through whatever developments might take place in the experiment.

The close of the Valley campaign, with another sum of misfortune for the South, gave Grant the control of Sheridan's unrivalled cavalry command of about twelve thousand sabres. With this great advantage of cavalry he determined to organize a column to operate towards the Southside road, and to throw the *élite* of his army against Lee's right. Such an assault, in his enfeebled condition, was more than Gen. Lee could sustain, unless he stripped his works elsewhere. But a brave effort was made to prepare for the

coming storm; and Gen. Lee was now evidently determined to stand at bay and fight to the last.

The designs of the Federal commander were soon evident. For some time he had rested on the assurance that, with the force at his command, and the advantages of his new base at City Point, success was but a question of time. He knew quite accurately the strength and condition of the opposing force, and that it was quite impossible for Gen. Lee to hold with it a line extending forty miles, and on both sides of the James River. The junction of Sheridan's cavalry raised Grant's force to 170,000 effectives, and was the signal of action. On the 29th March commenced the movement to the left, and the attack upon the Confederate right. This movement was made under the cover of a threatened attack along the entire line, but did not deceive the wakeful eye of Lee, who at once prepared to resist as best he could. The divisions of Gen. Pickett and of Gen. Bushrod Johnson were sent to the extreme right, and with them the cavalry, in numbers small; and in the weak and broken-down condition of their horses, almost starved for want of food, in poor plight to compete with the splendid army under Sheridan, flushed with their recent successes. To Sheridan and his ten thousand cavalry, supported by two corps of picked infantry, was intrusted the movement upon Lee's right flank. The first attack was unsuccessful; at Dinwiddie Court-House Sheridan was defeated by the troops under Pickett, and compelled to retreat. He renewed the attack upon the 1st April, his cavalry covering and completely masking his infantry. The battle of "Five Forks" followed. It was the last important fight of the war. The forces under Johnson and Pickett, two small divisions, with the handful of cavalry, in numbers scarcely *one-fourth* of the opposing host, for a time maintained most gallantly, and with heroic spirit, the unequal contest. Their flanks were turned; they were overpowered by numbers, surrounded, and cut off; resistance was no longer possible, and reinforcements were out of the question.

There never was published any official report, on the Confederate side, of the battle of Five Forks. To this day the reports of the Confederate Generals engaged, although regularly made to Gen. Lee, have never seen the public light; and the consequence has been that the Northern version of the battle has been generally

accepted, even in the newspapers and popular narratives of the South, and a very false idea has obtained of the merits of the action on the side of the Confederates, and particularly as to the extent of the odds against which they contended on the eventful first day of April. The author has before him manuscript copies of the official reports made to Gen. Lee; and from these it appears that the Confederate force was not half what it has been popularly supposed to be; that it maintained the action with courage and ability; that it won a victory at first over Sheridan, before his infantry had reinforced him; and that it at last yielded the field only after it had been nearly enveloped by the largely superiour forces of the enemy. In his official report of Five Forks (suppressed after the surrender of the Confederate arms) Gen. Pickett writes: "The field was most stubbornly contested against great odds. The whole of Sheridan's cavalry, joined with Kautz, the Second corps, and part of the Sixth, were attacking us. I learned a few days afterwards, from a General of division in Warren's corps, that it was 19,000 strong, making the enemy's force probably 35,000, whilst we did not have more than 8,000 men engaged." Of this small Confederate force nearly one-half were taken prisoners; and an action which had taken place in the most desperate circumstances, and had once obtained some of the auspices and fruits of a Confederate victory, became a frightful disaster.

But without reference to the battle of Five Forks, and even if a Confederate victory had been obtained there, the fate of Petersburg and Richmond was decided elsewhere; for Grant, espying the weakness of Lee's intrenched line before the former city, determined to break it, and in the morning of the 2d April opened an attack from the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run. Gen. Lee had foreseen such an attack; he knew well how little the troops of Hill and Gordon, strung on the long line, were able to meet it; but he was never more calm and collected than when on this memorable Sabbath, in the broad stretches of the morning sunshine, and on the irradiated landscape, he witnessed from a position near his headquarters the battle that probably contained the fate of himself and army. It was observed that, though always attentive to his person, he was dressed this morning with unusual and scrupulous care. His gold-hilted sword, seldom worn, hung by his side. It was as if he had put on his best attire and insignia, not know-

ing where the night might find him. But to all appearance he was never more self-possessed than when mounted on his iron-gray horse, straight as an arrow and calm as a May morning, he watched through his glasses the advance of the enemy. One could imagine him at a review; the repose of his manner was perfect and commanding, while his restive horse curveted and fretted under him; but it was remarked once that his cheek flushed, and a gleam of battle shone in his face, as a shell burst almost upon him, killing a horse near by, and cutting the bridle-reins of his own magnificent charger.

On came the enemy in double column with fearful array. Checked momentarily on Gordon's lines to the left of "the Crater," a more determined attack was made on Hill's weaker position; and it was soon observed that the masses of Federal infantry, overrunning the slender opposition, were pressing to the line of redoubts some two or three hundred yards in rear of the ground first held by Hill. Fort Gregg was run over; Fort Alexander fell only after a heroic resistance; and by noon it was apparent to Gen. Lee, that with the Southside Railroad in the enemy's possession and his intrenched line in front of Petersburg gone, it only remained for him to hold the town long enough to collect and organize his men for the last chances of retreat.

On the brief and fiery drama that had taken place before his eyes he made no comment, further than to turn to Col. Marshall, one of his aides, and say: "Well, Colonel, it has happened as I told them it would in Richmond: the line has been stretched until it has broke."

CHAPTER XIII.

The last retreat of Gen. Lee's army.—Two notable pictures.—Gen. Lee conceives a new prospect of action.—A fatal miscarriage at Amelia Court-House.—No food for the army.—Terrible sufferings of the retreat.—General despair and misery.—Action at Sailor's Creek.—Condition of the army at Appomattox Court-House.—Apparition of the white flag.—Correspondence between Generals Lee and Grant.—Authentic and detailed account of their interview at McLean's House.—Contradiction of various popular reports of this event.—Gen. Lee announcing the terms of surrender to his officers.—Scenes in the encampments.—Gen. Lee's last address to his troops.—His return to Richmond.—Last tokens of affection and respect for the Confederacy.

NIGHT gave Gen. Lee the time he wanted to collect his forces for retreat, and the morning of the 3d April found him across the Appomattox, with the remains of his army well got together, heading away from Richmond. In the light of that morning were two notable pictures. A pall of smoke, with the golden light weaved in its folds, hung in the sky above Richmond; beneath roared and surged a sea of fire, reaching from the island-dotted river to the tall trees that fringed the hill on which the Capitol stood; skirting this sea, pouring down Church Hill, was the victorious army glistening with steel and banners, now ascending Franklin street, curving at the Exchange Hotel to the upper streets that led to Capitol Square, making this curve the point where passionate music clashed out its triumph, and each body of troops took up the cheer of victory, and cavalymen waved their swords, and the column swept up the hill as if in sudden haste to seize the green patch of ground where stood the dumb walls of the Capitol of the Confederacy. Away from this scene of sublime horror was the other picture: an army tattered, brown, weather-beaten, moving through the woods and on blind roads, with straggling, distressed trains, the faces of its soldiers turned from Richmond, but ever and anon looking curiously to the sky, and to its pillars and drapery of smoke, and the black horror that stood there all day, while the forest pulsed in glorious sunshine, and quiet fields peeped out in the garniture of Spring.

The last game of war had now truly commenced between Lee and Grant, the former aiming to save his army, which he had already extricated beyond his hopes, and the latter making every endeavour to cut off and capture or destroy it. In the morning of the 3d April, Gen. Lee showed remarkable spirits, and had evidently obtained a new confidence. A correspondent of the *London Times*, who faithfully and vividly described the retreat, relates that on this morning Gen. Lee remarked: "I have got my army safe out of its breastworks, and in order to follow me, my enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit from his railroads and the James River." Anyhow, a reflection of this sort was just. Gen. Lee had yet an army of twenty-five thousand men; it was foot-loose, ready to move in any direction; the men were exhilarated, relieved from the confinement of siege and emerging into the open country; and having already accomplished so much, the commander might yet hope to use his army with effect, especially if opportunity occurred to fall in detail upon the forces into which Grant would necessarily have to divide his army, with a view to a comprehensive and vigorous pursuit.

In that pursuit, the possession of the Southside Railroad had given the enemy all the advantages of the interior line. Lee was alive to this disadvantage; the very privates of his army understood it. Men who carried muskets were heard to say to their comrades: "Grant is trying to cut off 'Uncle Robert' at Burkesville junction" (the point of meeting of the Southside and Danville roads); and the answer was: "Grant has got the inside track and can get there first." This was the plain truth of the situation.

Grant held the Southside road, and was pressing forward troops under Sheridan towards the Danville road, to which he had a straight cut without a particle of obstruction, except a small force of cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee. Gen. Lee, on the contrary, was moving by a circuitous route on the north bank of the Appomattox, encumbered by a huge wagon train, and having in front of him a swollen river, which proved, indeed, a terrible delay when every moment counted. So great were these obstacles, that there is little doubt Grant might have effectually intercepted the retreat at Amelia Court-House, if he had made extraordinary exertions to do so, and concentrated the forces under Sheridan and Meade. As it was, Gen. Lee did not succeed in reaching this point until the

5th April; the bridges over the Appomattox being swept away, or rendered useless by the freshets which covered the low grounds and prevented access to them. The troops finally crossed on pontoons at two or three places; and although suffering severely from want of rations, they pushed forward in good spirits to Amelia Court-House.

In the suburbs of this pretty little village the trains encamped, and the travel-worn troops bivouacked in the fields. The *morale* of the army was excellent; it had not yet been put to the test of any great suffering. It still presented a formidable spectacle in lines of veterans with bristling bayonets, led by such heroic commanders as Longstreet, Gordon and Mahone. The important, vital concern was, to provision it; and a fortnight before, Gen. Lee, in view of the exigencies of retreat, had given urgent and precise orders that large supplies of commissary and quartermaster's stores should be sent forward from Danville to Amelia Court-House. But at the latter place he found not a ration. His orders had been disregarded; and now, in the second stage of retreat, aiming at Lynchburg in the direction of Farmville, his army faced a new enemy in hunger, and staggered under an accumulation of distress that only the hardiest natures could endure.

The line of retreat penetrated a region of hills, where good positions might be taken for defence; but the straggling woods, the pine barrens, and the small patches of clearing, afforded but little prospect for subsistence. Half the army was broken up into foraging parties to get food; opportunities of desertion diminished it at every step; men who plucked from the trees leaves and twigs to assuage their hunger, dropped out by the wayside, famishing; jaded horses and mules sunk under the whips of the teamsters, and broken wagons choked the roads. The retreat became slow and slower. The numbers and excellence of the enemy's cavalry gave them a fatal advantage. The reserve train, containing nearly all the ammunition of Lee's army, was attacked and burned in the first stages of retreat, and the fate awaiting other portions of the army train was foreseen. Its unwieldy size and slow movement made it an easy prey, and it was incessantly attacked, and large sections carried off or destroyed. From this time commenced the most distressing scenes of the march. Hunger brought with it the demoralization it never fails to produce in a large number of men; nearly

every hour of the day there was an attack of cavalry, a running fight; the woods rocked with the explosions, where burning wagons filled with ammunition and shells had been abandoned; and when night came, and the army paused in the hasty field-works thrown up for their protection, the wolves were heard again upon the track, and the incessant cry of "cavalry," and fierce volleys of fire, prevented the jaded men from catching even one undisturbed hour of sleep.

The retreat continued. Hunger, thirst, and weariness continued. For the four or five days, during which the retreating army toiled on, it is said "the suffering of the men from the pangs of hunger has not been approached in the military annals of the last fifty years." Despondency, like a black poisonous mist, weighed down its endeavours, and infected the stoutest hearts. The men fell out of the ranks by hundreds, overcome by want of food and sleep, and worn out by exhaustion; or what was equally bad, they dropped their heavy guns and cartridge-boxes, and straggled along, a useless and cumbrous mob. Many laid down to die; many welcomed death as God's blessing in disguise, and with gaunt famine glaring hopelessly from their sunken eyes, sought places to throw down their exhausted bodies, and demand from nature the end of their sufferings.

The fashion of retreat was, that at every hill divisions would alternately halt and form lines of battle to check their pursuers. It was on one of these halts, just south of Sailor's Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox, that a considerable fight ensued on the 6th of April, in which Sheridan struck in upon the line of retreat, and took a number of prisoners, but not without learning to his cost, that in the fugitive, famishing crowd there was yet something of the old fire of the Army of Northern Virginia capable of an episode of desperate and devoted courage, in what were evidently the final scenes of its existence. The attack was made with great suddenness; the enemy running over a portion of Ewell's command, appeared determined to bring matters to a crisis, when suddenly he found in his front a line of battle that had been developed with a swiftness that showed that Lee had yet under his quick and facile hand troops, devoted, desperate, even in the last extremity responsive to their commander. At the first perception of the shock of attack, Gen. Lee formed a line of battle to

repulse the enemy, if he advanced upon what remained of the Confederate trains moving towards High Bridge. A brigade of infantry was pushed across at double-quick, and between Ewell's men and the hitherto victorious troopers of Sheridan, arose a wall of bayonets flanked by cannon. In view of this formidable apparition, the enemy went back. At one time, however, a fierce battle was expected, and in the gloom of twilight a lurid glare of signals along the Federal lines made a luminous track through the forest, and seemed to be the prelude to another attack. Gen. Lee himself watched anxiously the remarkable and picturesque scene. On a plateau, raised from the forest whence they had emerged, were the broken troops; there were exclamations of rage and defiance among them, the evident smart of mortification; in front was the line of battle still and calm, awaiting another attack. But no attack was made; Sheridan was content with his adventure. As Gen. Lee rode back in the gathering gloom of night, through the disordered groups on the plateau, there were cries: "It's Gen. Lee! Uncle Robert! Where's the man who won't follow Uncle Robert?" He had not yet despaired of saving the men who testified to him such love and confidence in the extremities of fate.

In the night of the 8th April, the reduced, worn, suffering army reached Appomattox Court-House. It was now within twenty-four miles of Lynchburg, on a strip of land between the James and Appomattox Rivers. What had been the Army of Northern Virginia was now counted by a few thousands. Gordon marched in front with scarcely more than two thousand men; the wreck of Longstreet's command made up the rear; and between Gordon and Longstreet were the remaining wagons, and clinging to them thousands of unarmed and famished stragglers, too weak to carry their muskets. To such condition was reduced the grand, memorable army that had traversed so many distances, and accomplished so many campaigns; that had twice trod the enemy's soil, and displayed itself on the foreground of Washington; that had never known rout or panic; that had made the greatest name in the world's history; and that was now to die only in the annihilation of all its parts, without ever having given to its enemy aught of triumph or taken upon itself a shadow of shame.

In the early light of the 9th April, Gordon discovered the enemy in his front in heavy force, closing the outlet towards

Lynchburg, and was ordered to cut his way through. Advancing with his thin line, he drove the enemy's dismounted cavalry for half an hour, until he came upon large masses of infantry just forming to advance. It was now apparent that the Federal forces were closing in, and extending their cordon of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, until the Confederate army was almost completely surrounded. Sheridan was in front, Meade was in the rear, Ord was south of the Court-House. The moment seemed to have come when in an attempt to extricate itself, what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia would be called upon to crown its historic fame by a last charge and a glorious death. There were men who would have died with Lee, without a murmur, fighting to the last. But a wanton sacrifice of human life was far from the thoughts of the great commander.

At first Gen. Lee had recoiled from the idea of surrender. In the distress of retreat the idea had been suggested to him by one of his officers, and he had answered with concern and in a tone of displeasure: "Surrender! I have too many fighting men for that." When on the 7th April, Grant sent a note proposing surrender, Gen. Lee replied by denying the premise assumed by the enemy "of the hopelessness of future resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia." But the experience of two succeeding days brought him face to face with the desperate situation; the current was now too strong against him, and he was forced to yield.

As the signs of battle strangely and suddenly ceased by the appearance of a flag of truce, Gen. Lee was seen riding rapidly to the rear to seek an interview with Grant.

The object of this sharp ride in the fresh morning was known only to the two commanders. After the affair of Sailor's Creek, and while Gen. Lee continued his retreat towards Appomattox Court-House, the following correspondence had gone on while both armies were in motion, unconscious of the silent and significant use of the pen that had at last come in to supersede their arms, and conclude the drama:

I.

April 7.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commander C. S. A.:

SIR:—The result of the last week must convince you of the

hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General,*
Commanding Armies of the United States.

II.

April 7.

GENERAL:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

To LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of the United States.

III.

April 8.

To Gen. R. E. Lee, *Commanding Confederate States Army:*

GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received.

In reply, I would say, that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, viz.:

That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged.

I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General,*
Commanding Armies of the United States.

IV.

April 8.

GENERAL:—I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday.

I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender. But, as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end.

I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but so far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and lead to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A.M. to-morrow, on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General Confederate States Armies.

TO LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of the United States.

V.

April 9.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

GENERAL:—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself; and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. A.

VI.

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.

I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

TO LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT,

Commanding United States Armies.

VII.

April 9.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Armies:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A. M.) received.

In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road, I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you.

Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-Gen.*

It was in accordance with this intimation that Gen. Lee now rode to the rear. The news ran quickly through the Federal and Confederate ranks, as they suspended hostilities. While the interview was taking place between the commanders, the two armies watched each other in a strange suspense, readily imagining the mighty interests which these two men now weighed in the simple farm-house where they had met. Peace might follow this interview. It might end in resumption of hostilities, in fiercest battle, in terrible carnage. The two armies were plainly visible to each other. The Confederates skirted a strip of woods in rear of the town. Through the vistas of the streets might be seen their wagon-trains. The minutes passed but slowly. The approach of every

horseman attracted an eager look. Skirmish line confronting skirmish line, lines of battle confronting lines of battle, cannon confronting cannon, awaited in dead silence the issue of the pregnant hour.

The interview in which Gen. Lee concluded to surrender his army, and resolved the destiny of the Southern Confederacy, is certainly one of the most important and memorable single events of modern annals. It is usual in history, and a great satisfaction to the curious, to relate such events with singular minuteness, attending to the slightest circumstances. The author has been enabled to give such an account of this interview; and it is interesting to notice how this plain circumstantial account, bordering on the style of a *proces-verbal*, differs from the many attempts to dramatize the event, and contradicts nearly every popular story that has been recited for sensation. The author has the best evidence in the world for saying that every account of this interview which has hitherto appeared in popular publications contains no less than four or five distinct and remarkable errors.

Thus it has been popularly reported that the first interview between the two commanders took place under an apple-tree, which has consequently been crowned with historic associations. This is false. The fact is, that in the morning of the 9th April, after the correspondence between the two commanders had progressed to the point referred to in our narrative, Gen. Lee, with a single member of his staff, was resting under an apple-tree, when Col. Babcock, of Gen. Grant's staff, rode up under a flag of truce, saying that if Gen. Lee remained where he was, Gen. Grant would come to him by the road the latter was then pursuing. This was the only interview under or near the apple-tree; and it may be mentioned here that the following day Col. Marshall, who attended Gen. Lee on the occasion, was surprised to find Federal soldiers hacking at the tree, and was amused at their idea of obtaining from it mementoes of the surrender. Obtaining news of Grant's approach, Gen. Lee at once ordered Col. Marshall to find a fit and convenient house for the interview. Col. Marshall applied to the first citizen he met, Mr. Wilmer McLean, and was directed to a house vacant and dismantled. He refused to use it, and Mr. McLean then offered to conduct him and the General to his own residence, a comfortable frame house, with a long portico and

convenient "sitting-room," furnished after the bare style of the times.

The house was about half a mile distant from Gen. Lee's camp. The Confederate commander was attended only by one of his aides, Col. Marshall, a youthful, boyish-looking scion of the old and illustrious Marshall family of Virginia, who had been the constant companion of Gen. Lee in all his campaigns, and, as his private secretary, had shown himself master of the pen as well as of the sword. With Grant there were several of his staff-officers; and a number of Federal Generals, including Ord and Sheridan, entered the room and joined in the slight general conversation that took place there.

The interview was opened without the least ceremony. The story has been frequently repeated that Gen. Lee tendered his sword, and that Gen. Grant returned it with a complimentary remark. There was no such absurdity. Gen. Lee wore his sword (which was not his usual habit), and, on the exchange of salutations, Gen. Grant remarked: "I must apologize, General, for not wearing my sword; it had gone off in my baggage, when I received your note." Gen. Lee bowed, and at once, and without further conversation, asked that Gen. Grant would state, in writing if he preferred it, the terms on which he would receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Grant complied by sitting at a table in the room, and writing with a common lead-pencil the following note:

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, April 9, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual parole not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and

stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-General.*

Gen. Lee read the paper with quiet and sober attention; there was no discussion of terms. The common report that Gen. Lee expressed any grateful emotion, or characterized the terms as generous, is wholly untrue. Such an effusion might have been just; it is a pleasant satisfaction to one party of the curious, but it did not occur. The only and single remark he made upon the pencilled note was to inquire about the officers' property exempted from the surrender, remarking that most of the horses in the service were owned by those using them. The note was handed to Col. Badeau, who attended Gen. Grant as secretary, to copy in ink. There was but one ink-stand available, and copies were made in turn by Col. Badeau and Col. Marshall. This occupied some time, and in the interval the Generals made some natural inquiries after the health and condition of mutual acquaintances. But there was no conversation of general interest except one remark of Gen. Lee, that he had some 2,000 or 3,000 Federal prisoners on his hands, and feared that he did not have rations to supply them. Gen. Sheridan spoke up: "I have rations for 25,000 men." The copy of Gen. Grant's note having been obtained in ink, Gen. Lee spoke apart to Col. Marshall, who wrote a reply commencing with the usual formality, "I have the honour to reply to your communication of," &c, which words Gen. Lee erased, reducing the reply to the following brief sentences:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

April 9, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding U. S. A.:

GENERAL:—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as pro-

posed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The exchange of these notes terminated the interview. It was singularly simple; utterly bald of all rhetorical flourishes and ceremonies; but its very simplicity give it an interest and dignity that the most excessive formalities might fail to furnish. The bareness of the dialogue should not give the idea of stiffness in the actors; there was nothing of the sort. The manners of both commanders were easy, self-possessed, those of plain gentlemen in ordinary intercourse, and it is remarkable that no two men of important station could be found within the limits of America who so equally abhorred the theatrical as Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Gen. Robert E. Lee. The manners and carriage of the latter in the memorable interview were thus described by the correspondent of a Northern newspaper: "Gen. Lee looked very much jaded and worn, but, nevertheless, presented the same magnificent *physique* for which he has always been noted. He was neatly dressed in gray cloth, without embroidery or any insignia of rank, except three stars worn on the turned portion of his coat collar. His cheeks were very much bronzed by exposure, but still shone ruddy underneath it all. He is growing quite bald, and wears one of the side locks of his hair thrown across the upper portion of his forehead, which is as white and fair as a woman's. He stands fully six feet one inch in height, and weighs something over two hundred pounds, without being burdened with a pound of superfluous flesh. During the whole interview he was retired and dignified to a degree bordering on taciturnity, but was free from all exhibition of temper or mortification. His demeanour was that of a thoroughly possessed gentleman who had a very disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through it as well and as soon as he could."

When Gen. Lee rode back slowly and thoughtfully to his headquarters, what had been done was visible in his face, and there was no need of words to inform his officers assembled to meet him that terms of surrender had been agreed upon, and that the Army of Northern Virginia was no more. When he had announced the

result to his officers in a few simple words, they approached him in order of rank to shake hands and express their satisfaction at his course. Many shed tears; but the ceremony was quiet and decorous; and when at a later hour the fact of surrender and the terms were announced to the troops, there was not a shout, not a word of exultation even at the prospect of the termination of their sufferings, and the observer could scarcely appreciate the magnitude of an event unattended by spectacle or dramatic circumstance.

The fact was, the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was an event felt without an exhibition to the eye. There was no spectacular conclusion of a struggle that for four years had rocked the fields of Virginia; no dramatization; the feelings of the troops in this respect were magnanimously spared by the enemy. There was a Federal column waving a white flag and lines of troops fringing a distant hill. There was nothing visible in front but these; no crash of music disturbed the evening air; no cheer was heard. On the Confederate side the disbanded lines of attack moved across the field with the slow step of mourners. As the sun descended the sky it was strange to see that Federal column so near, and yet no gun in position to confront it, no line of battle, no preparations for action so long familiar to the soldiers who had so often snatched their hasty sleep on the verge of battle, thinking of the chances of eternity on the morrow.

The very absence of dramatic accessory in the surrender gives it a strange and tender interest. The simple scene in which Gen. Lee and his army separated is touching from its very simplicity. There was no harangue or ceremony when in the evening of this memorable day the men surrounded Gen. Lee's headquarters, and without distinction pressed upon the illustrious and beloved commander, and sought to shake his hand and hear the voice that had so often conducted them to battle. It was said that Gen. Lee wept on the occasion. He did not; there were deeper signs of suffering—the misty look of unshed tears in a strong man's face as he turned to the throng that pressed upon him, and said slowly and painfully: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The formal leave of his army was accomplished the next day in the following written address:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you *the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed*; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

At the final act of surrender Gen. Lee was not present. It was executed by commissioners, designated for the purpose, who acceded to the following agreement:

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VA., April 10, 1865.

Agreement entered into this day, in regard to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the United States authorities.

First.—The troops shall march by brigades and detachments to a designated point; stack their arms, deposit their flags, sabres, pistols, etc., and from thence march to their homes, under charge of their officers, superintended by their respective division and corps commanders, officers retaining their side-arms and the authorized number of private horses.

Second.—All public horses, and public property of all kinds, to be turned over to staff-officers to be designated by the United States authorities.

Third.—Such transportation as may be agreed upon as neces-

sary for the transportation of the private baggage of officers will be allowed to accompany the officers, to be turned over, at the end of the trip, to the nearest United States quartermaster, receipts being taken for the same.

Fourth.—Couriers and mounted men of the artillery and cavalry, whose horses are their own private property, will be allowed to retain them.

Fifth.—The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia shall be construed to include all the forces operating with that army on the 8th instant, the date of the commencement of the negotiations for surrender, except such bodies of cavalry as actually made their escape previous to the surrender, and except, also, such pieces of artillery as were more than twenty miles from Appomattox Court-House at the time of surrender on the 9th instant.

(Signed) JOHN GIBBON, *Maj.-Gen. Volunteers.*

CHARLES GRIFFIN, *Brevet Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vols.*

W. MERRITT, *Brevet Maj.-Gen.*

J. LONGSTREET, *Lieut.-Gen.*

J. B. GIBBON, *Maj.-Gen.*

W. N. PENDLETON, *Brig.-Gen. and Chief of Artillery.*

A few days after the surrender, Gen. Lee rode into the city of Richmond he had so long defended, and passed through its blackened streets, a paroled prisoner of war. He entered the city with no display, accompanied by five members of his staff, took the shortest route to his house, and appeared anxious to avoid all kind of public demonstration. He had so often passed through those streets, the object of all eyes, attended by the admiration of the populace! Though he came back now a fallen commander, though his arrival was unexpected, he found in quickly gathered crowds evidence that the people still loved him; evidence that the enemy respected him. The first cheers that had been heard from citizens since the scarred and blackened city cringed under the flag of the enemy, now ran along the streets, and brave and noble-minded men, in Federal uniform, raised their caps, as the former Commander-in-chief of the Southern Confederacy passed before their eyes, with hair white as snow, and care-worn face, but with touching and unspeakable dignity. To the doors of his house he was followed by a large crowd, who cheered him as heartily as if he

had ridden into Richmond at the head of a victorious army. It was no word that he spoke, for he did not open his lips. It was no gesture, no sign of emotion, for he rode on without other recognition of the crowd than occasionally to raise his hat. It was his presence and its signification that moved the people of Richmond to a demonstration, in which men forgot their own sorrow, disregarded the presence of a hostile army, and gave way to the glory and gratitude of the past. The occasion was that of the last token of visible public respect to the memory of the Southern Confederacy, made in face of the enemy, who neither interrupted the demonstration, nor gainsaid the tribute it implied.

CHAPTER XIV.

An interesting interview with Gen. Lee after the surrender.—Remarks upon the Federal rule.—Indicted for “treason.”—Proceedings stayed on the protest of Gen. Grant.—Explanation of Gen. Lee’s course with reference to amnesty, etc.—Elected President of Washington College.—The true spirit of his advice of “submission.”—His hopes for the repose and welfare of the South.

WHEN Gen. Lee entered his house in Richmond, he showed a disposition to shut himself in its four walls, and to exclude all visitors, with the exception of a very few especial friends. There was no bitterness in this disposition. There are times in the lives of all men when retirement is decorous and necessary. In the career of the great man there are pauses where he rests with dignity, weighs past and future, collects the scattered thoughts, and courts solitude for the self-communion.

An intimate friend of Gen. Lee, who secured an interview with him shortly after his return to Richmond, gives the following account of what transpired, and quotes the words of the fallen commander as precisely as he can recollect :

“I had seen him on the field of battle and in victory. I desired to hear how such a man would talk in adversity. When inquiring what guaranty he had that Gen. Grant’s terms would be observed, he remarked that he had no assurance beyond his personal good faith, upon which he relied. He said that the civil authorities might nullify Gen. Grant’s conditions and exact new ones, as they seemed then by degrees doing; but that it would be in spite of Grant’s efforts to the contrary, remarking that he had written to him, calling his attention to the violation of the terms of surrender in the imposition of new conditions; and though he had received no answer, he had implicit faith in the honour of Gen. Grant, and in his determination to stand up to the spirit of his stipulations. I remarked that the paroled officers and men were in a great dilemma as to what to do; and in view of the condition of the country and the gloomy future, many were talking of

emigrating to other countries. With a dignity and impressiveness I shall never forget, and with a sigh that came from the depths of a saddened heart, he replied that the condition of our people was, indeed, most deplorable. With every species of industry prostrated, the resources of the country exhausted, want and destitution threatening almost every one, it was a sad spectacle to contemplate, and the duty of every one was clear, but in one respect. 'What course I shall pursue,' said he, 'I have not decided upon, and each man must be the judge of his own action. We must all, however, resolve on one thing—not to abandon our country. Now, more than at any other time, Virginia, and every other State in the South, needs us. We must try and, with as little delay as possible, go to work to build up their prosperity. The young men, especially, must stay at home, bearing themselves in such a manner as to gain the esteem of every one, at the same time that they maintain their own self-respect.' In allusion to the oath which it was required to take before entering upon any pursuit, he remarked that he hoped that would be regarded as violating the terms of surrender, and be no longer required; but 'meanwhile,' said he, 'what can we do? ... Hundreds of brave and gallant men have families starving. Without money, they cannot even work for their sustenance, unless they take the oath under Gen. Halleck's order. We cannot even claim protection from violence. If I walk upon the street, and a ruffian chooses to seize my watch in the eye of day, and in a street full of witnesses, I can have no recourse unless I have taken the oath. In fact, the practical operation of the system, as now conducted, is to outlaw all of us who decline to take the oath. My only hope at present is that the power of Gen. Grant will prevail in requiring the strict observance of the terms of my surrender.'"

The order of things at Washington soon called Gen. Lee to attend to his personal position. President Johnson's proclamation of amnesty was soon issued; and shortly thereafter the outrage was perpetrated of framing an indictment for treason against Gen. Lee in the Federal court at Norfolk. Proceedings, however, were withheld at the interposition of Gen. Grant, who very properly and manfully insisted that such a prosecution would compromise the engagements he had made in the surrender at Appomattox Court-House.

In his farewell address to his army, Gen. Lee had expressed his last conviction of the justice of the cause for which he had fought, and had pleaded the satisfaction of a "consciousness of duty." It is certainly in apparent opposition to such sentiments that he should have sought amnesty for the past, and been willing to direct an application to Washington for pardon. There were some hasty strictures on this conduct; but, taken in the light of subsequent explanations, it is found to be the noblest part of Gen. Lee's life, consistent with all he had done, and characteristic of his unselfish spirit. There was no passionate chagrin of defeat when Gen. Lee surrendered his army. He had fought gallantly while by fighting he could hope to achieve any practicable result; but when the fate of war determined such hope, submission became a duty, humanity spared the useless effusion of blood, and honour demanded compliance with the arbitration of arms. But Gen. Lee proposed to go further than the sheer act of submission, and determined to show a lively acquiescence in the result, to manifest renewed allegiance to the Federal authority, and under its direction to qualify himself afresh for the active pursuits of life. It was a determination taken in no selfish spirit; he knew the immense weight of his name with his countrymen; he saw with pain and anxiety the disordered condition of the South; and he resolved to give an example of acquiescence in the new order—an example of ready resumption of the active duties of life calculated to restore the public spirit and reestablish some of the prosperity of former times. His duty to the South was not yet ended, and he had no false pride to set above the true interests of his country. Even if his own desires pointed to retirement, and he had been content to reject all relations with the new authority, while he gave it the bare submission conditioned in his parole*, and rested on a reputation complete in history, there was a higher sense of duty which contemplated the peculiar necessities of his Southern countrymen, and prompted him by his personal example to assist in the restoration of a cordial and lasting peace. To secure such a peace it was

* The following is a copy of the parole signed by Gen. Lee and his staff-officers:

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by Gen. R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieut.-Gen. Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honour that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Con-

not only necessary that the South should abandon its arms, but abandon also all enmity and negative position, and accept with cheerful alacrity the changes of the time. It was mainly from unselfish considerations such as these, and yet with much of that natural elasticity with which the true hero rises from misfortune and takes up the broken thread of his life, that Gen. Lee resolved to emerge from retirement and qualify himself for whatever active employment the broken fortunes of the South might now bestow upon him.

It has been well remarked since the war that the truest Confederate, the man who now gives the best proofs of wisdom and affection for the land he loves, is not he who disputes and disparages the restored Federal authority, or resents the results of the war by private violence, or shows an unjust temper to the unoffending negro. The standard of Southern patriotism is now quite to the contrary. He comes best up to it, who gave his whole heart and soul to the cause when the war prevailed; who fought, and would willingly have died for it; but who, having surrendered, observes with a scrupulous and knightly fidelity all its terms and conditions, and all the obligations implied by the oaths he took; who keeps the peace, aims at the repose and welfare of his people, and, by example and influence, endeavours so to shape the Southern conduct, as to leave the North no excuse for the further exclusion of the South from her proper place in the Union. Such a model Southern man, such a true Confederate, was Gen. Lee.

federate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the relative authorities.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

W. H. TAYLOR, *Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.*

CHAS. S. VENABLE, *Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.*

CHAS. MARSHALL, *Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.*

H. E. PRATON, *Lieut.-Col. and Inspector-General*.

GILES BROOKE, *Major and A. A. Surgeon-Gen.*

H. S. YOUNG, *A. A. General*.

Done at Appomattox Court-House, Va., }
this ninth (9) day of April, 1865." }

The parole was countersigned as follows:

The above-named officers will not be disturbed by United States authorities as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

GEO. H. SHARP,

General, and Assistant Provost-Marshal.

On the 28th of September, 1865, he became President of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia. The college was one which already held a fair rank among those schools peculiar to the United States—institutions of learning with systems of instruction little more enlarged than that at Eton, yet having nearly full university powers. But the position was one to attract a man like Lee. The institution itself mainly owed its existence to the fostering care of Washington, the friend and former commander of Lee's father, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolutionary War. Lexington was in many respects an agreeable residence, retired from the world without being entirely isolated, and having within it a refined and agreeable society; and it had been the home of Lee's favorite lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson, and was now his burial-place. Although the duties imposed by the station were arduous, there was every prospect that ability, tact, and energy would soon raise the school to a commanding position, and render it not only prosperous of itself, but of great usefulness to the South, whose best institutions of the kind had been injured by the long contest from which she had just emerged. General Lee, therefore, accepted the trust; an able faculty was summoned to aid him; and he entered on the duties of his position to the general satisfaction of the Southern people, who desired to see his brilliant faculties brought out in some sphere of public service.

A single passage from the letter of General Lee accepting the situation will serve to show his feelings at the time, as well as the frankness and good faith with which he yielded to the situation, and his earnest desire for the restoration of an era of good-will: "It is the duty of every citizen," he wrote, "in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object." To this view he quietly and firmly adhered, never suffering himself to be drawn into the political movements around him, but devoting his entire time to promoting the interests of the college under his presidency. He remained an interested but passive spectator of events. In 1868, when at the White Sulphur Springs, endeavoring to restore the health injured by the labors and responsibilities of the war, and his own personal misfortunes, General Lee was invited, with several other notables of the South, by General

Rosecrans, to give his views upon the condition of affairs. But he went no further than to give, after earnest solicitation, his opinion of the most politic course to be pursued towards the South. He soon returned to the college, which, under his wise management, aided somewhat by his great name, continued to prosper until it has grown to be a fixed institution of the South, with a large attendance of students from all parts of the Union. The course he pursued, though others might decline to adopt it, was so evidently prompted by that sense of duty that guided him throughout, that it never lost him any of the respect and love of the Southern people, but added to their entire confidence and profound admiration.

About this time there was an attempt made by the notorious Judge Underwood to annoy General Lee, and, through the officiousness of the former, an indictment for treason against the latter was obtained in the Federal Court. The affair excited indignation even among some of the most violent Radical partisans. General Lee quietly wrote upon the subject to General Grant, calling his attention to this violation of the terms of the safe-conduct granted in the case of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Grant protested against the action as a piece of bad faith on the part of the Government, and through his protest the movement was abandoned.

Recently, General Lee had occasion to travel south of Virginia, on private business. His journey was entirely on his own affairs, and devoid of display. But in spite of the fact that he shunned the manifestation, his progress was a continued ovation; and all classes seemed to vie with each other in testifying their love and admiration for the man who was first in the hearts of the people of his section.

But the fatigues and anxieties of war, and the disappointed hope of seeing peace and brotherly affection restored between the people of the North and South, while they could not affect the mind, did their baleful work silently and effectually upon the body. On Wednesday, the 28th day of September, 1870, five years after he had assumed the duties of the Presidency of the College, he came from the chapel service, which he always attended, and spent the remainder of the morning in business of the institution. At four o'clock in the afternoon he presided

over a meeting of the vestry of his church. There was a session of three hours; in which matters of interest and importance to the church were under discussion. He returned home just in time for the evening meal, and sat down to the tea-table with his family. While there he was suddenly attacked by a loss of speech and motion. General alarm and regret was the result of this, and a report of his death was soon prevalent. This was telegraphed to the North, and from thence to England, where it evoked a general expression of regret. But this was soon contradicted, for he rallied next morning; and the hope of the physicians was, as there were no symptoms of paralysis or apoplexy, that the attack would prove to be mere nervous irritation, the result of overwork, and would soon be removed by rest and enforced leisure. The prognosis in his case was rather favorable than otherwise, until the 10th of the following month. He had recovered his speech, though he spoke but little, and that merely in answer to questions about his condition. It is true that he lay for the most time in a state of stupor, partly, perhaps, from the effects of the necessary sedatives, but when aroused he was quite conscious, and everything showed that his intellect was unclouded. He seemed to have, however, no hope of recovery. On the Saturday previous to his death he seemed so much better that Dr. Madison, one of the attending physicians, remarked to him in a playful way: "General, you must make haste and get up from this bed. Traveller"—this was the General's favorite riding-horse—"is getting lazy, and you must make haste and give him the exercise he needs." The General fixed his eyes steadily on the Doctor, and then, without saying a word, shook his head emphatically, as though to express his conviction that he would never ride Traveller again. His physicians and friends hoped otherwise. But on Monday his case assumed an alarming change. At times his mind wandered slightly, reverting to army affairs. Once he ordered his tents to be struck, and at another time asked "Hill" to be sent for. He gradually sank from that time until Wednesday, the 12th of October, when at half-past nine o'clock in the morning he died.

The announcement of his death, coming so soon after the former contradiction, was unexpected. It was received through the North with general regret, and in the South with the most pro-

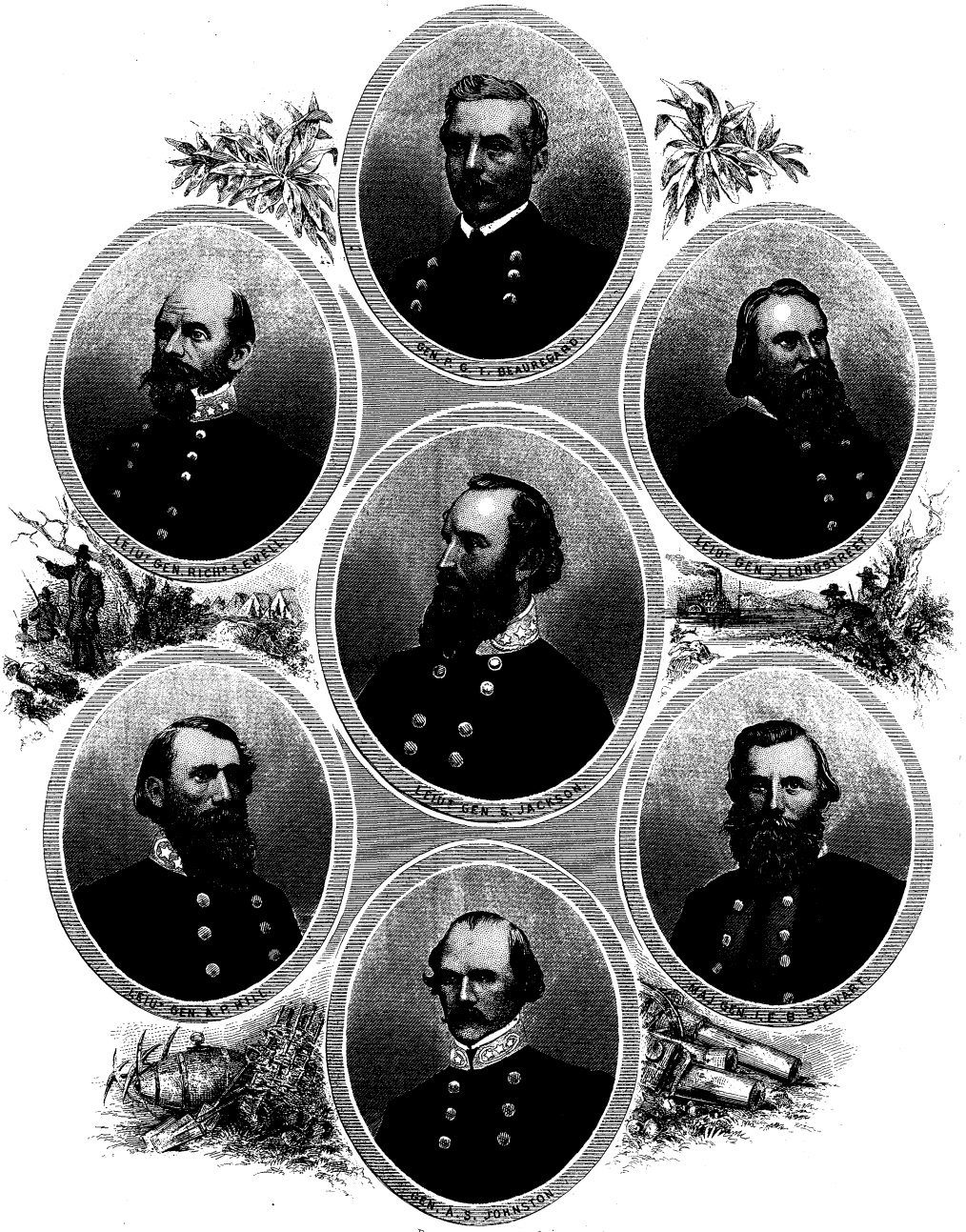
found grief. All kinds of men concurred in declaring "that a great man had fallen in Israel." The students of the College, the people of Lexington, and in all the cities and towns of the South met to express publicly their sorrow for the loss, and their sympathy with the bereaved family. The corporate authorities of Southern cities and towns ordered, with striking unanimity, the display of tokens of the mourning into which the whole community was plunged. The Governor of Virginia sent a special message to the Legislature then in session, announcing the melancholy event in appropriate terms; and the Legislature, by an unanimous vote, passed a series of resolutions expressing their sense of the great loss of Virginia, and requesting the remains of the General to be handed over to a committee of both Houses, to be interred in Hollywood Cemetery, at the cost of the State. The journals of the country, of both political parties, took the same tone in their notice of the event. Some measured their praise, and showed their disapproval of his cause decidedly; but whether they did or did not stop over his grave to discuss the merits of a ruined cause, they all recognized him as a great captain and an honest man, the purest and best of all the military leaders of the South.

In the silent dignity with which he accepted the result, and the placid resignation with which he bore his reverses, he commanded the respect of his foes, as he deserved the love of his friends. Of that picture of thwarted endeavor and ruined hopes he was the central figure. Men recognized the abilities and purity of Johnston and Beauregard, as well as the courage and piety of Stonewall Jackson; but the popular heart turned instinctively to Lee as the chief of all. And the feeling of a people to the leader of a lost cause becomes the verdict of history. The very pet name—"Uncle Robert"—which was given him by soldiers and citizens, as well as the profound grief which shrouded the extinct Confederacy when he died, showed his position, and no cold, calculating military criticism can rob him of that.

As a soldier, Lee stands among the great masters of the art of war. It is not enough to say of him, with the *New York Tribune*, that in defensive-passive ability, he was "unequaled throughout the war on either side"—though, when we consider that his forces were always numerically inferior to those of his

antagonists, higher praise could scarcely be awarded. That he was equally great in offensive operations, when opportunity offered, is evident by a careful review of the manœuvres before Richmond, which resulted in driving back an army of invasion of superior numbers, and sending it, broken and dispirited, under the shelter of its gunboats, with its ranks shattered, and its leader's power destroyed. The closing campaign, lost to the South from the persistency and exhaustless resources of the North, is without parallel in the military history of the world. By alternate skilful retreat and audacious attack, by the careful management of few men and scanty means, and by a consummate generalship, he inflicted a loss upon Grant beyond the numbers of his own command, drove his antagonist from the line upon which he had declared he would fight all summer, threw him off in a tangent from every point of the circle, and finally forced him to sit down before the earthworks of Petersburg, where he kept his masses at bay so long as there remained under his command any show of force. We do not detract from the merits of the soldiers on either side when we say that no other man, with the same means and the same resources, could have waged the unequal fight so long and so well.

As a man, Lee deserved all the respect and affection with which he was regarded. The popular esteem was won by none of the arts for acquiring popularity. It came from his well-balanced character. All men admitted his high sense of honor, his unostentatious practice of all the Christian virtues, his true religious feeling, his calm endurance of untoward results, and his quiet observance of the duties of life. Indeed, the key to his action is to be found in the letter to his son, where he says—"Duty is the sublimest word in our language." No one doubted his purity of motive. In manner, quiet, courteous, and dignified; in morals, irreproachable; in intellect, strong, clear, and self-poised; a gentleman by habit, instinct, and descent; a Christian, not only exact in the observances of his church, but illustrating his faith by his daily doing, he was one of the few marked men of his time—one of those who are beloved while living, and venerated when dead.



Engr. by H.B. Hall, N.Y.

LIEUT.-GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON.

CHAPTER XV.

Boyhood of Thomas Jonathan Jackson.—His experience at West Point.—His studies and habits.—A novel analysis of awkward manners.—Jackson's promotions in the Mexican War.—His love of fight.—Recollections of "Fool Tom Jackson" at Lexington.—A study of his face and character.—His prayers for "the Union."—A reflection on Christian influences in America.—Jackson appointed a colonel in the Virginia forces.—In command at Harper's Ferry.—Constitution of the "Stonewall Brigade."—Jackson promoted to Brigadier.—His action on the field of Manassas.—He turns the enemy's flank and breaks his centre.—How much of the victory was due him.—His expedition towards the head waters of the Potomac.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON was born at Clarksburg, in Harrison county, Virginia, in 1824. He came of a Scotch-Irish family that had settled in Virginia in 1748; and a perhaps fanciful relation has been traced between his ancestral stock and that of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States. In 1827, he was left one of three penniless orphans; his father, Jonathan Jackson, a lawyer of moderate repute, and a man of social and facile temper, having wrecked a good estate by an imprudent and irregular life. The early life of the orphan was harsh and erratic. He found shelter with one or another of his relatives, until at last he obtained a pleasant home and countenance in the house of an uncle, Cummins Jackson, residing in Lewis county. Here he remained until he was sixteen years old. The early adversity and buffet of his life appear to have inspired the boy with singular determination; and among the first signs of character we find in him is a sensitive ambition reflecting painfully on his dependence on his relatives, and coupled with the resolution to reinstate himself in the ranks of his kindred, and rise from the position to which orphanage and destitution had thrust him.

There were no aristocratic names or traditions of great wealth in his family ; but among the peculiar population of Western Virginia the Jacksons were known as an energetic, dominant stock, making distinct impressions on the new country, potential in their neighbourhoods, filling the county offices and places of local distinction, marked by strong and characteristic features, and disposed to be clannish in their family associations. To assert his proper position in this close and influential kindred, and to recover from his position as dependent in the house of one of them, appears to have been the first ambition of young Jackson, and the first instance of serious resolution in his life.

He resolved to obtain an education. He had access to what is called in Virginia the "old-field school;" he might there learn to read and "cipher;" but his mind was set upon acquisitions far beyond these rudiments of learning; and at the age of sixteen we find him having recourse to the office of constable and collector, and hoping from its paltry fees to collect means to enable him to realize to some extent his ardent desire for a liberal education. At this time there appears to have been in young Jackson's mind no thought of a military career, or aspiration after the profession of the soldier. The direction of his life to military employments was purely accidental, and came to pass through his general desire for an education of some better sort than he was able to get in his neighbourhood. Happening to learn that in the military school at West Point there was a vacancy from the Congressional district which he inhabited, and perceiving here an opportunity to obtain a thorough scientific education at the expense of the Government, he eagerly caught at it, and at once obtained letters of recommendation to the member of Congress representing his district, and qualified to nominate him to the Secretary of War. The letters were dispatched at once. But so anxious and active was the boy that he determined to make the journey to Washington, and enforce his application by every possible means. Part of the journey was performed on foot. The ardent country youth, clothed in homespun, with his leathern saddle-bags on his shoulder, made his difficult and curious way to the Federal capital. Without delaying even to change his dress, he ascertained the address of the Congressman, Mr. Hays, and, accompanied by his patron, with the stains of travel upon him, he was introduced at the War

Department, and the circumstances of his journey related there. The Secretary of War was at once pleased with the evidence of the boy's resolution, and his manifestation of an honourable desire of improvement; and the warrant of young Jackson, as a cadet, was made out on the spot.

The four years of our hero's life spent at West Point were, to the common apprehension, of but little promise. He had gone there with very defective literary qualifications and no special preparation whatever for the course of study; he showed no natural sprightliness of mind; his acquisition of knowledge was slow and laborious, but he had the advantage of studying with great thoroughness and honesty; and although in the first year he barely escaped being ruled among the "incompetents," he advanced his grade each year, and by steps of remarkable distinctness showed what resolute toil may accomplish in a race with minds of easier disposition. In his first year his "general standing" had been 51; in his second, 30; in his third, 20; in his fourth it was 17. In the same class with him were Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon, of the United States army afterwards; and Generals A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, W. D. Smith, and Wilcox, of the Confederate States army. In such a company Jackson was scarcely the man to be designated for future preëminence; but to the studious observer his steady steps of ascent, and above all his unlimited confidence in himself, were true signs of future greatness. The young man who wrote in a private book of "maxims," "You may be whatever you resolve to be," who made this the practical dogma of his life, and who was heard repeatedly to declare that "he could always do what he willed to accomplish," had shown that supreme confidence in himself which, distinguished from vanity and conceit, never expressing itself offensively, always associated with quietude and modesty of manner, is the unfailling mark of greatness.

Such a confidence resides in all great minds; a peculiar confidence, supreme, quiet, waiting its time, rather approaching austerity than conceit, never unpleasant in its expression, disposed to silence and solitude, and often exhibiting that shyness and embarrassment in general companies which were early remarked as peculiarities in Jackson's behaviour, and superficially ascribed to a naturally graceless manner. The world makes no greater mistake

than to designate as "modest" men, or as persons holding low opinions of themselves, those who are awkward and bashful in society, who blush easily when confronted in a general conversation, or are constrained and embarrassed in the conventionalisms of social intercourse. But an observation more studious than that of the drawing-room and general assembly often discovers under such manners the very sensitiveness of a supreme self-appreciation, the chafe or reserve of a great proud spirit without opportunity to assert itself. It is thus we may explain how the shy and clumsy manners of Jackson, which made him the butt of social companies, yet covered an enormous self-regard and masked the ambition which devoured him. A recent biographer declares: "The recollection is still preserved of many of his personal peculiarities; his simplicity and absence of suspicion when all around him were laughing at some of his odd ways; his grave expression and air of innocent inquiry when some jest excited general merriment, and he could not see the point; his solitary habits and self-contained deportment; his absence of mind, awkwardness of gait, and evident indifference to every species of amusement." These eccentricities were the subjects of jesting comment among the companions of the obscure man: they have since been recited as curiosities of greatness.

In the Mexican War Jackson's ambition was like a consuming fire; he sought the earliest distinction, and from West Point he immediately reported for duty on the field, in Mexico, where he was assigned to the First regiment of heavy artillery. His record in this war was a succession of active and daring services; he was always seeking the post of danger, and the opportunity of distinction. For "gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz," he was promoted to the rank of first-lieutenant. In the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, he again obtained distinction, and was brevetted captain. Intent upon the opportunity of distinction, he had obtained a transfer to light artillery service, then almost an experiment in American warfare, and an arm, the peculiarity of which was to be always thrust forward to the post of danger and of honour. At Chapultepec he had charge of a section of Magruder's famous light field-battery, and had pushed forward until he found himself unexpectedly in the presence of a strong battery of the enemy, at so short a range that its whirlwind of iron,

tore man and horse to pieces. The cannoneers were either struck down or fled from their pieces, until only Jackson and a sergeant were left in the storm of fire. At this time, Capt. Magruder dashed forward; a shot cut his horse from under him; he ordered Jackson to withdraw his guns, one of which the heroic officer was yet serving, with the sponge-staff in his hand. Jackson remonstrated; he could hold his ground, he declared, and if they would send him fifty veterans, he would capture the battery which had so crippled his. Magruder, enthused by such a display of spirit, acquiesced, the men were sent, and Jackson immediately advanced his section, which was soon thundering after the discomfited Mexicans towards the gates of the city. For his gallantry on this occasion Jackson received the brevet rank of major.

To this rank Jackson had risen within seven months, from the position of brevet second-lieutenant. He was promoted oftener for meritorious conduct than any other officer in the whole army in Mexico; he had made a greater stride in rank than any of his competitors; he had obtained high and remarkable commendation in the official reports; Magruder, his immediate superior, wrote of him: "If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry, are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confers." The ambition of Jackson was at once gratified and stimulated; and from this time he appears to have conceived most strongly the idea that war was his true vocation, and that his way to distinction was the career of the soldier. And he was profoundly right in this estimate of himself. He was, by nature, a soldier. And although we afterwards find him in the quiet walk of a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, possessed by a remarkable religious zeal, a fervid member of the church, delighting in the exercises of piety, yet at the bottom of the man, and to the day of his death, was the same dominant, combative nature, the same disposition delighting in antagonism and conflict that he had displayed on the fields of Mexico. To the last, with all his piety and kindness, Jackson loved the battle, and confessed to a peculiar exaltation and delight in its hot atmosphere—the irrepressible emotion, indeed, of the born soldier.

In 1851, Jackson was elected a professor in the Military Institute of Virginia, at Lexington, securing a preference over McClellan, Reno, Rosecrans, and G. W. Smith, whose names were submitted

by the Faculty of West Point. Here the recollection is preserved of him as a stiff, earnest, military figure, eccentric and abstracted in his habits, practising a military exactness in the courtesies of society, an oddity on the street, a "blue-light" Presbyterian, a harsh, awkward teacher of youth, punished by his scholars with the name of "Fool Tom Jackson." It is surprising what different opinions have been held as to the comeliness of the man. To the vulgar eye he was a clumsy-looking man, and his roughly-cut features obtained for him the easy epithet of an ugly man. But to the eye that makes of the human face the *janua animi*, and examines in it the traces of character and spirit, the countenance of Jackson was superlatively noble and interesting. The outline was coarse; the reddish beard was scraggy; but he had a majestic brow, and in the blue eyes was an introverted expression, and just sufficient expression of melancholy to show the deeply earnest man. But the most striking feature, the combative sign of the face, was the massive iron-bound jaw—that which Bulwer declares to be the mark of the conqueror, the facial characteristic of Cæsar, and William of Normandy, the latter of whom he has brought before our eyes in one of his most splendid romances. In brief, while common curiosity saw nothing to admire in Jackson, a closer scrutiny discovered a rare and interesting study. It was not the popular picture of a *bizarre* and austere hero: it was that of a plain gentleman of ordinary figure, but with a lordly face, in which serious and noble thoughts were written without effort or affectation.

It is more interesting than the world takes it to study a character like that of Jackson in repose, as when withdrawn to the tranquil life of professor. In such times there appears to be a tenderness of great minds, a disposition to poetical sentiment, strangely in contrast with the fiery and active life in other circumstances. Stern and dull as Jackson appeared in the routine of professor, there was a concealed poetry in his nature, a strange tenderness in those reveries which common observers regarded only as absence and blankness of mind. We have read no more simple and touching tribute to the beauties of nature, and their soothing influence, than that contained in a private letter of Jackson written during his quiet term of years at Lexington. "I love," wrote Professor Jackson, "to stroll abroad after the labours of the day are over, and indulge feelings of gratitude to God for all the sources of natural

beauty with which He has adorned the earth. Some time since my morning walks were rendered very delightful by the singing of the birds. The morning carolling of the birds, and their notes in the evening, awaken in me devotional feelings of praise and gratitude, though very different in their nature. In the morning, all animated nature (man excepted) appears to join in active expressions of gratitude to God; in the evening, all is hushing into silent slumber, and thus disposes the mind to meditation." But in these tranquil scenes and exquisite reveries the life of Jackson was not destined to pass. The warrior was to be called to the field again. The stormy music of battle that had saluted his ambitious youth was to summon his more mature but not less ambitious manhood to the hard-fought fields of a mighty contest, and celebrate there the chief interest and glory of his life.

In the discussion of parties which preceded the great war in America, Jackson was found an adherent of the Union. He deprecated that enormous aggregate of woe which he foresaw would ensue from a war so peculiar; and in a conversation with his pastor but a little while before the catastrophe, he suggested the idea that all the Christian people of the land should be induced to unite in a concert of prayer to avert the calamities of civil strife. The idea was characteristic and forcible. But it is a significant commentary on that want of vital practical Christianity which foreigners have remarked in the churches of America, that these bodies, with all their boasts of numbers and influence, were not only incompetent to avert the horrors of fratricidal contest, but powerless to make the least visible impression on events, and unable at any time of the ensuing conflict to give tone or qualification to the war. The influence of the American churches was null; events hurried on; the tempest of passion continued to rise; the battle of Sumter was fought; Virginia withdrew from the Union; and Jackson, now resolved to do his duty to his State, offered his sword and service at Richmond to what had now become the distinct side of right in a war which it was no longer possible to avoid. He left Lexington at a half-day's notice, taking no time to arrange his private affairs. It was Sunday when an order came to march the cadets to Richmond; Jackson mustered them for a parting prayer by his pastor, devoted an hour to religious exercises, and then turned his back on the peaceful home, where his familiar

figure was never to return but as a corpse bedewed and sanctified by the tears of a nation.

After his arrival in Richmond Jackson performed various duties in the camp of instruction and in the engineer department. While he was thus engaged, Governor Letcher nominated him for colonel in the Virginia forces, and indicated that he would take command at Norfolk or Harper's Ferry. When the nomination was communicated to the State Convention there was some distrust and hesitation, so important were these points then considered. Some one inquired, "Who is this Major Jackson, to whom we are asked to confide so important a trust?" "He is one," replied the member from Rockbridge, "who if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive in the face of an enemy." The recommendation was so much to the taste of the Convention that Jackson's appointment was at once and unanimously confirmed.

On the 3d May, 1861, he took command of the forces assembled at Harper's Ferry. Here a most important and difficult task awaited him in moulding and organizing into an army a mass of raw volunteers, who had been thrown into almost inextricable confusion by the revocation of the commissions of all the militia officers in command of them; who exhibited scarcely a sign of discipline; who were without an ordnance department, and had not more than five or six rounds of ammunition to the man. Jackson speedily reduced this crude material to order and consistency; secured transportation, collected artillery horses, obtained ammunition, drilled the troops, equipped them as far as he could, and in a few weeks showed the result of his enormous labours in a compact little army of nine regiments, and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery, and about three hundred cavalry.

When the Confederate authority was established at Richmond, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was appointed to take command at Harper's Ferry, and superseded Jackson there on the 23d May. But Jackson was consoled, and the appreciation of his services marked by his assignment to the command of the Virginia regiments which were now separated and organized into a brigade. This was "the Stonewall Brigade," a name it was shortly to earn on the first important field of battle, and to carry through the war as an unsurpassed title of glory. It consisted of the Second Virginia, Col. Allen; the Fourth Virginia, Col. Preston; the Fifth Virginia, Col.

Harper, and the Twenty-seventh (Lieut.-Col. Echols commanding), to which was soon afterwards added the Thirty-third Virginia, Col. Cumming. These regiments were composed of the flower and pride of Virginia manhood. When Gen. Johnston fell back from Harper's Ferry, they were the advanced body of the infantry of the Army of the Valley, and continually near the enemy, learning steadiness under fire, receiving the impress of their commander's strong character and genius, and unconsciously training for the important crisis in which they achieved their great and familiar name in history.

It would be uninteresting to recite in detail here those movements in the Shenandoah Valley, which were only designed as a preface to the conflict preparing on the plains of Manassas. It is sufficient to say that in the movements which followed Gen. Johnston's strategic retreat from Harper's Ferry, and which were designed to foil Patterson's superiour force, and neutralize it, Jackson did marked service. On one occasion, with only a single regiment—the Fifth Virginia—a few companies of cavalry, and a light field piece, he encountered an entire brigade of the enemy advancing from Williamsport, held them in check for several hours at Falling Waters, fell back with consummate skill, and took the first lot of prisoners in the war. On his return to Winchester he again had evidence that his services were appreciated, and that his energy at Harper's Ferry, and his activity in the field, had been noticed at Richmond. The following note awaited him :

RICHMOND, 3d July, 1861.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have the pleasure of sending you a commission of Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army; and to feel that you merit it. May your advancement increase your usefulness to the State.

Very truly,

R. E. LEE.

On the 18th July, Gen. Johnston having eluded Patterson, was hastening his force to join that of Beauregard, now threatened with battle on the banks of Bull Run, near Manassas Junction. Jackson's brigade headed the march. The next day this body of troops had reached the Junction, and hungry, weary, and dusty, were marched to the pine coppices near one of the fords of Bull Run.

In the line of the great battle of the 21st, Jackson's brigade was put in reserve in a position calculated to support Bonham at Mitchell's Ford, or to extend aid to Cocke's forces below Stone Bridge, where rested the extreme Confederate left. The first development of the battle was a heavy flank movement of the enemy, who following a narrow road through the "Big Forest," had crossed Bull Run, so as to commence the assault in the rear of the Confederate left; the effect of which movement was ultimately to form a line of battle at right angles to the stream, the Confederates facing westward. In this general situation we may now understand the important part taken by Jackson's command. When Evans, who guarded the Stone Bridge with 800 infantry and two six-pound guns, advanced to check the column of the enemy descending from Sudley Ford, Jackson was ordered to move up to the bridge; but his quick and trained ear discovered from the volume of fire in the direction of Evans' march that here was the true point of danger, and he hastened towards it, sending forward a messenger to Gen. Bee, who had already reinforced Evans, to encourage him with the assurance of support. There were yet only five regiments and six guns breasting the Federal advance. As Jackson advanced he met the fragments of these regiments retiring sullenly from the field, Bee exerting himself to retire his shattered little command in something like order to the plateau near the Henry House. The bristling battalions of the enemy's infantry were hard upon him; defeat appeared certain unless time could be gained to form a new line of battle on the plateau; it was a scene of inexpressible anguish and despair; and as Bee, covered with dust and sweat, reined his foaming steed by Jackson's side, he exclaimed, "General, they are beating us back." The eye of Jackson glittered, and he replied curtly, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." It was then Bee exclaimed, as words of fresh rally to his troops, "There are Jackson and his Virginians standing like a *stone wall*." But the expression was hardly correct; Jackson did not stand long; he paused only until he was assured by Bee that the troops would be rallied in the rear; and then rapidly advancing, he carried his line of 2,600 bayonets near the summit of the next hill.

His orders were to charge the enemy with the bayonet as soon as he should appear over the crest, and within about fifty yards.

But the Federal advance had already wavered ; and it now appeared to be the enemy's design to use his artillery, and to break the advanced lines of the Confederate infantry by a tempest of missiles poured upon them and their batteries. Jackson's infantry stood the ordeal ; the men lying behind the batteries, while the plunging shot and shells of the enemy ploughed frequent gaps through their lines. Jackson knew that time was now the important thing, and that he was appointed to save the decisive hour, while Beauregard re-formed his line of battle and brought up his reserves. He kept his devoted line steady at every point ; he rode between the artillery and the prostrate regiments to encourage his men by his presence ; it was noticed that his eye blazed as he traversed the storm of death. Meanwhile the precious season was being diligently improved by Gens. Beauregard and Johnston in bringing up their reserves ; and a little past two o'clock in the afternoon the order was given for a general advance of the new line of battle that had been constructed while Jackson held the enemy at bay.

Jackson was now opposite the enemy's centre. As he ordered his men to advance on the long and glittering lines of the Federal infantry he shouted, " Give them the bayonet ; and when you charge, yell like furies ! " Delivering but one volley, they dashed upon the enemy, who never waited to cross bayonets, but broke in mad confusion as the line of levelled steel bore down upon them. Simultaneously, the whole Confederate line was advanced and the disputed plateau was won. But Jackson had performed the most important part, for he had cut the enemy's centre and thus separated his two wings. His fiery brigade, however, was too eager in pursuit of the fugitive foe ; it had advanced so far that both its flanks were turned by Federal forces, and it seemed at one time that it would be enveloped by the enemy. It was saved, however, by Jackson quickly reposting the artillery in rear ; the contested arena was firmly occupied, and on it Gen. Beauregard arranged the final charge upon the enemy, which easily put him in full retreat.

It will be readily seen how critical were Jackson's two parts in the battle of Manassas—first in checking the enemy's flank movement, and secondly in breaking his centre in the decisive charge of the day. To a friend in Richmond he proudly wrote : " You will find that when my report shall be published, that the First brigade was to our army what the Imperial Guard was to the First

Napoleon—that, through the blessing of God, it met the thus far victorious enemy and turned the fortunes of the day.” The report never saw the light, and was lost in the accidents of the war. That of the Commanding General has been frequently criticised as unreliable, and as slighting the claims of the Virginia troops on that day. Certainly it made but imperfect mention of Jackson; the newspaper accounts naturally followed the general tenour of the official narrative, and reflected its partialities; and so it happened that Jackson’s brilliant story at Manassas was for a long time unknown, and obtained many imperfect versions, and emerged slowly to the surface of history. While so many were vaunting their exploits in the newspapers, Jackson was comparatively ignored, no doubt to his own painful surprise, and much to the impatience of his friends, who were aware of his valuable services. To his wife he wrote: “You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded, and my brigade not mentioned. ‘Truth is powerful, and will prevail.’ You think that the papers ought to say more about me. My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents. I know that the First brigade was the first to meet and pass our retreating forces, to push on with no other aid than the smiles of God, to boldly take its position with the artillery that was under my command, to arrest the victorious foe in his onward progress, to hold him in check until reinforcements arrived, and finally to charge bayonets, and, thus advancing, pierce the enemy’s centre.”

Truth *has* prevailed, and has since testified, not only that Jackson more than any other brigade commander saved the day at Manassas, but that more than the Commanding General he understood the extent of the success; that he looked at the retreating army with eager and excited eyes; that he said: “Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night.” But the inspiration was not caught, and the fruits of Manassas were not more than the visible ones of the battle-field.

Some months after this famous battle, Jackson made another limited appearance before the public in command of an expedition towards the head waters of the Potomac, designed to protect the Valley of Virginia against Gen. Banks, and to clear the counties of Hardy, Hampshire, and Morgan, of the Federal troops which had so long harassed them. He was advanced to the rank of

Major-General, and assigned to take command at Winchester of various detached bodies of troops ordered to concentrate there, including the commands of Gens. Loring and Henry R. Jackson, which had hitherto operated in Western Virginia. Here too he regained his old brigade; and with an army of about ten thousand men, he moved in the early days of January, 1862, in the direction of Bath, thence to Romney, effectually reconquering from the enemy the country about these places, wrecking the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and making some important captures. But the results of the expedition were scarcely in proportion to its hardships; they were diminished by the recall of Loring from Romney by the War Department at Richmond, overriding Jackson's authority; most of the country reoccupied was again laid open to the enemy; the sum of success was slight, the hardship and distress of the expedition memorable, and the addition to Jackson's reputation scarcely perceptible.

CHAPTER XVI.

Description of the Shenandoah Valley.—Its importance as an avenue to Washington.—Gen. Jackson retreats from Winchester, and returns and fights the battle of Kernstown.—His first and last defeat.—Analysis of the enemy's "On-to-Richmond."—Four armies to converge on the Confederate capital.—Situation of Gen. Jackson.—Reinforced by Ewell's division.—His rapid movement to McDowell, and its designs.—He falls upon the enemy at Front Royal.—He chases Banks' army through Winchester and across the Potomac.—President Lincoln "sets a trap" for him.—Gen. McDowell's remonstrance.—Battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic.—Summary of the Valley campaign.

THE Valley of the Shenandoah, of which we have seen Jackson already appointed, in some respect, the guardian, and where he was to win the most of his fame, is that portion of Virginia lying between the Blue Ridge and North Mountains, and extending from the head waters of the Shenandoah near Staunton to the Potomac. It afforded a natural avenue into the territory of the North, and enabled the Confederate forces in Virginia to menace the flank of Washington during the entire period of the war. Two principal places of entrance from Maryland are Harper's Ferry and Williamsport. The Valley is tolerably open until Strasburg is reached, where, in the centre, begins a separate chain—the Massanutten range—which splits the valley for just fifty miles, where, near Harrisonburg, it abruptly ends. At the head of the western division stands Strasburg: at the head of the eastern, Front Royal. The country thus described contained the most beautiful and fruitful fields of Virginia. The scenery was exquisite and picturesque; there were animated pictures of splendid landscape to be obtained from the spurs of the Blue Ridge; tall trees skirted the streams, bounding well-garnished fields; mighty forests stretched up the sides of the mountains; and the summer blooms burdened the airs of a delicious climate with constant perfumes. It was not the picturesqueness of sterile peaks and frowning rocks. The land was quick with growing life; green-clad fields basked in the sunshine; gentle, round-bosomed hills nestled in the arms of the great moun-

tain; the forests opened with vistas of cultivation; and on the tossing plumes of the wheat-fields the light and shade of the day chased each other. The region was not inappropriately called the "Garden of Virginia."

Here was not only one of the most beautiful and romantic theatres of the war, but from a military point of view one of the most important districts of the Confederacy. While it held the proper gate to Washington, its possession by the enemy would turn upon the Confederates almost equal danger and involve the security of Richmond. A short march through the Blue Ridge, at Snicker's, Ashby's, or Manassas' Gaps, would enable the enemy to take Manassas Junction in flank and reverse, and assail the Confederate force there at an enormous advantage. We have already seen that to guard against this danger, Gen. Jackson had been sent to the lower part of the Valley. The key of the region was Winchester. This ancient town was less than thirty miles from the Potomac; and turnpike roads converged towards it from Romney, Martinsburg, Sheppardstown, Charlestown, and Berryville. Over these roads, the Federal forces, reported to be near Romney and Williamsport, could easily advance with their trains and artillery; and it was therefore important that they should be closely watched in a movement which might affect the whole military situation in Virginia.

When Gen. Johnston retreated from Centreville, and commenced his masterly movement to unite his army with that under Gen. Magruder on the Peninsula, for the defence of Richmond, it became critically important that Jackson—who was still at Winchester, and who constituted, as it were, the left of Johnston's army—should check or amuse the enemy in this direction. But Jackson's army had been diminished now to about 4,000 men. In front of him at Charlestown was Gen. Banks, with about 35,000 men; it being understood that the design of this commander was to occupy Winchester, and after defeating or crippling Jackson, to move the bulk of his forces rapidly to Manassas, and take part in McClellan's new combination against Richmond. On the 12th March, 1862, Banks occupied Winchester, and Shields' division was advanced as far up the Valley as Strasburg. Jackson continued to retreat until he arrived at the little town of Mount Jackson, nearly opposite Luray, and about forty-five miles from Win-

chester. Shields, having desisted from pursuit, returned to Winchester, and occupied it with three brigades; while the other forces of Banks commenced their march to Manassas, well assured that no serious trouble was to be apprehended from Jackson, and that they might now take their part against Johnston, who lingered on the banks of the Rappahannock.

At once apprehending the necessity of a rapid diversion, Jackson hurried forward by forced marches to Winchester. In the afternoon of the 23d March, he came up with the enemy's rear at the little village of Kernstown, about three miles from Winchester, on the road to Strasburg, and one of the most unequal and brilliant battles of the war ensued. For once Jackson had not a correct idea of the force he engaged; he had been informed that the enemy had only four regiments in Winchester, and he ultimately found himself engaging a force triple his numbers. But he struggled for the field desperately and furiously. According to his official report his infantry engaged was 2,742 men; and he estimated the force of the enemy present at 11,000, of whom "over 8,000," he declares, were probably engaged. But even against these odds it appeared at one time that he would win the field. The fury of the battle did not relent as the sun sunk beneath the horizon. Jackson watched the contest with an eager and animated eye, shouting, again and again: "One more volley, my brave boys!" as charge after charge of the enemy's infantry was repulsed, and it was evident that the vigour of their attack must soon be spent. But while Jackson, on his high sorrel charger, towered above the smoke, watching for the conclusion of the day, he suddenly noticed his old brigade retiring, under the command of Gen. Garnett. He galloped towards them, stern and menacing. "Beat the rally," he shouted, seizing a fugitive drummer, and holding him by the shoulder in a storm of balls. But it was too late; the enemy had penetrated the opening, the day was lost; and Jackson, without giving any order to retreat, moved sullenly among his troops, who had done everything that human courage and endurance could accomplish, and even at the last fell back without panic and surrendered a field covered with nearly one-fifth of their numbers killed and wounded.

Kernstown was not a Confederate victory. It was Jackson's first and last defeat. It had been fought on imperfect information,

and was yet not a blunder; for, no matter what was the enemy's superiority of force, it was an essential part of Jackson's calculation and design, to attack, with the view of taking the attention of Banks, and disconcerting the enemy's programme on the other side of the Blue Ridge. In this sense the battle of Kernstown was a success, accomplished the most important part of Jackson's design, and even exceeded his expectations. Banks, at once alarmed, hastened back to Winchester, and ordered the troops on the march to Manassas to retrace their steps. It was at once believed at Washington that the Confederates were still in considerable force in the Shenandoah Valley. It was decided to detain Gen. Banks there with an augmented command; and the consequence was, that the plans of McClellan had to be subjected to fresh changes and more delays.

When at last a definite programme did emerge from the confusion and conflict of views at Washington, it was formidable enough to Richmond, and, on paper, was readily decisive of the fate of that city. Upon the Confederate capital four armies were to converge: that of Fremont from the northwest, that of Banks from the Valley, that of McDowell from Fredericksburg, and that of McClellan from the Peninsula, between the James and York. Towards the middle of April, the three first-mentioned armies occupied respectively the following positions: Gen. Fremont was at Franklin, a small town in the mountains of Western Virginia, near the source of the south branch of the Potomac, with a force of at least three divisions, including that of Blenker, which had been withdrawn from the Army of the Potomac; Gen. Banks, having advanced along the north fork of the Shenandoah River, had placed his headquarters at Newmarket, beyond the terminus of the rail which intersects the Shenandoah Valley; while Gen. McDowell, with about 30,000 men, occupied Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. The line of operations against Richmond thus extended from the shores of the James to the base of the Blue Ridge; for it was designed that the forces in the Valley, driving Jackson out, should cut the Confederate communication, sweep down upon the capital from the mountains, while McDowell was to advance from Fredericksburg and extend his left wing until it formed a junction with McClellan's right, on the lines about Richmond.

Where was Jackson in this fearful situation? After the battle of Kernstown, he had retreated up the Valley by way of Harrisonburg, and turning to the Blue Ridge, took up a position between the south fork of the Shenandoah and Swift Run Gap. Here he was retained by Johnston, after the main body of the Confederate army had been drawn in towards Richmond. On the 30th April, he was joined by Ewell's division from Gordonsville, and with the combined force was now prepared to take the desperate field, hoping to strike in detail the divided forces of the enemy.

His first care was to evade Gen. Banks. That dull commander had already advanced a considerable distance up the Shenandoah Valley, felicitating himself with the idea that he was driving Jackson before him, and delighting the authorities at Washington with the report that the Confederates were about to relinquish the Valley; while Milroy, commanding the advanced guard of Fremont's army, had reached Buffalo Gap in the chain of mountains on the western side of the Valley, *en route* for the proposed junction that was to threaten Richmond from the west. Jackson was indeed between two armies—that of Fremont and Banks; but seizing the opportunity to strike in detail, he left Ewell on Banks' front, hurried forward to the support of Gen. Edward Johnson, who was endeavouring to hinder Fremont's advance, struck the enemy at McDowell, driving back the brigades of Milroy and Schenck to Franklin, and then swiftly brought his forces over the mountains to the attack of Banks, who having taken some alarm, had fallen back to Strasburg.

Instead of marching direct on Strasburg, Jackson diverged on a line to the eastward by way of Luray Valley, and moved on Front Royal, with the view of cutting off Banks' retreat from Strasburg, interposing between him and reinforcements, and compelling his surrender. On the 23d May, he entered Front Royal, capturing the garrison of seven hundred men there, under Col. Kenly; and thence he moved to Middletown by a road to the right of the main Valley road, hoping there to cut off Banks.* Here,

* There was published in a Northern newspaper the following account of the surprise of Banks at Jackson's sudden apparition at Front Royal, in which a private soldier claims to have first alarmed the commander in time to save the bulk of his army:—"Our company and company B [Fifth New York Cavalry] were ordered to Front Royal, in the mountains, twelve miles from Strasburg, last Friday, and when we got within two miles of our destination we heard cannonading. The Major or-

however, he pierced the enemy's column of retreat, drove a part of his rear towards Strasburg, and then pressed on in hot pursuit to Winchester. The enemy continued his frantic retreat through the streets of the city. As his fugitive masses made their exit on the north side of the town, the Confederates entered it. All the streets were in commotion; cavalry were rushing in disorder, and infantry, frightened by the rapidity of their mounted companions, were in consternation. Guns, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, and bayonet-cases, lay scattered upon the ground in great profusion, thrown away by the panic-stricken soldiers.

On the heights north of the town, Banks made a momentary stand, but was soon in full retreat again. In the night of 25th May he reached the Potomac, having accomplished a march of fifty-three miles in forty-eight hours. He had made an extraordinary race, and one of the most ludicrous flights of the war. His army was in miserable plight, but excessively thankful. No sooner had his panic-stricken troops taken breath than he wrote to Washington: "There never were more grateful hearts in the same number of men, than

dered the baggage to stop, and our two companies dashed on, and found several companies of our infantry and two pieces of artillery engaged with several thousand of the enemy. Just as we arrived on the field, Col. Parem, who had command of our forces, rode up to me and ordered me to take one man and the two fastest horses in our company, and ride for dear life to Gen. Banks' headquarters in Strasburg, for reinforcements. The direct road to Strasburg was occupied by the enemy, so I was obliged to ride round by another, seventeen miles. I rode the seventeen miles in fifty-five minutes. Gen. Banks didn't seem to think it very serious, but ordered one regiment of infantry and two pieces of artillery off. I asked Gen. Banks for a fresh horse to rejoin my company, and he gave me the best horse that I ever rode, and I started back. I came out on the Front Royal turnpike, about two miles this side of where I left our men. Saw two men standing in the road, and their horses standing by the fence. I supposed they were our pickets. They didn't halt me, so I asked them if they were pickets? They said no. Says I: 'Who are you?' 'We are part of Gen. Jackson's staff.' I supposed that they were only joking. I laughed, and asked them where Jackson was. They said he was in the advance. I left them and rode to Front Royal, till I overtook a soldier, and asked him what regiment he belonged to. He said he belonged to the Eighth Louisiana. I asked how large a force they had, and the reply was 'twenty thousand.' I turned back and drew my revolver, expecting either a desperate fight or a Southern jail; but the officers in the road didn't stop me, and I was lucky enough not to meet any of their pickets. But if it was not a narrow escape, then I don't know what is. When I got out of the enemy's lines I rode as fast as the horse could carry me to Gen. Banks, and reported what I had seen and heard. He said I had saved the army. In less than an hour the whole army was in motion towards Winchester."

when at mid-day on the 26th we stood on the opposite shore of the Potomac."

Jackson had shown nerve, energy, rapidity of movement, and had accomplished a success far beyond the limit of his captures. His apparition in Winchester was the occasion of unbounded consternation at Washington. The news of Banks' defeat fell like a thunderbolt on the Federal war council; the most exaggerated rumours of the numbers and designs of Jackson were circulated through the North; Washington was declared to be in danger; the "secessionists" of Baltimore appeared about to rise; and sharing the general alarm, President Lincoln at once countermanded the order for McDowell's advance from Fredericksburg, to unite with McClellan, and directed him to put twenty thousand men in motion for the Valley, and "set a trap" for the man who knew every gap and gorge of the country.

Gen. McDowell, who was not without sagacity, addressed to the authorities at Washington a strong letter of remonstrance on the policy of transferring so large a portion of his force from Fredericksburg to the Shenandoah. His out-pickets had already effected a junction with those of Gen. McClellan; and he fully appreciated the importance of a conjoined movement upon Richmond. But Jackson had already created the panic that was to break up the designs against the Confederate capital, and destroy a critical part of the combination; and the only answer that McDowell received to his remonstrance, was a repeated order to march to the Shenandoah. Shields' division was accordingly sent towards Strasburg, where it was expected a converging movement of Fremont might entrap Jackson, who was now on his retreat from Winchester.

On the 1st June Fremont entered Strasburg, a few hours before the main body of Shields' division. But again had Gen. Jackson escaped his pursuers; he had passed through the town unmolested, in a night of rain, thunder, and lightning. His long train conveyed the plunder and spoils of Banks' army, and about 2,000 prisoners; his rear was protected by Ashby's cavalry, and he marched rapidly onward. Fremont now engaged in the pursuit by moving up the valley of the north fork of the Shenandoah River, while Shields marched in an almost parallel line up its southern branch, and was preparing to cut off the retreat through the passes of the Blue Ridge

Mountains. Jackson's position was most perilous. The only point to cross the branches of the Shenandoah, was a bridge at Port Republic; Shields might prevent his crossing, or effect a junction with Fremont; and both these results were to be prevented. Jackson rapidly threw forward his own division to cover the bridge, and left Ewell's division five miles back on the road, to take care of Fremont. It was a desperate venture, for Ewell fought with his back to a river, and against superiour numbers. But Jackson had not miscalculated the man whom he trusted of all others. Ewell repulsed Fremont; and by the bold battle of Cross Keys, Jackson was able to effect the object he had in view of falling with his whole force on Shields. In the night of the 8th June, he brought the greater portion of Ewell's division across the North River by the bridge at Port Republic, leaving only a small force on the left bank to deceive Fremont, and to burn the bridge. The plan was successful, and Fremont arrived at the bank of the river only in time to see the bridge in flames, and to hear the guns which were playing on his colleague.

Shields had obtained a very strong position. His left rested on wooded hills, and on a small knoll near the woods was posted the greater portion of his artillery. The Confederate batteries were no match for those of the enemy. Jackson found his lines of infantry soon disordered and broken. At one time the enemy gained ground, and it was only by a determined attack of Ewell with some Virginia regiments on the flank of the enemy's advancing line, that the battle was restored. Jackson's unerring eye now saw at once the key of the whole position. He instantly determined that unless the enemy's artillery, so advantageously posted, was captured or silenced, it would continue to sweep the entire ground in front, and render an attack upon the Federal centre or right wing impossible. He sat on his horse, looking at the guns belching forth their showers of iron hail, and turning to Gen. Taylor, commanding the Louisiana brigade, said briefly, "Can you take that battery? It must be taken." The Louisianians responded with a shout, advanced through an incessant storm of grape, canister and shell, gained the crest, and by a sudden charge captured the greater portion of the artillery. The enemy's line was broken, some regiments retreated in fair order, others were completely routed, and in detached bodies took to the hills and

sought refuge among the woods. The Confederate cavalry pursued, and the defeat was complete.

Jackson had won the most doubtful day of his campaign, and was safe. He had obtained a crowning victory in the last conjuncture of danger; he had turned upon his pursuers, and defeated them right and left; and when Fremont, who had helplessly watched the battle across the river, commenced his languid retreat down the Valley, Jackson withdrew leisurely to the gaps of the Blue Ridge, whence he had easy access to the most practicable routes and direct line of rail to Richmond.

A summary of Gen. Jackson's campaign in the Valley is undoubtedly the most brilliant page in the history of the war. We have seen how he checked the advance of Milroy from the west; how he then advanced upon Banks, and drove him precipitately across the Potomac; how he outmarched the columns of Fremont and Shields which pursued him, brought off all his captured stores and prisoners, and finally, by a strategy as successful as it was daring, turned upon two important forces of the enemy, defeated them in detail, and concluded the campaign in a blaze of victory. With a little army of 15,000 men, at one time a hundred miles from its base, and with about 40,000 enemies on his front and flanks, he had accomplished a chapter of wonders, and conducted a campaign of unbroken brilliancy. He had defeated four separate armies; he had overcome his old adversary Banks, in a way to cover him with ridicule, delighting the South with the caricature of a commander who was especially odious to them;* he had captured a total of 3,500 prisoners; he had marched four hundred miles within forty days, in constant combats and skirmishes; and defeating at last two armies, whose aggregate was double his own, he was left master of the situation, with his victorious hands full of trophies. Finally, and above all, he had succeeded in neutralizing a force of at least 60,000 men designed to operate against Richmond, and to this extent had contributed to the safety of the capital of the Confederacy.

* The Charleston *Mercury* printed the following epigram:

“Whilst Butler plays his silly pranks,
And closes up New-Orleans banks,
Our Stonewall Jackson, with more cunning,
Keeps Yankee Banks forever running.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Gen. Jackson's share in the "seven days' battles" around Richmond.—Shifting of the scenes of war from the James River to the Rappahannock.—Battle of Cedar Run.—Gen. Jackson moves a column between the enemy's rear and Washington.—Scenes of the march.—Battle of Groveton.—The two days' conflict on Manassas Plains.—Gen. Jackson strikes the enemy at Ox Hill.—Results of the campaign so far.—Extraordinary achievement of Jackson's command.—He moves against, and captures Harper's Ferry.—His part in the battle of Sharpsburg.

GENERAL JACKSON was yet to do more for the safety of Richmond, and to crown what he had done in strategy by a direct attack on the lines of the Chickahominy. Gen. Lee had taken pains to mask his withdrawal from the Valley by sending him the divisions of Whiting and Lawton, as if to reinforce him to prosecute the campaign to Winchester, where Fremont had withdrawn; but his orders in fact were to move towards Richmond, and fall upon McClellan's right, while Lee's other divisions moved directly upon Mechanicsville. On the 25th June, Jackson reached the vicinity of Ashland, about twelve miles from Richmond. At sunrise next morning his forces were in motion, advancing abreast of the enemy's right flank at Mechanicsville; and as he crossed the Tottopotomy Creek, his cannon announced to A. P. Hill, who awaited the signal at Mechanicsville, that the time for action had arrived.

At night Jackson bivouacked within sound of the furious cannonade, with which Hill and Longstreet sought to dislodge the enemy at Beaver Dam, turned the position in the morning, and now joined by D. H. Hill, took up his line of march to a point a few miles north of Cold Harbour. Passing Cold Harbour, he perceived the enemy a little to the southward, drawn up in battle array; Hill and Longstreet were already engaged; and Jackson, hoping that if the enemy retreated, he would expose his flank to him, halted his troops in a margin of woods. It soon became apparent, however, that the Confederates were hard pressed, and that upon Jackson's three divisions might depend the fortune of

desperate attack. Gen. Lee, ascertaining the approach of Jackson, hastened to give him the necessary orders. Exchanging a hurried greeting, the Commanding General paused a moment, and listened anxiously to the roar of artillery in the woods. "The fire is *very* heavy," he said: "do you think your men can stand it?" "Sir," said Jackson, "they can stand almost anything;" and then turning his head to one side to listen, "they can stand *that*." In a moment his columns were in motion, advancing with tumultuous cheers, which were caught up and ran along the shattered lines of Hill, proclaiming the long-expected relief. Whiting's division was hurried forward to assist Longstreet in his assault upon the Federal left, and formed on the left of his line, joining the right of Gen. A. P. Hill. On the left of Hill, and opposite the enemy's centre, was a part of Jackson's old division, the remainder being sent to the right; on the left of that, Ewell's; and on the extreme left, D. H. Hill's division.

The latter first came in contact with the enemy's line, rushing through the swamp, underwood, and felled trees. It was unable to rout the enemy, but obtained some ground and stubbornly held it. Ewell moved next, and engaged the enemy in the forest. Meanwhile Whiting attacked the enemy's left, having the most difficult part of the field, and achieved the critical triumph. He emerged into the field at the head of a deep ravine, which covered the Federal left; he advanced through a number of retreating and disordered regiments; for a quarter of a mile the enemy, protected by breastworks, poured into the advancing line a destructive and terrible fire; but yet the devoted column, led by "Hood's brave Texans," pressed on with unfaltering step. In this splendid charge upwards of a thousand men fell killed and wounded. Its way was strewn with carnage. Leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, through showers of cannon and musketry, amid smoke and smell of blood, these heroic troops pierced the Federal stronghold, took fourteen pieces of artillery, and placed the battle-flag of the Confederates on the first, then on the second tier of the enemy's defences. "It was," wrote Jackson—who seldom used an animated phrase in an official report—"a rapid and almost matchless display of desperate and daring valour." "The shouts of triumph which rose from our brave men, as they, unaided by artillery, had stormed this citadel of the enemy's strength, were

promptly carried from line to line; and the triumphant issue of this assault, with the well-directed fire of the batteries, and successful charges of Hill and Winder upon the enemy's right, determined the fortunes of the day. The Federals, routed at every point, and aided by the darkness of the night, escaped across the Chickahominy."

Beyond this glorious part in the decisive field called Gaines' Mills, Jackson had but little share in the "seven days' battles." He was obstructed in White Oak Swamp, in pursuit of the enemy, important bridges having been destroyed; and at Malvern Hill, D. H. Hill's division, which was temporarily with Jackson, began the action prematurely, and was compelled to fall back before Ewell's troops could reinforce him.

The campaign of the Peninsula ended here. In a few weeks it was perceived that the scene of action was rapidly changing from the James to the Rappahannock. It became necessary to maintain the Confederate position at Gordonsville, and to guard that point, Jackson was detached in the latter part of July, with a force consisting of his "old division," Ewell's, and afterwards that of A. P. Hill. Ascertaining to his satisfaction that Pope, who commanded the Federal forces in Northern Virginia, was waiting at Culpeper Court-House to be reinforced by Burnside, he resolved to attack before that event should occur. On the 8th August he crossed the Rapidan, and took up a position in the wooded and hilly country in the vicinity of the main road from Gordonsville to Culpeper. His force consisted of about 15,000 men, and on his front was the corps of his old Valley acquaintance, Banks, with a division of McDowell. This force had been thrown forward by Pope, to take a strong position near Cedar or Slaughter's Mountain, the wooded slopes of which Jackson had already occupied. In the afternoon of the 9th August, Banks advanced his divisions, and the battle of Cedar Run was fought. The result was that the Federal line was driven back about a mile, and Pope himself acknowledged a loss of 1,800 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and stated that fully 1,000 more straggled back to Culpeper Court-House and beyond, and never entirely returned to their commands.

In the battle of Cedar Run, Jackson had only intended to check the enemy's advanced divisions, and to save Gordonsville; and he now proposed to defer operations until the arrival of the main army

from Richmond, set free by the withdrawal of McClellan from Harrison's Landing. He did not have long to wait. Gen. Lee was soon up with him, made various demonstrations at the fords of the Rapidan to attract Pope's attention, and while thus amusing the enemy, designed an attack on his left flank and rear, so as to cut off his retreat to the Rappahannock by the line of the railroad. With this end in view, Longstreet moved by way of Raccoon Ford, and Jackson by way of Somerville Ford, on the Rapidan.

Pope declined the battle with Lee's forces massed on his flank, and fell back promptly to the north bank of the Rappahannock. It was now determined by the Confederate commander to send a column against the enemy's rear, to get between him and Washington, cut his communications, and in conjunction with the rest of the army which would follow, engage his whole force, and capture or destroy it before it could retreat to the Potomac. This desperate movement was intrusted to Jackson. On the 25th, he left the main army, and proceeded rapidly towards the head waters of the Rappahannock. It was a sore and painful march, up the steep, along and across the valleys skirting the Blue Ridge Mountains; the artillery was dragged with difficulty up the narrow and rock-ribbed roads; many of the men were barefooted, many faint from want of food. But Jackson was on his favourite adventure—a flank movement—and inspiring his men, pushed forward to Thoroughfare Gap, hoping to reach it before the enemy could be made aware of his intention. Passing Salem through "crowds all welcoming, cheering, staring with blank amazement," he pressed on through the plains to the well-known mountain gorge. It was undefended. He passed rapidly between the frowning ramparts with his little army, hungry, exhausted, but resolute as ever. The open country was now before him, and he descended, like a hawk, upon Manassas.

Here a small force of the enemy was routed, and a rich spoil obtained. Eight pieces of artillery, ten locomotives, and two trains of enormous size, loaded with many millions' worth of stores, fell into Jackson's hands. The rich and varied contents of the sutlers' stores were turned over to the men, who had been living mostly on roasted corn since they had crossed the Rappahannock. "To see," said an eye-witness, "a starving man eating lobster-salad, and drinking Rhine wine, barefooted and in tatters, was curious ;

the whole thing was incredible." But they did not tarry long at their strange feast. Destroying what he could not appropriate, Jackson, at nightfall of the 27th August, turned his back on the burning houses of Manassas; for Pope was now moving to attack him, and the head of the Federal column had already come in collision with Ewell.

With his command reduced by the hardships of the march to scarcely more than twenty thousand jaded men, far from his supports, with Pope's whole force faced upon him and threatening annihilation, it was now the difficult task of Jackson to ward off the threatened blow, and yet hold the enemy in check until Lee and Longstreet arrived. These latter forces, marching the same route which Jackson had pursued, had to follow the arc of a circle, over the chord of which Pope moved; and the Federal commander had already announced, in the slang of the braggart, that he would "bag" Jackson. But arrived at Manassas Junction, the enemy found that Jackson had given him the slip, and moving across to the Warrenton turnpike, had gained the high timber-land north and west of Groveton, and taken a position to form a junction with Longstreet as soon as he arrived. As one of the Federal columns advanced parallel with the Warrenton turnpike, it unwittingly presented a flank to Jackson. The temptation to assail it was irresistible. Jackson said briefly, "Ewell, advance!" and, bringing up his old division, furiously attacked the enemy. It was a fierce and sanguinary conflict; the enemy did not give way, but at night his forces—those of McDowell—were withdrawn to Manassas, and Jackson held precisely the position to put himself in the way of a junction with the main body of Lee's army, and which it should have been Pope's supreme object to have anticipated.

The next morning, 29th August, Jackson, now confident of his ability to hold his ground until reinforcements arrived, presented a dauntless front, ready to accept battle at any moment. A cloud of dust in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap told the tale of succour and good hope; and Longstreet's divisions were soon formed across the Warrenton road, his left resting upon a range not far from Jackson's right. The enemy appeared to adhere to his design of overwhelming Jackson before succour reached him; and as Longstreet was coming into position, a heavy column attacked

Jackson's left with great fury. Six separate and distinct assaults were met and repulsed. For hours the conflict continued obstinate and determined; until a demonstration made on the enemy's left by the brigades of Hood and Evans relieved Jackson from the heavy pressure of the enemy's columns, gained some ground, but left the day undecided.

In the greater battle of the next day, Jackson appeared destined again to bear the brunt of the enemy's attack. Most of the day was consumed by the enemy in manœuvring; but about four o'clock, a dense column of infantry, massed in a strip of woods near Groveton, advanced against the Confederate centre, where Jackson's right and Longstreet's left joined, and where eight batteries had been concentrated. As the fire of these was directed upon the enemy's triple lines of infantry, it seemed to rake and tear them to pieces. They were swept away like leaves in the wind. But again the obstinate masses came charging as before; again the iron storm crashed through the ranks; and again they broke and retired. A third force, heavier than before, now advanced with mad impetuosity, and, in the midst of the rapid fire of the batteries, threw themselves upon Jackson, and engaged him in a last and terrible struggle for the field.

The desperate onset was sustained by Jackson. As he struggled, Col. Lee moved the batteries referred to a little to the left, and at four hundred yards from the Federal lines poured into them a fire that ploughed broad gaps through them. Through the rifts of smoke could be seen soldiers falling and flying; and then piercing yells told that Jackson was advancing with his terrible weapon, the bayonet. Just at this moment Longstreet seized the opportunity presented to him, and attacked the exposed left flank of the enemy. The whole Confederate line was now advancing; it was charge! charge! through the woods, over the hills, over the dead and dying. Jackson's troops came on like "demons emerged from the earth." The whole field was swept with the bayonet; the grand advance never paused; and the Federal army, breaking and disappearing in the rapidly gathering darkness, now thought of nothing but its safety beyond the sheltering heights of Centreville.

The next day Jackson's corps was again in motion: it had not yet completed its work. At Centreville, Pope united with the corps of Franklin and Sumner, and Jackson was at once sent on

a détour to his right to intercept, if possible, his retreat to Washington. Pope, meantime, fell back to positions covering Fairfax Court-House and Germantown; and on the evening of the 1st September, Jackson struck his right, posted at Ox Hill, near Germantown. On the Confederate side the action was fought with Hill's and Ewell's divisions, in the midst of a cold and drenching rain. The conflict was maintained until dark, when the enemy retreated, having lost two general officers—Reno and Kearney—and the next day had drawn back within the lines of Washington.

This engagement closed the campaign against Pope. It will be observed that throughout it Jackson was given the most prominent place. The campaign was commenced by him alone; he had won a victory at Cedar Run; he had, by a swift and silent march, reached Thoroughfare Gap before the enemy suspected his advance; passed through the narrow gorge without resistance; repulsed the advances of Pope at Bristoe Station; captured and destroyed the large stores at Manassas; cut to pieces the force sent to relieve the garrison; retired with deliberation to the old battle-field of Manassas; repulsed the attack of the Federal army; held his position until Longstreet arrived; and then falling upon the enemy, had borne the brunt of the encounter during battles of incredible fury, joined in the final and decisive charge, and pursued him to the foreground of Washington. The total loss of the Confederate army in this series of battles was about 7,500, of whom 1,100 were killed upon the field. Of this loss, nearly 5,000 fell upon the corps of Jackson; out of which number 805 officers and men were killed. The prisoners lost by him, in the whole of the long struggle, amounted to only thirty-five.

But the wonderful campaign of the Confederates was not to end on the historic plains of Manassas, so deeply crimsoned with Southern blood; and while Pope retreated towards Alexandria, Lee had determined on the invasion of Maryland, and was making for the fords of the Potomac. Between the 4th and 7th September, the whole Confederate army crossed the Potomac, and encamped in the vicinity of Frederick. It was ascertained that at Harper's Ferry a force of about 12,000 of the enemy remained directly in Lee's rear; and it became necessary to dislodge that force before concentrating the Confederate army west of the mountains. To this duty Jackson, with his own three divisions, the two divisions

of McLaws, and the division of Walker, was assigned. The advance was begun on the 10th. In the morning of the 14th, the investment of Harper's Ferry was complete; McLaws having occupied Maryland Heights, and Jackson and Walker investing the town by the rear, the latter occupying Loudoun Heights. During the day, the heights were crowned with artillery; and at dawn of the 15th Jackson opened his artillery. In two hours a white flag was raised in token of surrender. Jackson received the capitulation of 12,000 men, and came into possession of seventy-three pieces of artillery, 13,000 small-arms, and a large quantity of military stores.* He tarried but a little while with his prize; and leaving A. P. Hill at Harper's Ferry, he headed towards Maryland to unite with Lee, and by a severe night-march reached Sharpsburg in the morning of the 16th September.

In the battle of Sharpsburg, Jackson held the Confederate left. He had with him only Ewell's and his own division, the greater portion of his command being yet *en route* from Harper's Ferry. Against his thin line the heaviest fire of the enemy's artillery was directed in the early part of the day; and with such effect that Jackson himself gave the order to retire. Hood's two brigades were moved to his support; and of what ensued a Northern correspondent writes: "The rebels, greatly reinforced, made a sudden

* A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who had an opportunity of seeing Jackson during the brief hours he was at Harper's Ferry, thus records his impressions of the famous Confederate:

"While the officers were dashing down the road, and the half-naked privates begging at every door, Gen. Jackson was sunning himself, and talking with a group of soldiers at the pump across the street—a plain man, in plain clothes, with an iron face and iron-gray hair. Only by his bearing could he be distinguished from his men. He stood as if the commonest of all, marked only by the mysterious insignia of individual presence by which we know, intuitively, the genius from the clown. No golden token of rank gleamed on his rusty clothes; of the shining symbols of which, alas, too many of our officers are so ridiculously fond that they seem unconscious how disgraceful is this glitter of vanity! They were nowhere visible on old Stonewall's person. When Gen. Jackson had drunk at the pump, and talked at his leisure, he mounted his flame-colored horse and rode down the street at the jog of a comfortable farmer carrying a bag of meal.

"As he passed, I could but wonder how many times he had prayed on Saturday night before commencing his *hellish* Sabbath work. His old servant says that 'When massa prays four times in de night, he knows the devil 'll be to pay de next day. And I am very sure that there were a large number of devils at work above Harper's Ferry on Sunday, September 14, 1862.'"

and impetuous onset, and drove our gallant fellows back over a portion of the hard-won field. What we had won, however, was not relinquished without a desperate struggle, and here, up the hills and down, through the woods and the standing corn, over the ploughed land and the clover, the line of fire swept to and fro as one side or the other gained a temporary advantage." As the day advanced the troops of McLaws and Walker reached the field, and Jackson was enabled to defeat the persistent attempt of the enemy to turn his left. The design of the Federal commander was to force Lee back upon the river, and to cut him to pieces before he could cross. His main assault was against the Confederate left, and his failure there destroyed his best expectations of the day. Jackson held his ground firmly; on other parts of the field the battle spent itself in indecisive results; and the day closed with the two armies holding the same positions which they occupied when it began, save that in the centre the Confederate line was retracted about two hundred yards.

Sharpsburg, although not a Federal victory, purchased a respite in the storms of war. Gen. Lee having determined to recruit his army, withdrew to the soil of Virginia; and Jackson's corps passed the beautiful autumn months in the bosom of the most charming regions of the lower Valley of the Shenandoah. It was not until these precious months of rest had glided past, and the blasts of winter carried away the gorgeous foliage and the brilliant sunshine, that the Federal authorities were prepared for another advance into Virginia, and the veteran corps of Jackson summoned to other bloody scenes of conflict.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of Fredericksburg.—Gen. Jackson conceives the desperate enterprise of driving the enemy into the river.—But he recalls the attack.—Battle of Chancellorsville.—A night council under the pines.—The flank-march.—How Gen. Hooker was deceived.—Gen. Jackson's last dispatch.—Fury of his attack in the Wilderness.—He is shot from his horse by his own men.—Particulars of his wound and sufferings.—His dying moments.—Funeral ceremonies in Richmond.

WHEN the Federal host, now put under the command of the feeble but gallant Burnside, essayed its fourth "On-to-Richmond," it was determined to try the line of the Rappahannock; and in the battle of Fredericksburg, fought the 13th December, Jackson's command had an active share. In the Confederate line of battle Jackson held the right, occupying about half of the range of hills, which swept around to Hamilton's Crossing on the railroad, inclosing a broken plain stretching back from the margin of the Rappahannock. In the early hours of the day the sun struggled with a thick haze; but as the morning mist lifted there was suddenly revealed one of the most animated scenes of the war, in which the Confederates, looking down as from an amphitheatre, saw before them a plain alive with the multitudes of a great army, and the gleaming bayonets of columns advancing to the attack. On the crest of hills the lines of the Confederate army stretched away, and on a commanding eminence, a little southeast of Marye's Heights, Gen. Lee obtained a view of the entire field. Occasionally Jackson rode up to this point of observation, where Lee calmly conversed with his lieutenants, and arranged the final order of battle. Once Gen. Longstreet exclaimed to Jackson: "Are you not scared by that multitude of Yankees you have before you down there?" To which the latter replied: "Wait till they come a little nearer, and they shall either scare me or I'll scare them."

The sun had no sooner let in light enough to disclose the proximity of the lines than the battle commenced with a fierce attack upon A. P. Hill, who held Jackson's front. The divisions of

Early and Taliaferro composed Jackson's second line, while D. H. Hill's division was held in reserve. Jackson estimated the enemy in his front at 55,000 men—the wing of Franklin, supported by a portion of Hooker's division. The first serious incident of the battle was the irruption of this heavy mass through Hill's line. But it was only a temporary triumph; Jackson's second line was ordered forward, checked the enemy's advance, and drove him with great slaughter from the woods to the railroad, only ceasing the pursuit far within the range of the enemy's artillery.

The enemy appears to have been satisfied with this trial of Jackson, and during the remainder of the day did not renew the attack upon him, limiting their demonstration to a spiteful cannonade on his lines. The chief interest of the field transpired upon the left, where the day was decisively won. In the afternoon, Jackson learning the brilliant fortune on other parts of the field, dispatched an order that "he was going to advance and attack the enemy precisely at sunset, and Gen. Stuart was desired to advance his artillery and fire as rapidly as possible, taking care not to injure the troops as they attacked." He had conceived the desperate enterprise of driving the enemy into the river. With his watch in his hand, he counted the minutes until the sun touched the horizon, while he considered the terrible risks of the enterprise, the double embankments of the river road before him, and the immense artillery which crowned the Stafford hills on the other side of the river. Just as he moved forward, and his first line sprung to the deadly work before it, the enemy opened all his artillery; it covered Jackson's whole front; with a quick perception and perfect self-command he saw the risk and cost of the endeavour, and in a moment relinquished it. It was enough that the day was won.

Of what followed the brilliant but imperfect victory of Fredricksburg, Gen. Jackson writes in his official report: "On the 15th the enemy still remained in our front, and, in the evening of that day, sent in a flag of truce requesting a cessation of hostilities between his left and our right wing, for the purpose of removing his wounded from the field, which, under previous instructions from the Commanding General, was granted. Our troops patiently remained in position on that, as they had done the previous day, eagerly awaiting another attack from the enemy; and such was the

desire to occupy the front line, when such an attack should be made, that the division of Maj.-Gen. D. H. Hill sent in a written request to be permitted to remain in the front line until next day. But our brave troops were disappointed in the expectation of another attack. For whilst they patiently waited during the night of the 15th, in the hope of another encounter on the following day, and of visiting upon the invaders of their sacred homes and firesides a just retribution for the outrages of this most unprovoked and unchristian war, the enemy hurriedly and silently, during that night, made good his retreat by recrossing the river."

The campaign of 1863 opens with the battle of Chancellorsville. In April of that year the two armies confronted each other on the banks of the Rappahannock from a point above its confluence with the Rapidan as far down as Port Royal. The bulk of the Confederate forces remained, however, near Fredericksburg. Lee had been weakened by detachments; he had not more than 45,000 men; and when Hooker, the new Federal commander, with twice his numbers, crossed the Rappahannock with the design of enveloping him, and left fronting Fredericksburg Sedgwick, with a force nearly matching Lee's whole army in numbers, the situation was never more desperate for the Confederates. In the last days of April, Hooker had got the greater portion of his army across the Rappahannock, and was moving towards Chancellorsville, about four miles south of the point of the confluence of the Rapidan. The divisions of Anderson and McLaws were marched westward to arrest the progress of Hooker, while Jackson remained in the lines occupied by him in the battle of Fredericksburg, watching the proceedings of Sedgwick before him. On the 29th April, Lee, determining to meet Sedgwick by a feint, left Early's division only to confront him, while Jackson stole rapidly away to reinforce Anderson and McLaws, and to take the aggressive against Hooker. In the mists of the morning and under cover of the forest, Jackson passed securely out of view, defying the espionage of the enemy's balloons, and before noon was with Gen. Lee on Hooker's front, busy in disclosing his real strength and position.

The enemy had here 90,000 troops intrenched at their leisure; his front was well-nigh impregnable; and the design of assailing him from the east or the south was speedily abandoned.

Gen. Jackson eagerly proposed to throw his command entirely into Hooker's rear, availing himself of the absence of the Federal cavalry, and to assail him from the west, and in concert with Anderson and McLaws. It was a characteristic, brilliant, hazardous adventure; it involved a second detachment from Lee's sadly diminished army—Early remaining at Fredericksburg with about seven thousand men; it left only Anderson and McLaws to "contain" Hooker; and yet it was the best thing to be done under all the circumstances.

The plan of action was decided in a council held at night in a cluster of pine trees, and at the foot of one of these Jackson slept, after discussing the grand adventure of the morrow. The thought of its peril might have kept an ordinary commander awake. He had undertaken to move, without being discovered, along the entire front of the enemy, and in close proximity to his lines; to make his way by unfrequented roads, and through dense thickets to his flank and rear; to attack the large force in the intrenchments above Chancellorsville, and to take the chances of a repulse, where, with 22,000 men, and without the possibility of assistance from Gen. Lee, he would have been at the enemy's mercy. Everything was put upon the issue of this movement; but having once calculated it, Jackson was perfectly self-possessed, and a more than usual confidence is said to have shone in his features.

In the morning of the 2d May, Jackson was in the saddle. He had learned the absence of hostile cavalry; the friendly screen of forests which surrounded Chancellorsville had been described to him. Diverging westward from the Fredericksburg plank-road, he pursued his march by a forest path; passed a point known as "the Furnace;" there struck into a road which intersected the Orange plank-road, on which the enemy's force was planted, regaining which to the northward, he would be in a position to turn Hooker's left flank. But it was impossible to make the perilous flank-march across the whole of the enemy's front without attracting some attention, for his scouts were mounted in the tops of the highest trees, and the screen of the forest was not always available. As the column of Jackson passed over a hill near "the Furnace," it partially disclosed itself; but the enemy, instead of taking alarm, was seized with the conceit of interpreting the movement as a retreat towards Richmond on the part of Lee.

Sickles, who observed the movement, struck the rear of the column, took a few prisoners, and sent an elated account to Hooker, who dispatched to Sedgwick at Fredericksburg: "*We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles' divisions are among them.*"

The enemy's pleasant delusion was to be broken in a few hours by a sudden and almost mortal blow. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Jackson had arrived six miles west of Chancellorsville, and upon precisely the opposite side of the enemy to that occupied by Gen. Lee. Here he wrote his last dispatch to the Commanding General: "I hope, so soon as practicable, to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success." Two hours were consumed in preparations for the attack; orders were issued, aides and orderlies galloped to and fro, and between five and six o'clock, Jackson advanced his force in three parallel lines, Rodes holding the front and tearing through the thickets to get within view of the enemy's lines. The right wing of Hooker's army, composed of the Eleventh corps under Howard, rested on the plank-road, all unsuspecting of danger. As Rodes' men burst from the woods, uttering loud cheers, attacking the alarmed enemy in front and flank, it appeared that scarcely any organized resistance was offered to the assault. Some of Howard's troops ran from the suppers they were cooking; a few seized their arms, and endeavoured to defend themselves; but quickly the whole corps was in rout, the men flying in the wildest confusion, and leaving the field strewn with their guns and knapsacks.

For three miles the Federals were swept back by a resistless charge, and panic-stricken fugitives fled towards the fords of the Rappahannock. In the dusk of nightfall there was a rushing whirlwind of men, artillery, and wagons sweeping down the road, and through the woods, in mad retreat. The Confederates pressed forward through the barriers of the forest, entangled now and then in an abattis of felled trees, their lines falling into disorder, but their victorious shouts still resounding in the woods. A description of Jackson at this time says: "The only order given by him had been his favourite battle-cry, 'Press forward.' This was his message to every General, and his answer to every inquiry. As he uttered it, he leaned forward upon his horse, and waved his hand as though endeavouring, by its single strength, to urge for-

ward his whole line. Never before had his preoccupation of mind, and his insensibility to danger, been so great. It was evident that he regarded this as his greatest victory."

By the time, however, the Confederates had reached the ridge overlooking that upon which Chancellorsville is situated, about half a mile distant, they were in very great confusion; the divisions of Rodes and Colston had been mingled almost inextricably; the enemy was rapidly bringing up artillery to stem the torrent of the pursuit. It was now past seven o'clock, and growing dark. Jackson had already seized the enemy's breastworks, had taken the whole line in reverse, and had pushed forward to within half a mile of headquarters. Here it became necessary to desist from the attack, in order to re-form the commands; and Jackson now proceeded to make preparations for following up his success by a blow that should be decisive. His design now was to swing round with his left, interpose his corps between Hooker's army and United States Ford, and capture or destroy it, or be himself destroyed.* The enemy was evidently recovering from his panic; hollow murmurs of preparation sounded through the night; fifty pieces of artillery were concentrated to sweep the approaches to his position at the first rustle in the forest that announced a new advance of the Confederates; there was the tramp and hum of men moving to their allotted positions; and on the dark lines, gunners stood with lighted port-fires to pour swift destruction into the Confederate ranks. A. P. Hill was now ordered to move with his division to the front, and Jackson rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

The enemy was less than two hundred yards in front of his lines, and no pickets had been established. Jackson had proceeded half the distance, when a fire of musketry on his front warned him of the enemy's proximity. He turned to ride hurriedly back, plunging his horse into the cover of the woods. He had got within twenty paces of his lines, accompanied by six or seven riders, when there was a cry of "cavalry," and a volley of musketry for the

* Some days before his death, and while wounded, Jackson, speaking of the attack he had made, said with a glow of martial ardour: "If I had not been wounded, I would have cut the enemy off from the road to United States Ford; we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out—they had no other alternative."

moment blinded the party, their horses recoiling in panic, some of them rushing through the woods unmanageable, and frantic from terror. Several of the party fell dead upon the spot. Jackson's right hand was penetrated by a ball, his left fore-arm lacerated by another, and the same limb broken a little below the shoulder by a third, which not only crushed the bone, but severed the main artery. But he maintained his seat in the saddle, quieted his frantic horse, and turning to Capt. Wilbourne, his signal officer, remarked that his arm was broken, and requested to be assisted to the ground. As he was being lifted from the saddle he fainted, and his feet had to be disengaged from the stirrups. To remove him from the spot where he had fallen was absolutely necessary; the enemy was not more than a hundred yards distant, and the battle might recommence at any moment. No litter or ambulance was at hand, and Lieut. Morrison, his aide, exclaimed, "Let us take the General up in our arms, and carry him off!" but Jackson recovered from his swoon, and though very faint and pale, replied, "No; if you can help me up, I can walk." Supported by the shoulders, he tottered towards the road. A litter was now procured, but it had scarcely begun to move, when one of the bearers was shot down, and the fire of the enemy's artillery became frightful. The enemy had probably perceived some cause of confusion in the Confederate ranks, or suspected that another attack was about to commence, and now swept the road where Jackson lay with the concentrated fire of their heaviest artillery. The bearers of the litter, and all Jackson's attendants, excepting Major Leigh, and Lieuts. Smith and Morrison, fled in the woods on either hand to escape the fatal tempest. It was a weird and appalling scene. Wild curves of fire shot athwart the night sky; there were broken ranks and riderless horses in the woods; and in the interval of all this roar and confusion were distinctly heard the plaintive notes of the whippoorwills in the forest. It seemed that nothing could live in the road, where Jackson lay prostrate with his feet to the foe. On one side of the sufferer lay Major Leigh, and on the other Lieut. Smith. The earth was torn around them; Minié-balls flew hissing over them; as the iron hail fell in the road, they could hear the feet of Death pattering around them. Jackson endeavoured to rise, when Lieut. Smith threw his arm over him, and held him to the ground, saying, "Sir, you must lie still; it will cost you your life if you rise."

None of the party hoped to escape unhurt from the tempest of fire; and it appeared, indeed, as if the spirit of the great commander was to go out in that great diapason of battle, which rung its solemn charges through the forest; while through its foliage escaped the startled night-birds, and the moonlit sky hung peacefully above the Wilderness.

But it was not so ordered. Presently the fire of the enemy veered from the road, and the devoted officers who had almost miraculously escaped death, assisting Jackson to rise, struck into the woods, the General dragging himself painfully along until a litter was again procured. The party had proceeded but a short distance when one of the litter-bearers stumbled, and Jackson fell upon the shoulder where the bone had been shattered. The pain must have been exquisite, and for the first time the sufferer groaned, and most piteously. When he reached the field hospital at Wilderness Run, he was almost pulseless; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless. Stimulants were freely applied, and the next morning he was free from pain, and his physicians were hopeful of his recovery.

At this time the last drama of the battle of Chancellorsville was being enacted, and Lee was completing the victory which Jackson had commenced and assured. The news of the complete victory was brought to the sufferer, and he was told how the Stonewall Brigade had joined in the final charge, shouting, "Remember Jackson!" and how, when their commander, Paxton, fell, they rushed forward, unconscious of his absence, led, as it were, by the *name* which formed their battle-cry. He was deeply affected by the incident. He said: "The men of that brigade will be, some day, proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade!'" Visitors and letters crowded upon the distinguished sufferer, who it was yet hoped would recover. Gen. Lee wrote: "I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which is due to your skill and energy." Upon reading it, Jackson reverently said: "Gen. Lee should give the glory to God."

On the fifth day of his sufferings, symptoms of pneumonia were

discovered, and when the week passed, his condition was such that his wife, who attended him, was informed that his recovery was very doubtful, and that she should be prepared for the worst. The prospect of death produced no change in the Christian hero. When informed of it by his wife, he was silent for a moment, and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added, "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour. He replied, "Oh, no! you are frightened, my child; death is not so near; I may yet get well." She fell over upon the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause he asked her to call Dr. McGuire. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her that I am to die to-day; is it so?" When he was answered, he turned his eyes towards the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, then replied, "Very good, very good; it is all right."

Col. Pendleton came into the room about one o'clock, and he asked him, "Who was preaching at headquarters to-day?" When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." He said: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

That delirium which appears to seize upon the most powerful organizations in the moment of death, began to affect him. His mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted, and he was at the mess-table, in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them his physician offered him some brandy-and-water, but he declined it, saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do no good; I want to preserve my mind, if possible, to the last." About half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly

but firmly, "Very good; it is all right." A few moments before he died, he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! pass the infantry to the front rapidly! tell Major Hawks"—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly, and with an expression as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees;" and then without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the mansions of the eternal and just.

Gen. Jackson's death was officially announced to the army in which he served by the following order, which was issued by the Commanding General:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, May 11, 1863.

With deep grief the Commanding-General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th instant, at a quarter-past three P.M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by an all-wise Providence are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let the officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The remains were carried to Richmond, which clothed herself in mourning. Had a visible pall overspread the city, it could not have expressed grief more profound, nor sorrow more universal, than that which filled every bosom and sat upon every countenance. The public heart was full of grief to bursting. The special train bearing the remains advanced into the city through an avenue which for two miles was thronged with multitudes of men and women. It drove slowly up into the dépôt, the bells of the city meanwhile sending their solemn peals over the city and into thousands of throbbing hearts. The coffin was removed from the car and enshrouded with the flag under which the Christian hero fought and fell, covered with spring flowers and placed upon the hearse in waiting

The *cortège* moved through the main streets of the city, and then returned to the Capitol. When the hearse reached the steps of the Capitol, the pall-bearers, headed by Gen. Longstreet, bore the corpse into the hall of the lower house of the Congress, where it was placed upon a species of altar, draped with snowy white, before the Speaker's chair. The coffin was still enfolded with the white, blue, and red, of the Confederate flag.

Here the face and bust of the dead was uncovered; and the expectant thousands now claimed the melancholy satisfaction of obtaining the last look of the beloved commander. It was estimated that twenty thousand persons filed through the hall to view the body as it lay in state for the greater part of the day. In recognition of the solemn occasion all business in the city was suspended during the day, and the theatres were closed at night. The next morning the remains were placed on a special train for Lexington, in charge of a becoming escort of officials and citizens, and were finally deposited there, in the village burying-ground, with nothing but a green mound to mark the place of final rest.

Of the last tributes of a people's love to Jackson, the *Richmond Examiner* said: "All the poor honours that Virginia, sorely troubled and pressed hard, could afford her most glorious and beloved son, having been offered to his mortal part in this capital, the funeral *cortège* of the famous Jackson left it yesterday morning, on the long road to 'Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia.' It was the last wish of the dead man to be buried there, amid the scenes familiar to his eyes through the years of his manhood, obscure and unrecorded, but perhaps filled with recollections to him not less affecting than those connected with the brief but crowded period passed upon a grander stage. This desire, expressed at such a time, demanded and has received unhesitating compliance. Yet many regret that his remains will not rest in another spot. Near this city is a hill crowned by secular oaks, washed by the waters of the river, identified with what is great in the State's history from the days of Elizabeth to the present hour, which has been well selected as the place of national honour for the illustrious dead of Virginia. There sleep Monroe and Tyler. We have neither a Westminster nor a Pantheon, but all would wish to see the best that we could give conferred on Jackson. Hereafter, Virginia will build him a stately tomb, and strike a medal to secure the

memory of his name beyond the reach of accident, if accident were possible. But it is not possible; nor is a monument necessary to cause the story of this man's life to last when bronze shall have corroded and marble crumbled."

CHAPTER XIX.

Review of Gen. Jackson's services and character.—True nature of his ambition.—The value of glory.—Religious element in Gen. Jackson's character.—Peculiarity of his religious habits.—Anecdotes.—Want of natural amiability.—Harshness of manner towards his officers.—His severe idea of war.—Destructiveness.—His readiness to forgive.—A touching personal incident.—His self-possession as a mark of "genius."—His military faculty not a partial one.—European estimates of his career.—A lesson to Northern insolence and rancour.

WE have said Gen. Jackson was a born soldier. This furnishes a larger and more thorough insight into his character than any other observation. We use the term soldier, not merely as denoting an aptitude to arms, or even the possession of the military genius, but we include the common association with the profession of an ardent love for glory, a thirst for distinction, a peculiar ambition, that values a name in history above the coarser gifts of popularity and power. An ambition so pure and ideal ran perceptibly through the whole of Jackson's wonderful career. His passion for renown was not of that common type that seeks the tangible gifts of power, and enjoys the evanescent noises of popularity. He had not that order of mind that mistakes "a dunce's puff for fame," and the penny-a-lines of the newspaper for the inscriptions of history. His was an ambition that valued "skilled commendation," and was not entirely insensible to the praise of his contemporaries; but which mostly and chiefly prized the name in history—an aspiration after the ideal, and not the vulgar hunt for notoriety and its gifts. Such an ambition is consonant with the most refined spirit of Christianity; it resides in the depths of great minds; and it easily escapes observation, because those moved by it are generally silent men, of mysterious air and mechanical manners, living within themselves, conscious that few can enter into sympathy with them, and constantly practising the art of impenetrable reserve. The world, in fact, often deceives itself in this regard, and has mistaken many prominent actors on its theatre for

emotionless and ascetic men, deaf to praise—the mere cold figures in a round of duty—who yet have been inwardly consumed by the fires of ambition, and have made daily sacrifice on its altars.

There has been a good deal of slighting philosophy about the emptiness of historic fame; a marked tendency in a superficial and materialistic school of morals to caricature it as a shadow, and ridicule it as the object of a human life. We reject this philosophy with infinite contempt and irrepressible disgust. Nations have fought for titles to fame as above all other objects of contest, and in this have represented but the aspirations for glory in the breasts of the individuals composing the society. These aspirations are given to us by the Creator; and so far from the love of glory being a frailty, it may be declared to be of the very dignity of human nature.

The writer recollects a pretty story translated from the French, which was published as a lesson for the times, in a Richmond newspaper in the first months of the war. A young man uses some shallow and plausible phrases about glory being an “empty sound,” “the bubble reputation,” etc. His father, a worn *vétérán*, reproves him; speaks in tender and reverential language of the great wars, teaches the lesson that the glory of a nation, that all the best and sentimental parts of civilization, proceed from its soldiers; and declares that the mutilations and scars of his body are dear as his children; ornaments of his age, tokens of his manhood, letters of his nobility, even more than stars and crosses of diamonds in the eyes of his countrymen.*

* The same journal that contained this early lesson of the war, had this to say in summing up the results of the third year of the contest:

“But this year is not without glorious consolations. The unaided strength and unbacked courage of the nation redeemed its fortunes from the dust, plucked up its drowning honour by the locks, and tore from the very jaws of death the right to live forever. History will hereafter show no page illuminated with more enduring glory than those which record the heroic events of the circle of months which end with this day. In these months of a forlorn republic, a people covered with the opprobrium and prejudice of the world, have secured a place in the Pantheon of remembered nations far above the most famous. Neither the story of Greece, or Rome, or France, or England, can bear a fair parallel with our own brief but most eventful narrative. Is not this triumphant crown of victory worth the awful price? The question will be answered according to the temperament of the reader. Many think, with Sir John, that honour cannot cure a broken leg, and that all the national glory that has been won in battle since Greeks fought Trojans, will not compensate the loss of a beef or

But whatever may be the precise worth of martial glory, and however it may be measured by a coarse commercial philosophy, it is certain that it was the dominant passion of Jackson's life, and equally certain that it detracted nothing from the beauty and harmony of his character, and made him none the less a man or a Christian. The spirit that courted the greatest amount of danger in the Mexican War for the greatest amount of glory, showed the same tendency in the higher career of arms from Manassas to Chancellorsville. It is said, that when Jackson was once asked if he had felt no trepidation when he made most extraordinary exposures of his person in the battles in Mexico, he replied, that the only anxiety of which he was conscious in any of these engagements, was a fear lest he should not meet danger enough to make his conduct under it as conspicuous as he desired; and as the danger grew greater, he rejoiced in it as his opportunity for distinction. This sentiment of the true soldier survived to Jackson's last moments, however emotions of piety may have been mingled with the ardour and joy of the warrior.

The religious element in Gen. Jackson's character has come in for an undue share of public attention; and indeed one of his biographers has committed the mistake of taking the religion of the man as the stand-point of the entire view, forgetting that the interest of the religious life is merely auxiliary to the interest which Stonewall Jackson has excited in the world as a master of war. There are other considerations which make Jackson's piety of very partial interest. It is true that he was an enthusiast in religion, that he was wonderfully attentive in his devotions, and that prayer was as the breath of his nostrils. To one of his friends he declared that he had cultivated the habit of "praying without ceasing," and connecting a silent testimony of devotion with every familiar act of the day. "Thus," he said, "when I take my meals, there is the grace. When I take a draught of water, I always pause, as

a dollar. But the young, the brave, the generous will everywhere judge that the exercise and exhibition in this year of the noblest virtues has been more than worth the misfortunes which have marked its progress.

"Sound the clarion, fill the pipe;
To a sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name!"

my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box, I send a petition along with it, for God's blessing upon its mission, and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good." But notwithstanding the extreme fervour of Jackson's religion, it is remarkable that he kept it for certain places and companies; that he was disposed to be solitary in its exercise; and that he was singularly innocent of that Cromwellian fanaticism that mixes religious invocations with orders and utterances on a battle-field. He prayed in his tent; he delighted in long talks on religion with the many clergymen who visited him; he poured out the joys and aspirations of his faith in his private correspondence; but he seldom introduced religion into the ordinary conversation of his military life, and he exhibited this side of his character in the army in scarcely anything more than Sunday services in his camp, and a habitual brief line in all his official reports acknowledging the Divine favour. He was very attentive to these outward observances; but his religious habit was shy and solitary; he had none of the activity of the priest; we hear but little of his work in the hospitals, of private ministrations by the death-bed, and of walks and exercises of active charity. In his military intercourse he was the military commander; and though he often visibly prayed on the battle-field, it was in invariable silence, and he never mixed the audible exhortations of religion with the clear and ringing notes of his orders for the charge. Such a mixture we think is always of questionable taste, and sometimes borders on irreverence. Thus it is related of one of Jackson's former pastors who had a military education and commanded his artillery, that in one of the early battles of the war, before delivering the fire of his batteries upon the enemy, he exclaimed: "May we kill a thousand of them, and may God have mercy on their souls!" If such utterance is authentic, we think there is something improper and distasteful in it.

The life of Jackson is, indeed, so copious of anecdote, particularly with reference to his religious habit, that it is difficult to choose from the mass of minor narratives, those most indicative of the character of the man. Among his curious rules of Christian

discipline was one which required, whenever the usual Sunday exercises were omitted in his command, from the exigencies of the campaign, that some other day of the week should be set apart for religious services, to be performed in all respects as on the Sabbath. One of these occasions occurred in the forced and hurried march from McDowell, so necessary a preliminary to what followed of the Valley campaign; and the next Tuesday was appointed for preaching and services in the camp. Capt. Alfriend, a gallant young Virginian, in Jackson's command, relates that in the morning of this day, he was met some distance from his camp by the great commander, who rode towards him, unattended, and asked briefly "if there was preaching going on." "I do not know," replied Capt. A. "Show me to your colonel's headquarters, sir," rejoined Jackson. They had not proceeded far when their notice was attracted to a multitude of men standing in the open air, paying respectful attention to a sermon of a favourite chaplain, Mr. McIlvain. Seeing this, a spectacle so gratifying to his solicitude, Jackson said, with a smile of satisfaction, "Ah! it's all right;" and turning to his young companion with the winning and half-playful expression he sometimes wore, he remarked, "And now, Capt. A., won't you promise to know there is preaching next time by going yourself to hear it." The manner of this simple remark was so touching and solicitous, that Capt. Alfriend declared that never thereafter, in the course of a long and stormy experience as a soldier, did he omit an occasion to attend religious services in his command. He describes with the pathos of a noble heart the impression made upon him, as Jackson, after the conversation just related, dismounted, fastened his horse to a neighbouring tree, and then proceeded to the gathering around the preacher, standing shoulder to shoulder with his own men, a common worshipper, claiming the common privilege of hearing the word of God. The day had been showery, and just as the benediction was pronounced there was a heavy fall of rain; but despite this, as the solemn words were pronounced, Jackson's head was uncovered, the rugged shoulders bowed to the pitiless storm, and in that attitude of humility the figure of the illustrious General, doing common reverence to his Maker with the soldiers of his command, constituted a picture more truly sublime than when he stood on the battle's crest and challenged all that men could do.

Among all the Confederate commanders Jackson was most remarkable for his courtesy to the private soldiers of his command. He never failed to return the salute of the humblest man, and to touch his cap with uniform precision. Once on the march in the Valley, he came upon a private separated from his command, whose face had been horribly disfigured by a musket-ball that had traversed it. He was no straggler, but was evidently doing his best on the march. Jackson rode up to him and asked the name of his regiment. The man replied. "Where were you wounded?" was the next question. "Yesterday, at Port Republic, General." Raising his cap, and with an air that thrilled the poor soldier, Jackson said: "I thank you for your gallantry." These six words were a scroll of fame that many men would have died for.

Gen. Jackson, despite such examples of courtesy as we have just related, did not have that natural amiability which was the charm of Lee's character; and his intercourse with his officers in matters of duty, was in striking contrast to the generosity of the latter towards his subordinates, and his forbearance of censure almost to that point where such forbearance ceases to be a virtue. In everything that concerned duty Jackson was stern and exacting; he was slow to admit excuses; laborious himself, he expected of all his officers prompt and precise execution of whatever work was assigned them. The man who was so gentle in his intercourse in times of peace, who was so mild in ordinary companies, was the very picture of severity on the battle-field; he appeared then to be translated into another being—a passionate, distinct, harsh commander, whose sharp and strident orders were as inexorable as messengers of fate. He was naturally of a very high temper; he was irascible and domineering; and it required all the grace of his Christian character and the severest discipline of his religion to keep within bounds his impulses of anger. He never hesitated to censure freely the conduct of the officers with whom he was associated. When Gen. Loring, by withdrawing from Romney, defeated Jackson's early plan of expelling the enemy from a large portion of the Valley district, and relieving some six or seven counties, the latter showed an almost excessive resentment by tendering his resignation, and went to the extent of declaring that Loring ought to be cashiered. At another period of his campaign in the Valley, on Banks' retreat across the Potomac, Ashby came under the displeas-

ure of his commander, and was charged with remissness in the pursuit; but happily Ashby made abundant reparation before his death, and Gen. Jackson wrote in his official report an extraordinary tribute to the fallen cavalier.

Having no sense of danger himself, or at least holding it in no estimation by the side of his duty and pride, Gen. Jackson never could bear the least word on that subject from any of his officers. To any expostulation of peril, his manner was stern and terrible beyond description. At Malvern Hill, which was rather a bloody combat than a scientific battle, he ordered one of his officers to take a brigade across the open space in front of the enemy's works. The officer protested that it was impossible; that his command could not live through such a storm of fire. Jackson turned to him a countenance rigid with displeasure, and in a low and intense tone said, "General ——, I always endeavour to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead; you have heard my order; obey it." Even in his last appearance on the field of battle—when supposed to be dying in the tangles of the Wilderness—he showed his old fierce impatience at the least suggestion of retreat. Hearing one of his brigadiers say that his lines were so badly broken that he would have to fall back, he raised his wounded form, and with eyes glittering with pain and anger, said sharply, "You must hold your ground, sir." It was the last order he ever gave on the field of battle.

It may readily be inferred from Gen. Jackson's stern character as a warrior, and his intense realization of the struggle, that he was a stranger to all weak sentimentalism; that he hesitated at none of the harsh necessities of war; that he regarded it as a fierce competition of life with life; that he was averse to much of the ostentation and refinement of arms. Not that he was destitute of chivalry, or of the fine emotions of magnanimity to the conquered. On the contrary, he was noted for his generosity to prisoners, his indisposition to exult over an adversary, and the moderate statement of his victories. But his idea of war was wounds, death, the shedding of blood. He appears to have had the same gloomy conception as Forrest, the brilliant and destructive cavalry chief of the West: "his men fought for blood." On one occasion, when he was falling back from Winchester, three Federal cavalymen performed an inexplicable feat of daring in charging through the

whole length of one of his brigades. Two of them were shot from their horses. Col. Patton, giving the details of the incident to Jackson, said he would have prevented the troops from firing on these audacious men if he could have controlled them; they were brave men who had got into a desperate situation, where it was as easy to capture them as to kill them. Jackson's reply was brief and cold. "Shoot them all," he said; "I don't want them to be brave."

These were not the utterances of a hard heart, or the indication of a cruel disposition. They were nothing more than the expression of the severe and supreme idea of war. Of all high Confederate commanders, Gen. Jackson appears to have been most convinced of the necessity of fierce and relentless war. He realized fully that it was quite vain to court the enemy with shows of magnanimity, and that the only way to deal with a horde of invaders was by examples of terror and lessons of blood. Yet no one was more attentive to the proper courtesies of war, and in no breast bared to the conflict resided a finer spirit of humanity. Judgment with him took precedence of the sensibilities, and the commands of necessity were broadly translated into the lessons of duty.

It may naturally be supposed that with Jackson's disposition to censure the officers connected with his command and the exacting he made in severe discipline and hard service he incurred many personal enmities in the army, and suffered not a little from recriminations. This was especially so before he mounted to the height of his reputation, and fought the daring and luminous campaign of the Valley. At one time detractors were busy with his name, and his reputation trembled between that of the great man and that of the weak-brained adventurer. At Port Republic he passed the crisis of greatness—that nice line in the career of genius where doubt and envy cease and the popular admiration becomes irresistible. But whatever personal animosities at any time attended his military career, the great commander had not only the sublime Christian power to forgive, but to him who confessed his error, he was at once a tender and affectionate friend.

A touching relation is given by an intimate friend of one of these acts of reconciliation. It was the night after the battle of Fredericksburg, and Jackson, who had just come from a council of war, where he had given the grim and laconic advice to drive

the crippled enemy into the river, and consequently expected a renewal of the contest in the morning, was engaged in meditation and prayer in his tent, as was his invariable custom, whenever circumstances allowed it, before the hour of battle. About midnight the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, a messenger from Gen. Maxcy Gregg was announced, and an officer appearing at the opening of the tent saluted Jackson, and said: "Gen. Gregg is dying, General, and sent me to say to you that he wrote you a letter recently in which he used expressions he is now sorry for. He says that he meant no disrespect by that letter, and was only doing what he considered his duty. He hopes you will forgive him." There was a moment of silence, as when a noble heart is touched by inexpressible emotions; and then turning to the messenger, Jackson said: "Tell Gen. Gregg I will be with him immediately." In a moment his horse was saddled and Jackson rode silently out in the dark and bitter night on his errand of forgiveness and consolation. What passed between the two officers—what of prayer and comfort was spoken in the solemn farewell—is not known to mortals. The spirits of both have met since and forever in the world beyond the grave.

Summing the exploits, and fairly regarding the character of Jackson, there is no doubt that he was a great man in the highest sense of those words. He had genius. All his campaigns showed one remarkable trait: an almost infallible insight into the condition and temper of his adversary. He was never successfully surprised; he was never routed in battle; he never had a train or any organized portion of his army captured by the enemy; he was always ready to fight; and he never made intrenchments. There is among men of action perhaps no more striking evidence of that subtle quality of mind, genius, than a perfect self-possession in circumstances which surprise and alarm ordinary persons; for it is the peculiarity of genius to act with intuition and rapidity, to make instant combinations, and to obtain advantage of mere intellect, by planning and executing, while the latter has taken time to meditate. Jackson was supreme in his self-possession; never more calm and complacent than when beset by circumstances which to his companions in arms were the occasions of the utmost trepidation. When his little army was nearly cut to pieces at Kernstown, he bivouacked it, the night after the battle, close

enough to the lines of the victour to hear the conversation of the Federal soldiers at their camp-fires, and went to sleep in a fence-corner with as much unconcern as if there were no enemy within a hundred miles. At Harper's Ferry a courier dashed into his presence with the alarming intelligence that McClellan's whole army was within a few miles of him. The news was more than probable; it would have been literally true if the Federal army had not been delayed in the mountain passes by the tenacious and almost superhuman courage of a small Confederate force. Jackson received the report perfectly at his ease; with such calmness, indeed, as to abash the messenger, and only called after him, as he was retiring, to know "whether McClellan had a drove of cattle with him," as if anticipating the capture of so much subsistence for his almost starving army.

A certain popular opinion has gained ground that Jackson's military faculty was a partial one; that he was splendid in execution of any work designated for him, and was thus an important auxiliary of Lee, but that he was but little competent to originate and plan. This estimate is unjust, and has no foundation whatever in fact. Jackson had all the qualities of a great General, and the war produced no military genius more complete, or more diversified in its accomplishments. He planned as brilliantly as he executed. His campaign in the Valley (although the general design was inspired by Johnston) was an independent one, and is remarkable for its clear-cut plan, and movements as precise in their adjustment as a diagram of Euclid. The great stroke of generalship at Chancellorsville—the flank attack that came from the Wilderness as a blaze of lightning—originated with Jackson, and not with Gen. Lee. It was proposed by the former in a council of war, and was but a repetition of those sudden and mortal blows, which, dealt in the crisis of the contest, had made all his victories, and completed the circle of his fame.

The death of Gen. Jackson was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy; and even in distant communities it was mourned as the extinction of one of the great men of the world. His fame extended to the most cultivated parts of Europe, and the severe press of the Old World freely admitted him into the company of the greatest characters of history. The London *Times* had designated him as the "Heaven-born General" of the Confederacy.

The London *Herald* held up his great fame, in contrast to the barren boastfulness of the North, and said: "The Northern Republic has produced no heroes of the stamp of Jackson. One such man might be the salvation of them yet. Blatant demagogues at home, bragging imbeciles in the field, afford a spectacle so absurd, yet so painful, that Europe knows not whether to laugh or weep at the degradation of her children. The Northerners want a man to do a man's work. *The only great men of the war have been developed in the South.*"

At a public meeting held in England, this resolution was put on record: "That we have heard with profound regret of the death of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, of the Confederate States of North America; a man of pure and upright mind, devoted as a citizen to his duty, cool and brave as a soldier, able and energetic as a leader, of whom his opponents say he was 'sincere and true and valiant.'" We quote this language not only for its clear sum of Jackson's qualities, but for its peculiar allusion to the testimony of that enemy, against whom the dead hero had contended in honourable arms. The tribute was taken as the generous admission of an antagonist; the rancour and insolence of the conqueror may recall it, and entitle Jackson "the rebel;" but the world will think the greatest victory on the part of the North, the highest gift of peace, the most enduring fruit of reconciliation, would have been to have won such names as Jackson and Lee for the common glory of America, to have made the heroes of the South the heroes of the nation, and to have woven a common ornament of whatever was brilliant and admirable on both sides of a war distressful and deplorable in every respect except in its examples of genius and heroism.

GENERAL PETER G. T. BEAUREGARD.

CHAPTER XX.

Early life of P. G. T. Beauregard.—His gallantry and promotions in the Mexican War.—Life in Louisiana.—Appointment in the Confederate Army.—Defences of Charleston.—Battle of Fort Sumter.—Gen. Beauregard takes command in Virginia.—His contempt of “the Yankees.”—A grotesque letter.—Popular sentiment concerning the war.—Explanation of the sudden disappearance of the Union party in the South.—Gen. Beauregard’s declaration of the purposes of the war.—“Beauty and Booty.”—A Northern journal on Butler *vs.* Beauregard.—Battle of Manassas.—Complimentary letter from President Davis.—The popularity of Gen. Beauregard alarms the vanity of the President.—A scandalous quarrel.—Gen. Beauregard’s political “card” in the Richmond newspapers.

A NORTHERN periodical, commenting upon the most active period of the late war, remarked: “No one who reads the voluminous reports of Scott’s campaign in Mexico can fail to observe the frequency with which special honourable mention is made of three young officers of engineers—Captain R. E. Lee, First-Lieutenant Beauregard, and brevet Second-Lieutenant G. B. McClellan. Lee seems to have been the special favourite of the veteran General. The careful reader of the whole series of dispatches respecting the campaign in Mexico will come to the conclusion that the three men who, after the veteran General, displayed the highest military talents, were the three young officers of engineers: Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan.”

The second of this trio of celebrities, Peter Gustavus Toutant Beauregard, was born in the parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana, in May, 1818. His father was James Toutant Beauregard, of French descent, and his mother, Mary Helen Judith de Reggio, a lady of Italian descent.

The early history of Louisiana contains the names of his ancestors. Both on his father’s and mother’s sides they occupied con-

spicuous positions in the new settlement of the post of New Orleans.

After preliminary studies in New Orleans, Beauregard's parents sent him to the school kept by the brothers Peugnet, New York city. These gentlemen were both ex-captains of the French service: one a graduate of the Polytechnic School, the other of the cavalry school at Saumur.

The school of Peugnet & Brothers was well known at the North as the "French school," and acquired an extensive reputation as a "Commercial and Mathematical School." Young Beauregard remained there a few years, when, in 1834, he was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1838, he graduated second in his class, at the age of twenty. According to the West Point regulations, those five who take the highest honours are entitled to the selection of that arm of the service for which they suppose themselves most capable. Beauregard selected the engineer corps, and thus, in the inception of his real life, exhibited a consciousness of his peculiar abilities, which the future so splendidly indorsed.

At the breaking out of the war with Mexico, in 1846, after repeated applications to the Department at Washington, he was allowed to take a part in it. He served through the war as a lieutenant of engineers; he fortified Tampico, and was twice breveted for gallant conduct and meritorious services: once for Contreras and Churubusco, and another time for Chapultepec and the Garita of Belen.

At the siege of Vera Cruz he selected the sites of most of the batteries which reduced that city after a siege of about two weeks.

At the attack on Chapultepec, Lieut. Beauregard was engineer officer to Gen. Pillow, commanding the attack. During the assault, as the columns were awaiting the ladders, etc., to throw into and across the ditches of the citadel, Lieut. Beauregard, noticing Lieut.-Col. Joseph E. Johnston, of the voltigeur regiment, placing his troops in position, not far off, and encouraging them under the tremendous fire of the garrison, took a rifle from the hands of one of the soldiers near him, and said to Johnston: "What will you bet on this shot?" The latter answered: "One picayune, payable in the city of Mexico." Lieut. Beauregard aimed deliberately, and

fired, when he said, "I have won, and you will have to pay," which Johnston did a few days afterwards.

It was the advice of Lieut. Beauregard, which, in opposition to the opinion of a council of war, decided on the side and manner in which the city of Mexico should be attacked. Ex-President Pierce well remembers, that at that council he asked to reconsider his vote, after Lieut. Beauregard had expressed his views on the subject; which example was followed by several of the other opponents.

On his return from Mexico, Beauregard, now a major by brevet, resumed his duties in the engineer service, being stationed at New Orleans. He was also intrusted with the superintendence of the construction of the New Orleans custom-house and marine hospital, which to this day testify to his efficiency as an engineer and architect. The Government does not possess in any locality more suitable or more handsome monuments of its magnificence.

Selected by President Buchanan, in November, 1860, as Superintendent of West Point, Beauregard assumed the duties of the position in January, 1861, with the rank of colonel; but soon after learning of the secession of Louisiana, he resigned, and returned to cast his lot with that of his native State.

When war appeared imminent, the evidences of talent displayed by Col. Beauregard could not be overlooked; and after offering his services to the Confederate States Government, he was ordered to take command, as Brigadier-General at Charleston, where he constructed batteries to command the entrance into that harbour, and, if necessary, reduce Fort Sumter, then held by the Federal forces.

One remarkable feature connected with the reduction of that fort was the use of an "iron-clad floating battery." From this sprang the Merrimac and the monitors, and consequences influencing war on the ocean never before dreamed of. The first iron riveted battery was also used at this siege.

Fort Sumter is famous and interesting as the opening scene of hostilities; and the story of its battle is essentially connected with an act of treachery on the part of the Federal Government. When South Carolina seceded from the Union, December 20, 1860, the event was celebrated in Charleston by a grand banquet; and while festivity prevailed, and an unsuspecting community feasted or slept, Major Anderson, commanding the Federal forces in the harbour

abandoned Fort Moultrie at midnight, spiked the guns, and conveyed all his men and stores to Fort Sumter. This treacherous and menacing act, done in the face of a pledge from President Buchanan that the existing military *status* should undergo no change in South Carolina, greatly incensed the State authorities, alarmed the whole South, and so scandalized Mr. Buchanan's administration, that Mr. Floyd of Virginia, and afterwards Mr. Thompson of Mississippi, withdrew from his cabinet in indignation and disgust.

Soon after President Lincoln's inauguration, commissioners from the Confederate government, just established at Montgomery, proceeded to Washington to urge a peaceable separation, and to negotiate for the transfer of government property, and, in particular, for the removal of the Federal garrisons from Forts Pickens and Sumter. They were told by Mr. Seward, that to treat with them avowedly and officially might embarrass the administration of Mr. Lincoln; but they were assured, through an intermediate party, that all would yet be well, that the military status of the South would be undisturbed, and that Sumter would be evacuated. These assurances proved treacherous; they were only a trick to gain time for collecting armaments, and preparing measures of war against the South.

On the 8th of April, 1861, an expedition started from New York to convey "provisions to the starving garrison" of Sumter; but it consisted of eleven vessels, with an aggregate of 285 guns, and 2,400 men. It was evidently designed to provoke a collision, and it speedily had that effect.

This brief story of Sumter explains the artifice by which the Federal government, having deceived the South, and outraged its confidence, induced it at last to take the initiatory step of resistance, and thus gave it the colour of commencing the war. If the first shot was fired by the South, the occasion that provoked it was given by the North; and so on the side of the latter was the first military aggression, and the true responsibility for the war. Apprised of the intentions of the Federal government, and ordered, by a dispatch from Montgomery, to demand the evacuation of Fort Sumter, Gen. Beauregard communicated with Major Anderson, offering him the honourable terms of transferring his garrison to any post in the United States he might elect, and saluting his flag on taking it down. Anderson refused to surrender; and to show

to the last his desire to avoid a conflict of arms, and the effusion of blood, Gen. Beauregard sent him a second proposal in the following words:

HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL ARMY, C.S.A.,
CHARLESTON, April 11, 1861, 11 P.M.

MAJOR:—In consequence of the verbal observations made by you to my aides, Messrs. Chestnut and Lee, in relation to the condition of your supplies, and that you would in a few days be starved out if our guns did not batter you to pieces—or words to that effect—and desiring no useless effusion of blood, I communicated both the verbal observation and your written answer to my communication to my Government. If you will state the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree that in the meantime you will not use your guns against us, unless ours shall be employed against Fort Sumter, we will abstain from opening fire upon you. Col. Chestnut and Capt. Lee are authorized by me to enter into such agreement with you. You are, therefore, requested to communicate to them an open answer.

I remain, Major, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD,

Major-General commanding.

Anderson replied by agreeing to evacuate Fort Sumter on the 15th April, unless he should receive, prior to that time, controlling instructions from his Government, or additional supplies. This stipulation not being considered satisfactory, as a fleet with supplies and reinforcements was known to be off the harbour, Gen. Beauregard sent an intimation at 3.30 A.M., on April 12, that he would open fire on Fort Sumter in one hour's time.

The fort was reduced in thirty-three hours; the Federal fleet lying at anchor in the distance during the action, and never firing a gun. Gen. Beauregard bore testimony to the gallant conduct of his adversary, agreed that the garrison might take passage at their convenience for New York, and allowed Anderson to salute his flag with fifty guns. In this, the first battle of the war, Gen. Beauregard's conduct had been most admirable. He had not only obtained a great success, but he had shown so much caution and

moderation in the preliminaries of the contest, such noble and just desires to avert it, and at last, had given such exhibition of chivalrous qualities in his intercourse with the enemy, that he was applauded not only for the proof of his military abilities, but for the true and elevated representation he had made of the spirit and dignity of the new government. Called for by the unanimous voice of the Southern people, he was now ordered to take command of the main portion of the Confederate army in Northern Virginia. He selected Manassas Junction as the point at which he would receive the onset of the Federal host, directed by Lieut.-Gen. Scott, and immediately commanded by Gen. McDowell. The only purely *volunteer* army the United States have had in the field, advanced to what they considered a plain and certain route to Richmond.* At the end of May, the North had nearly 100,000 men under arms, distributed as follows:

* It will be recollected about this time how replete the Northern newspapers were with wild and sensational rumours, in all of which the terrible Beauregard and his whereabouts appear to have been the chief subjects of concern. The following squib is amusing and characteristic:

THE WHEREABOUTS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD.

[By telegraph to Vanity Fair—after manner of Daily Papers.]

HAVRE DE GRACE, *April 26*.—Gen. Beauregard was in Richmond at twenty-three minutes past six o'clock yesterday, and will attack Washington at once.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 26*.—We learn, on undoubted authority, that Gen. Beauregard was in Alexandria at twenty-four minutes past six yesterday, reconnoitring.

BALTIMORE, *April 26*.—Gen. Beauregard was in Norfolk at twenty-five minutes after six yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the first families.

HAVRE DE GRACE, *April 26*.—I learn from a gentleman just from Mobile, that Gen. Beauregard is on his way North, with 150,000 troops. Gen. Beauregard is six feet high, but will not join Blower's "Household Guards." Declines advertising in the *Household Journal*.

ANNAPOLIS, *April 26*.—Gen. Beauregard was discovered in the White House rear-yard last night at twenty-six minutes past six, armed with three large howitzers and a portable sledstake. He went away after reconnoitring pretty numerously.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 26*.—I learn on excellent authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Charleston at twenty-two minutes past six yesterday, and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter.

The people of Bangor, Maine, and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen. Beauregard has lately been seen prowling around those places.

I learn that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington.

The report, in some of your contemporaries, that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington, is utterly without foundation. Sensation dispatches in times like these cannot be too strongly deprecated.

South of the Potomac, Brig.-Gen. McDowell	21,000
At Washington, Brig.-Gen. Mansfield	22,000
Fortress Monroe, Maj.-Gen. Butler	9,000
West Pennsylvania, Maj.-Gen. Keim	16,000
Cincinnati and West, Maj.-Gen. McClellan	13,000
Cairo and its vicinity, Brig.-Gen. Prentiss	6,000
Baltimore, Brig.-Gen. Cadwallader	5,000
Philadelphia, Maj.-Gen. Patterson	3,000
	<hr/>
Total	95,000

Such an array of force at the commencement of the war would, it might have been supposed, have assured the South of a long and difficult period of hostilities, and affected its confidence in a certain and early issue of independence. But it is curious how supreme and unquestioning was this confidence, how insolent and impatient of contradiction. As an illustration of this over-confidence, and as an exhibition of contempt for the enemy, we may place here a letter of Gen. Beauregard, dated as he was about to take command in Virginia:

CHARLESTON, May 27, 1861.

MY DEAR ———:—I sincerely regret leaving Charleston, where the inhabitants have given me such a welcome that I now consider it as my second home.

I had hoped that when relieved from here it would have been to go to Virginia, in command of the gallant Carolinians, whose courage, patience, and zeal I had learned to appreciate and admire. But it seems my services are required elsewhere, and thither I shall go, not with joy, but with the firm determination to do more than my duty, if I can, and to leave as strong a mark as possible on the enemies of our beloved country, should they pollute its soil with their dastardly feet.

But rest assured, my dear sir, that whatever happens at first, *we are certain to triumph at last, even if we had for arms only pitchforks and flint-lock muskets*, for every bush and haystack will become an ambush, and every barn a fortress. The history of nations proves that a gallant and free people, fighting for their independence and firesides, are invincible against even disciplined mercen-

aries at a few dollars per month. *What then must be the result when its enemies are little more than an armed rabble, gathered together hastily, on a false pretence, and for an unholy purpose, with an octogenarian at its head? None but the demented can doubt the issue.*

I remain, dear General, yours sincerely,

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

This letter appears grotesque enough in the light of subsequent events. But in justice to Gen. Beauregard, and in explanation of his apparently inflated words, it must be declared that they did nothing more than reflect what was then the judgment of the almost universal mind of the South, with reference to the sure and easy conclusion of the war in its victory and independence. And here we have the opportunity of introducing an account of one of the most curious phenomena of the war—the sudden and entire disappearance of the Union party in the South on the declaration of secession. Immediately before this event, that party had been numerous and formidable; it had a compact organization; it contained many men who, from principle and affection, were strongly attached to the Union, and who were incapable of changing their opinions at the mere bidding of expediency. And yet never did a political party more quickly and entirely vanish from the scene after an untoward election, than did the Unionists of the South after the proclamation of secession. The explanation of this extraordinary disappearance is to be found not so much in the easy virtue of political parties, as in the especial fact of a foregone conclusion, which seemed to take possession of the whole mind of the South, that the impending conflict would necessarily result in its favour, and that the mere declaration of secession was quite as decisive of the fate of the Union as would be the last battle of the war. The Union party in the South had contended for the Union up to the question of secession, and that decided, it considered the controversy practically determined, and prepared to accommodate itself to what it regarded as the inevitable fact of assured separation. The mass of the Southern people, both Secessionists and Unionists, appears at this time never to have admitted even the possibility of an overthrow of the Southern arms, and defeat of the Confederate cause; and the few minds that did entertain such an event were so few as only to constitute the exception which proves the rule. When the

Union members of the Virginia Convention sobbed at their desks, and exchanged tearful sympathies as the vote for secession was announced, it was because they deemed that it was all over, and that by the mere will of the South the dissolution of the Union was irrevocably decreed. It is astonishing how universal and supreme was a conviction in the South, which subsequent events were so signally to belie. If we are to find an explanation for such a delusion, we perhaps need go no further than that popular vanity which, embracing for once the intelligent with the vulgar, appears to be the common sin of all communities in America. But whatever the cause, there is no doubt that the Southern public was so generally assured of the termination of the war in favour of a Southern Confederacy, that the Union party within the limits of the seceded States considered that the rôle of controversy was ended, and that nothing was left them but to submit to the *fiat*, and accommodate themselves to the change. Had there been in the early periods of the war any considerable doubt in the South of the issue of the war, it is more than probable that the Union party would have maintained its organization, asserted itself much sooner than it did, and seriously disturbed the first years of the government.

Gen. Beauregard signalized his taking command at Manassas, by a proclamation in which he presumed to declare the real purposes of the enemy in the war. He declared: "A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his Abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage, too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is 'Beauty and Booty.' All that is dear to man, your honour, and that of your wives and daughters, your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest."

We can easily remember the storm of denial and indignant protest which this proclamation produced in the Northern newspapers. The idea of there being any anti-slavery intention in the war was denounced as ridiculous; and when, a few months later,

Gen. Beauregard, in his persistent notion that the war was intended to free the negroes, recommended the enemy to be officially styled "Abolitionists" instead of "Federals," the *New York Times* hooted him as an idiot. The commentary of the Baltimore *American* is refreshing now. That paper wrote: "We cannot avoid contrasting with the proclamation of Beauregard the offer of Gen. Butler to put down 'servile insurrections' in his first landing at Annapolis, and the subsequent address of Gen. Patterson to the Pennsylvania troops, that it might be their duty to 'suppress servile insurrections.' Can the people of Virginia be imposed upon by such productions as this of Gen. Beauregard's? Can *any* intelligent community in the South be thus cheated into madness? Surely if they can be, they are to be pitied; and we have only to say that so poor a compliment, paid by any high functionary to the intelligence of the people of Maryland, would receive their scorn and reprobation."

This commentary is strange enough in view of the sequel of the war; but certainly the most curious and amusing part of it is that which compares, on the score of humane and chivalrous sentiment, Gen. Beauregard with the future "tyrant of New Orleans." Never was prognostic more completely verified than that of Gen. Beauregard. He had shown a better judgment here than in predicting the ultimate success of the South. He appears, indeed, to have been the earliest of the Confederate leaders who saw the essential and ultimate design of the war, and recognized in it a spirit of spoliation and revenge, when protestations were most numerous and vehement of the kind intentions of the Federal authorities, and the government at Washington was making the largest show of conciliation. Even some of his countrymen thought him violent in his denunciations of the enemy, when he was simply in advance of the popular mind, in his intelligent estimation of the Federal designs upon the South. But we return from these anticipations of the war to follow the progress of events.

On the 20th July, the army under Gen. Beauregard's command on the line of Bull Run, numbered nearly 28,000 men and 49 guns. A small portion only consisted of cavalry. This force included a brigade under the command of Gen. Holmes, brought forward from Acquia Creek, a regiment termed Hampton's Legion, and about 6,000 men and 20 guns of the army of the Shenandoah,

which had all been telegraphed for by Gen. Beauregard when he heard of the actual advance of the enemy. The numerical strength of the Federal army which marched from the lines around Alexandria, Arlington Heights, and Washington, was more than fifty thousand men. Such were the forces confronted on the first important field of the war.

The battle of Manassas was perhaps on the side of the Confederates the least scientific battle of the war. Gen. Beauregard had intended to move by his right and centre on the enemy's flank and rear; but his orders miscarried, his plans of action were wholly disarranged, and he found himself at last with his left flank turned and compelled to fight a battle at right angles with the defensive line of Bull Run. The ardour of the troops rather than any merit of generalship gained the day for the Confederates, and that, too, only after they had been twice driven to the most desperate extremity. Once, when on the key-point of the field, the plateau near the Henry House, it appeared that the enemy would have enveloped the Confederates on both flanks, and Beauregard had only 6,500 men to withstand the onset of 20,000 infantry, he addressed his troops in some thrilling and memorable words. "I sought," says the General, "to infuse into the hearts of my officers and men the confidence and determined spirit of resistance to this wicked invasion of the homes of a free people, which I felt. I informed them that reinforcements would rapidly come to their support, and we must at all hazards hold our posts until reinforced. I reminded them that we fought for our homes, our firesides, and for the independence of our country. I urged them to the resolution of victory or death on the field. These sentiments were loudly, eagerly cheered wheresoever proclaimed, and then I felt assured of the unconquerable spirit of that army which would enable us to wrench victory from the host then threatening us with destruction."

When the plateau was won, and the crisis of the day had arrived, Gen. Beauregard placed himself at the head of his reserves, and ordered the line to advance. This was about 2.30 P.M., and the reinforcements of Kirby Smith arrived during the movement. They took position on the left of the advancing line, and the grand advance was made, which swept the enemy from the field, and put him in unexampled route. Gen. Beauregard's horse was killed under him by the explosion of a shell, but he escaped unhurt.

A remarkable fact regarding the battle of Manassas was the comparatively small portion of the troops actually engaged on both sides. With the Confederates this was partially owing to a miscarriage of the orders sent to Holmes and Ewell, and is thus adverted to in Gen. Beauregard's orders:—"In connection with the unfortunate casualties of the day—that is, the miscarriage of the orders sent by courier to Gens. Holmes and Ewell to attack the enemy in flank and reverse at Centreville, through which the triumph of our arms was prevented from being still more decisive—I regard it in place to say, a divisional organization, with officers in command of divisions, with appropriate ranks, as in European services, would greatly reduce the risks of such mishaps, and would advantageously simplify the communications of a General in command of a field with his troops." The fact is, that there was a want of organization in both armies; the battle was fought in a fragmentary way, and the victory of the Confederater is more to be ascribed to their naked valour, the physical fact of *fighting*, than anything else.*

* The events of the war were generally celebrated on the Southern side in very execrable verse. An exception to the silly and tawdry poetry of the war is the following lines of Mr. John R. Thompson (of Richmond), on Manassas, an admirable union of burlesque and keen satire. They obtained, we believe, the imprint of the English *Punch*; anyhow, they are excellent:

ON TO RICHMOND.

AFTER SOUTHEY'S "MARCH TO MOSCOW."

Major-General Scott,
 An order had got,
 To push on the column to Richmond;
 For loudly went forth,
 From all parts of the North,
 The cry that an end of the war must be made
 In time for the regular yearly Fall Trade.
 Mr. Greeley spoke freely about the delay,
 The Yankees, "to hum," were all hot for the fray.
 The chivalrous Grow
 Declared they were slow,
 And therefore the order
 To march from the border,
 And make an excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott,
 Most likely, was not

But such criticisms of Manassas belong to the scientific history of the war, and scarcely come within the limits of a popular biography of its hero. The South was elated with the victory with-

Very loth to obey this instruction, I wot,
 In his private opinion,
 The Ancient Dominion
 Deserved to be pillaged—her sons to be shot,
 And the reason is easily noted:
 Though this part of the earth,
 Had given him birth,
 And medals and swords,
 Inscribed with fine words,
 It never for Winfield had voted.

Besides, you must know, that our first of commanders
 Had sworn quite as hard as the army in Flanders,
 With his finest of Armies and proudest of Navies,
 To wreak his old grudge against Jefferson Davis.
 Then "Forward, the column!" he said to McDowell,
 And the Zouaves, with a shout,
 Most fiercely cried out:
 "To Richmond or h—ll," (I omit here the vowel,)
 And Winfield, he ordered his carriage and four,
 A dashing turn-out, to be brought to the door
 For a pleasant excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott
 Had there on the spot
 A splendid array
 To plunder and slay;
 In the camp he might boast
 Such a numerous host,
 As he never had yet
 In the battle-field set.
 Every class and condition of Northern society
 Were in for the trip, a most varied variety;
 In the camp he might hear every lingo in vogue,
 "The sweet German accent, the rich Irish brogue,"
 The beautiful boy,
 From the banks of the Shannon,
 Was there to employ
 His excellent cannon,
 And besides the long files of dragoons and artillery,
 The Zouaves and Hussars,
 All the children of Mars,
 There were barbers and cooks,
 And writers of books—
 The *chef de cuisine*, with his French bills of fare,

out reference to questions of skill; the popular mind had not yet become critical of generalship, and the newspapers had not yet caught the technical language of the battle-field; and on the affla-

And the artists to dress the young officers' hair
 And the scribblers all ready at once to prepare
 An eloquent story
 Of conquest and glory;
 And servants with numberless baskets of Sillery.
 Though Wilson, the Senator, followed the train
 At a distance quite safe to "conduct the *champagne*;"
 While the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
 There was certainly nothing more pleasant to do
 On this pleasant excursion to Richmond.

In Congress the talk, as I said, was of action
 To crush out *instantly* the traitorous faction.
 In the press and the mess,
 They would hear nothing less,
 Than to make the advance, spite of rhyme or of reason,
 And at once put an end to the insolent treason.
 There was Greeley
 And Ely,
 The blood-thirsty Grow,
 And Hickman, the rowdy, (not Hickman, the beau,)
 And that terrible Baker,
 Who would seize on the South—every acre,
 And Webb, who would drive us all into the Gulf, or
 Some nameless locality smelling of sulphur.
 And with all this bold crew
 Nothing would do,
 While the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
 But to march on directly to Richmond.

Then the gallant McDowell
 Drove madly the rowel
 Of spur that had never been "won" by him,
 In the flank of his steed,
 To accomplish a deed,
 Such as never before had been done by him:
 And the battery, called Sherman's,
 Was wheeled into line,
 While the beer-drinking Germans,
 From Neckar and Rhine,
 With Minié and Yager,
 Came on with a swagger,
 Full of fury and lager.
 (The day and the pageant were equally fine),

tus of victory Beauregard at once ascended to the first reputation of the war. His promotion was made on the field of Manassas, and was announced in the following note :

Oh! the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
Indeed 'twas a spectacle pleasant to view,
As the column pushed onward to Richmond.

Ere the march was begun,
In a spirit of fun,
General Scott, in a speech,
Said his army should teach
The Southrons the lesson the laws to obey;
And just before dusk, of the third or fourth day,
Should joyfully march into Richmond.

He spoke of their drill,
Of their courage and skill,
And declared that the ladies of Richmond would rave
O'er such matchless perfection, and gracefully wave
In rapture their delicate kerchiefs in air,
At their morning parades on the Capitol Square.

But alack! and alas!
Mark what soon came to pass,
When this army, in spite of his flatteries,
Amid war's loudest thunder,
Must stupidly blunder
Upon those accursed "masked batteries;"
There Beauregard came,
Like a tempest of flame,
To consume them in wrath,
On their perilous path:
And Johnston bore down in a whirlwind to sweep
Their ranks from the field,
Where their doom had been sealed,
As the storm rushes over the face of the deep:
While swift on the centre our President prest,
And the foe might descry,
In the glance of his eye,
The light that once blazed upon Diomed's crest.

McDowell! McDowell! weep, weep for the day,
When the Southrons ye met in their battle array;
To your confident host, with its bullets and steel,
'Twas worse than Culloden to luckless Lochiel!
Oh! the generals were green, and old Scott is now blue,
And a terrible business, McDowell, to you
Was that pleasant excursion to Richmond.

MANASSAS, VA., July 21, 1861.

SIR:—Appreciating your services in the battle of Manassas, and on several other occasions during the existing war, as affording the highest evidence of your skill as a commander, your gallantry as a soldier, and your zeal as a patriot, you are promoted to be General in the Army of the Confederate States of America, and, with the consent of the Congress, will be duly commissioned accordingly.

Yours, etc.,

JEFF. DAVIS.

Gen. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, etc., etc., etc.

From the testimony of this note it would appear that at this time the relations between President Davis and Gen. Beauregard were of the most amicable kind, and mutually pleasing. But if such were their relations on the field of Manassas, they were not long to continue so. This victory brought to Gen. Beauregard such an accession of popularity as to alarm the vanity of the President, who was impatient of rivals in the popular admiration, and in the early periods of the war had discovered a conceit to be the central military figure as well as the political chief of the war. This comprehensive concert was visible throughout the entire administration of Mr. Davis; it was especially shown in his anxiety to catch the attention of the world as planner and originator of military campaigns, and it carried him to the lengths of a pragmatic interference with most of his Generals in the field. The truth is that Mr. Davis had that unfortunate mind of the ruler which repulses from its councils men of spirit and ability, delights to surround itself with mediocrity as a safeguard to its vanity, and proceeds on the supposition that the feeble will prove the most obedient. He was alarmed by exhibitions of fame in which he did not share, and the approach of men of merit and of spirit always gave him an uneasy notion of rivalry. Gen. Beauregard was the first to provoke the unhappy disposition by the sudden ascent of his fame after the battle of Manassas. That battle was naturally followed by popular endearments of its hero; the reputation of Beauregard was at once seized upon by those alert politicians who nominate Presidents several years in advance, and no sooner find a favourite of the people than they hasten to name him for the honours of party; and he was accused by the President of a political move-

ment against his Administration, in which there is every reason to believe he was not only innocently complicated but unconscious of any design injurious to Mr. Davis' vanity or ambition. The pause of active war that followed Manassas seems to have given unusual opportunity for a political controversy. Whatever the merits of that controversy, it is not to be denied that from this time there commenced to be evident that jealousy or dislike on the part of the Administration towards Gen. Beauregard, which through the war tended to cripple his energies and neutralize his best plans of campaign.

The first open occasion of controversy between Gen. Beauregard and the President appears to have been with reference to certain passages in the famous official report of the battle of Manassas, in which Mr. Davis conceived that the General had travelled out of the record to cast an imputation upon the defensive military policy then upheld at Richmond, to the great dissatisfaction of the people. For some time he would not allow the report to be printed, and with a sensitive alarm denounced it as an attempt to make favour with the public at his expense. The subject was even taken up in the Congress at Richmond, during a secret session; the President having sent Beauregard's report to that body, accompanied by comments of his own on some of its preliminary passages. The order eventually taken by Congress, however, was to have the document published, after expunging the portion referred to, and the President's comments thereon. What was the sentiment of Gen. Beauregard in the controversy may be judged from the following letter, printed in a Richmond newspaper:

CENTREVILLE, WITHIN HEARING OF THE
ENEMY'S GUNS, Sunday, Nov. 3, 1861. }

To Editors Richmond Whig:

GENTLEMEN: My attention has just been called to an unfortunate controversy now going on relative to the publication of a synopsis of my report of the battle of Manassas. None can regret more than I do this, from a knowledge that, by authority, the President is the sole judge of when, and what part of the commanding officer's report shall be made public. I, individually, do not object to delaying its publication as long as the War Department thinks proper and necessary for the success of our cause.

Meanwhile, I entreat my friends not to trouble themselves about refuting the slanders and calumnies aimed against me. Alcibiades, on a certain occasion, resorted to an extraordinary method to occupy the minds of his traducers—let, then, that synopsis answer the same purpose for me in this instance. If certain minds cannot understand the difference between patriotism, the highest civic virtue, and office-seeking, the lowest civic occupation, I pity them from the bottom of my heart. Suffice it to say, that I prefer the respect and esteem of my countrymen to the admiration and envy of the world. I hope, for the sake of our cause and country, to be able, with the assistance of kind Providence, to answer my calumniators with new victories over our national enemies; but I have nothing to ask of the country, Government, or any friends, except to afford me all the aid they can in the great struggle we are now engaged upon. *I am not either a candidate, nor do I desire to be a candidate, for any civil office in the gift of the people or Executive.* The aim of my ambition, after having cast my mite in the defence of our sacred cause, and assisted, to the best of my ability, in securing our rights and independence as a nation, is to retire to private life, my means then permitting, never again to leave my home, unless to fight anew the battles of my country.

Respectfully, your most obedient servant,

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The statements of this letter were undoubtedly just. But it must be confessed that its publication was ill-advised; that there was a theatrical circumstance and tone about it that displeased many people; and that its effect was to aggravate a quarrel which was in all respects deplorable, and which did much to scandalize the Confederacy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Gen. Beauregard transferred to command in West Tennessee.—His order about “the bells.”—He concentrates the Confederate forces at Corinth.—Battle of Shiloh.—A “lost opportunity.”—Retreat to Tupelo.—He obtains a sick furlough.—President Davis deprives him of his command.—Official persecution of Gen. Beauregard.—Violent declarations of the President.—Gen. Beauregard in retirement.—A private letter on the war.

IN January, 1862, Gen. Beauregard was ordered to West Tennessee. After the evacuation of Columbus, he was employed in fortifying Island No. 10, which was captured four days after he left there; urged as he was, by the rapid and serious movements of the Federal troops on the Tennessee River, to take command of the forces to oppose the enemy's progress in that direction.

It was about this time Gen. Beauregard issued his famous order about bells to be moulded into cannon—an incident that furnished a good deal of poetry in the war. The following was his appeal to “the planters of the Mississippi Valley:”

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
JACKSON, TENN., March 8, 1862.

More than once a people fighting with an enemy less ruthless than yours; for imperilled rights not more dear and sacred than yours; for homes and a land not more worthy of resolute and unconquerable men than yours; and for interests of far less magnitude than you have now at stake, have not hesitated to melt and mould into cannon the precious bells surmounting their houses of God, which had called generations to prayer. The priesthood have ever sanctioned and consecrated the conversion, in the hour of their nation's need, as one holy and acceptable in the sight of God.

We want cannon as greatly as any people who ever, as history tells you, melted their church-bells to supply them; and I, your General, intrusted with the command of the army embodied of your sons, your kinsmen and your neighbours, do now call on you to send your plantation-bells to the nearest railroad dépôt, subject

to my order, to be melted into cannon for the defence of your plantations.

Who will not cheerfully and promptly send me his bells under such circumstances?

Be of good cheer; but time is precious.*

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General commanding.

The serious train of Confederate disasters in the West that, commencing with Fort Donelson, had opened the Mississippi and its tributaries, and carried the war to the Southern bank of the Tennessee, was now approaching another crisis. At the suggestion of Gen. Beauregard, troops were concentrated at Corinth, Mississippi. Imbued with a high sense of the cardinal principle in war—*concentration*—a principle illustrated by the military history of all wars, Gen. Beauregard sought to swell his inadequate force in all possible ways. He called on Gens. Bragg and Lovell for their disposable troops. Lovell had already, under orders of Gen. A. S. Johnston, detached for Corinth a fine brigade under Gen. Ruggles, with certain other troops, in all quite 5,000 men, choice troops of all arms. Gen. Bragg referred the matter to the War Department, by whom positive orders were declined, and the responsibility was left to him. He determined to withdraw his main force from Pensacola and Mobile, and join Gen. Beauregard, which he did in person at Jackson, Tennessee, about the 1st March, 1862.

Gen. Van Dorn, also, was strenuously urged by Gen. Beauregard to transfer his whole command to the east bank of the Mississippi, and was already in motion to form the junction before the battle of Shiloh.

The Governors of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, had also been called on by Gen. Beauregard for 5,000 men respectively, or as many as could be sent to him.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, whose army was now falling back along the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, was requested

* The witty Louisville *Journal* had the following commentary:

“The rebels can well afford to give up all their church-bells, cow-bells, and dinner-bells to Beauregard, for they never go to church now, their cows have been all taken by foraging parties, and they have no dinners to be summoned to.”

by Gen. Beauregard to send forward to Corinth one or two of his brigades. That judicious commander sent a brigade at once, and announced his determination to make a junction, with his whole force, at Corinth, which, in the main, was effected by the last of March, 1862.

The Confederate army here now consisted of—

1. Gen. Polk's army corps (infantry and artillery),	9,136
2. Gen. Bragg's army corps, consisting of his original command from Pensacola and Mobile, and Lovell's quota, with the new levies from Louisiana (infantry and artillery),	13,589
3. The Army of Kentucky, now subdivided into Hardee's army corps and reserve division, under Breckenridge, (infantry and artillery),	13,228
	<hr/>
	35,953
4. Untrained cavalry, distributed with the three corps,	4,382
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Effectives of all arms,	40,335

With this force it was determined to advance upon Grant's army, which had obtained a position near Pittsburg, and, if possible, overwhelm it before it could be reinforced by Buell, who was advancing for that purpose by rapid marches from Nashville, by the way of Columbus. The plans of the battle were drawn up entirely by Gen. Beauregard and approved by Gen. Johnston. The action lasted two days, the 6th and 7th April. Gen. Beauregard, who wrote his official reports with great animation, has given so graphic a description of the conflict, that we readily copy portions of it in the general narrative. He says: "Thirty minutes after 5 o'clock A.M., our lines and columns were in motion, all animated evidently by a promising spirit. The first line was engaged at once, but advanced steadily, followed in due order, with equal resolution and steadiness, by the other lines, which were brought up successively into action, with rare skill, judgment, and gallantry, by the several corps commanders, as the enemy made a stand, and with his masses rallied for a struggle for his encampments. Like an Alpine avalanche our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, until six o'clock P.M., when we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick

creeks, but one. Nearly all of his artillery was taken, about thirty flags, colours, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (Gen. Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small-arms; an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory. * * *

“It was after six o'clock in the evening when the enemy's last position was carried, and his forces finally broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence, covering the Pittsburg Landing, not more than half a mile distant, and under the guns of the gunboats, which opened on our eager columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description.”

It was here that Gen. Beauregard unfortunately closed the battle for the day, and lost, we must confess, the most brilliant opportunity of his military life. The shattered forces of the enemy were within a circuit of less than a mile around Pittsburg Landing. There was time to complete the victory; one effort more, and the routed, dispirited, and disorganized mass would have been driven into the river. It was known by Gen. Beauregard that Buell was in close vicinity, and that in a short time his army would reinforce that of Grant. But the last supreme effort to destroy Grant, and render the march of Buell futile, was not made. Gen. Beauregard, influenced by the disorganized condition of his troops, whom he describes as jaded, but eager to gather the spoils of the field already won, refrained from attacking, and sent orders to the brigades, which were actually preparing in the darkness of the evening for one last effort, to withdraw.

Night accomplished the junction of Buell's forces with Grant, and decided Beauregard's lost opportunity. The next day is thus described in Gen. Beauregard's official report: “About six o'clock on the morning of the 7th April, a hot fire of musketry and artillery opened from the enemy's quarter on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with a fury which satisfied me I was attacked by a largely superiour force * * * * Again and again our troops were brought to the charge, invariably to win the position at issue, invariably to drive back their foe. But hour by hour, thus opposed to an enemy constantly reinforced, our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy; and by twelve meridian, eighteen

hours of hard fighting had sensibly exhausted a large number, my last reserves had necessarily been disposed of, and the enemy was evidently receiving fresh reinforcements after each repulse. Accordingly, about 1 P.M., I determined to withdraw from so unequal a conflict, securing such of the results of the victory of the day before as was then practicable." On two different occasions of this day Gen. Beauregard led the troops flag in hand, and by his conspicuous display of devoted courage arrested the tide of battle, and enabled his hard-pressed army at last to withdraw in perfect order from the field.

In the battle of Shiloh, Beauregard's forces consisted of 33,000, against 87,000 under Grant and Buell. His losses in killed and wounded amounted to thirty-three and a-third per cent.—a most astounding loss for new troops and raw volunteers. The evening of the 7th April found him back behind the rifle-pits of Corinth; and there he prepared to defy the immense army collected to crush him. Gen. Beauregard was never disposed to acknowledge the second day of Shiloh as a defeat. He declares that he retired to Corinth "in pursuance of his original design to make that the strategic point of his campaign;" and that he left the field of Shiloh on the second day "only after eight hours' successful battle with a superiour army of fresh troops, whom we had repulsed in every attack upon our lines; so repulsed and crippled, indeed, as to leave it unable to take the field for the campaign for which it was collected and equipped at such enormous expense and with such profusion of all the appliances of war."

His subsequent retreat from Corinth to Tupelo, about the end of May, 1862, was looked upon by European officers as a masterly performance, considering the quality of his troops, and the trifling loss attendant upon such a movement, confronted by so large a force—there being about 125,000 of the enemy against 35,000 Confederates.

About this time the health of Gen. Beauregard was so much broken that his physicians insisted upon a period of rest and recreation; and having obtained a sick furlough, he left for Montgomery, Alabama, where he arrived on the 17th June, accompanied only by his personal staff. Opportunity was taken at Richmond of this sick furlough to give the command of the army at Corinth permanently to Gen. Bragg, to deprive Beaur-

gard of his well-deserved post, and to attempt to consign him to a term of obscurity, if not of disgrace. This unworthy device at Richmond was characteristic of the little circles and conspiracies in which the government there was conducted. It was plain that Mr. Davis, instead of wisely forgetting the personal differences which had grown out of the battle of Manassas, had nursed his animosity against Gen. Beauregard, and now aimed a revengeful blow in what he thought an opportune moment.

There is nothing more repulsive in the personal history of President Davis' administration than his persistent persecution of this distinguished soldier. The severe justice of history must pronounce it mean and malignant. We are aware that there is a party in the South which constantly deprecates any personal criticism of the ex-President of the Confederacy, forgetting that Mr. Davis was of all public men himself the most profuse of personal recriminations, a merciless, inexorable adversary, and that, in a recent publication (his "Prison Life"), he is shown to continue his own style of personal allusion to those associated with him in the late war. When we write history we are compelled to state facts, no matter who is hurt by the declaration. The fact of President Davis' animosity to Gen. Beauregard was notorious at all times of the war. When he took from him the command of the army at Corinth, and a committee of Congressmen at Richmond earnestly sought his reinstatement, the President passionately replied that he would not consent to such a measure, though the whole world should urge him to it.* When at last public sentiment wrung from Mr. Davis a command of the coast defences for Gen. Beaur-

* *Notes of an interview with the President relative to transferring back General Beauregard to the command of Department No. 2.*

RICHMOND, September 13, 1862.

General Sparrow and myself this day called on the President and delivered to him a petition signed by about fifty members and Senators from the Western and South-western States, in which the restoration of Beauregard to the command of the army, now under Bragg, was solicited, it being stated in the petition that it was known that Bragg would welcome the restoration of Beauregard. * * * * * The President remarked, that so far as giving Beauregard command of Bragg's army is concerned, that was out of the question. Bragg had arranged all his plans, and had co-intelligence with the Department, with Kirby Smith, and Humphrey Marshall, and to put a new commander at the head of the army would be so prejudicial to the public interests, *he would not do it if the whole world united in the petition.* * * * * *

(Signed) THS. J. SEMMES.

gard, it was not only reluctantly bestowed, but only when the clamour of the people for a favourite commander had alarmed him, or could be no longer tolerated. And when Gen. Beauregard did take the new command, it was to find constant disfavour and suspicion at Richmond; to protest against his requisitions being unfilled, and his deprivation of troops; and to have his remonstrances disregarded, filed in obscure bureaux, or indorsed with fretful notes of inquiry or exclamation. A bureau officer in the War Department testifies: "Every letter Gen. Beauregard sends to the Department is sure to put twenty clerks at work in the effort to pick flaws in his accuracy of statement."

In the interval of ill-health, and at a time when a cruel and infamous report was circulated in Richmond that Gen. Beauregard was losing his powers, and that his sickness verged on *insanity*, he wrote the following remarkable letter, intended to be private. As a just and striking commentary on the growing spirit of the war, and on many of the mistaken and short-sighted views then prevalent at Richmond, it will interest the reader:

BLADEN, ALABAMA, Aug. 3, 1862.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret much to hear of — being wounded. I hope he will soon be able to face the Abolitionists. In this contest we must triumph or perish; and the sooner we make up our minds to it the better. We now understand the hypocritical cry of "Union and the Constitution," which means, and always did mean, "spoliation and murder."

We will yet have to come to proclaiming this war "a war to the knife," when no quarter will be asked or granted. I believe it is the only thing which can prevent recruiting at the North. As to ourselves, I think that very few will not admit that death is preferable to dishonour and ruin.

Our great misfortune is, that we have always relied on foreign intervention "and peace in sixty days." No nation will ever intervene until it is seen that we can maintain alone our independence; that is, until we can no longer require assistance. England is afraid to admit that she cannot do without our cotton, for then she would virtually be in our power. France is unwilling to interfere, for fear of the treachery of the latter. She always remembers her as "*la perfide Albion*."

But if France concludes to take Mexico, she will require the alliance of the Southern Confederacy to protect her from Northern aggression. Nations as well as individuals always consult their own interests in any alliance they may form. Hence, our best reliance must be in our "stout hearts and strong arms."

I have been very unwell for several months, but could not rest until now. I hope shortly to return to duty, with renewed health and vigour. I know not yet to what point I shall be ordered. I hope to do something shortly by taking the offensive with a well-organized army. However, "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*;" hence, I shall go with alacrity wherever I am ordered.

With kind regards, etc., I remain, yours sincerely,

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Gen. WM. E. MARTIN, Pocotaligo, S. C.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gen. Beauregard in command at Charleston.—Military importance of “the City of Secession.”—Gen. Beauregard’s appeal to the patriotism of the Carolinians.—Naval attack on Charleston, 1863.—Gen. Beauregard’s department stripped of troops.—Unavailing remonstrance to President Davis.—Gen. Gillmore’s attempt on Charleston.—Its impotent conclusion.—Fame of Gen. Beauregard as an engineer.—He receives the thanks of Congress.—Returns to Virginia in 1864.—“Battle of the Falchion and the Buzzard.”—Gen. Beauregard’s plan of campaign before the battle of Drewry’s Bluff.—Remarkable interview with President Davis.—Connection of Gen. Beauregard with Hood’s campaign.—He advises the evacuation of Richmond.—Merits of Gen. Beauregard’s military career.—Description of his person and habits.

In September, 1862, we find Gen. Beauregard taking command of the defences of Charleston, which were pronounced by his predecessor—Gen. Pemberton—no longer tenable. The place, however, had as yet been but slightly molested by the enemy; and the friends of Gen. Beauregard were rather disposed to resent the appointment to a position, apparently so unimportant, and in any event so little likely to be adorned with victory, of one who had already distinguished himself in as high places as the Confederate army could then afford. But in this respect, Gen. Beauregard was “fortune’s favourite;” and in looking back upon his memorable defence of the “City of Secession,” we must declare that no other position during the war could have presented like opportunities to display what was undoubtedly Gen. Beauregard’s speciality—his engineering genius. He himself appears to have been well satisfied with the appointment to Charleston, and to have anticipated there the tremendous conflict of valour and skill which ensued.

There was a mixed reason, indeed, for a powerful Federal demonstration on Charleston. It was the city most meriting, in the Federal eye, the condign punishment due to the nursery of treason and rebellion. Military forecast, too, had already observed in Charleston a point bound to grow into importance as the war progressed. The requirements to the vitality of the body politic of the Confederacy made necessary a constant communication between

Virginia and the more Southern States of the cis-Mississippi, both for concert of action among the troops, and the furnishing of supplies to the Virginia army. Thus the danger that threatened the long line of railroad that traversed Tennessee parallel to the Federal line of occupation, and therefore vulnerable at all its points, made the defence of the other line through South Carolina, and which approached so near to Charleston, at Branchville, an object of the most vital interest. This line of railroad was the artery that furnished life to the troops fed from the granaries of south Georgia, and its ultimate destruction in Sherman's march did, as we may hereafter see, touch the vitals of the Confederacy.

In view of the dangers impending on the sea-coast, and particularly in Charleston—which, in fact, inadequately supplied with troops, was open to assault in no less than five different directions—Gen. Beauregard issued the following proclamation :

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, }
GEORGIA AND FLORIDA, February 18, 1863. }

It has become my solemn duty to inform the authorities and citizens of Charleston and Savannah, that the movements of the enemy's fleet indicate an early land and naval attack on one or both cities, and to urge that persons unable to take an active part in the struggle shall retire.

It is hoped, however, that the temporary separation of some of you from your homes will be made without alarm or undue haste, thus showing that the only feeling which animates you in this hour of supreme trial is the right of being able to participate in the defence of your homes, your altars, and the graves of your kindred.

Carolinians and Georgians! the hour is at hand to prove your country's cause. Let all able-bodied men, from the sea-board to the mountains, rush to arms. Be not too exacting in the choice of weapons. Pikes and scythes will do for exterminating your enemies, spades and shovels for protecting your firesides. To arms, fellow-citizens! Come to share with us our danger, our brilliant success, our glorious death.*

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, *Gen. commanding.*

* To this appeal there was but little substantial response in men and material. And yet curiously enough in Charleston "the spirit of the women"—a phrase which by the way appears to have had but little real value in the war (sentiment to the contrary), and was too often used to denote a silly nervous transport that quickly

The most serious naval demonstration of the enemy was made upon Charleston, after an engagement had occurred at Pocotaligo, in which Gen. Beauregard was successful; and, after the attack made by Capt. Ingraham on the blockading squadron, in which the *Mercedita*, a Federal steamer, was disabled. On the 7th of April, 1863, the long-expected trial between the enemy's iron-clads and the forts of Charleston Harbour came on; and from a distance of from nine to twelve hundred yards the Ironsides and monitors opened fire on the front of Sumter, and delivered a shock as of ten thousand battering-rams, impelled by the arms of Titans. The fort stood firm, replying with the angry flashes of its guns; a complete triumph was obtained for the Confederates; and the next morning was seen a turret and smoke-stack of the *Keokuk*, the only visible reminder of one of the most powerful vessels of the enemy's armada.

An interval for other preparations elapsed, and the next attempt upon Charleston followed under Gen. Gillmore. We have already hinted at the desperate condition of the city when Gen. Beauregard took command. His engineering skill had to be taxed to the utmost; old batteries had to be altered and repaired; new sites had to be selected for other constructions. James and Sullivan's Islands were thoroughly protected; but Morris Island was imperfectly defended from want of labour and necessary materials. Other causes of alarm and embarrassment arose; for a disposition was shown at Richmond to diminish Gen. Beauregard's resources, and to strip his district of troops to reinforce Pemberton, at Vicksburg. In vain Gen. Beauregard protested against this disfavour to him and risk to the country. On the 16th May, he wrote to Richmond, complaining in desperate terms of the movement of so many of his troops to Mississippi; 5,000 on the 5th, and more than

expired—was so high and extravagant that it burst all bounds of sex, and literally offered recruits from its own ranks. A short while before the proclamation referred to, the women of Charleston passed the following extraordinary resolution, which, prettily as it is written, we must own has something of a comical aspect now:

"In the daughters of Carolina there are kindred spirits to the 'Maid of Saragossa.' If the time for us to act has come, we are ready. We ask for the best method of action—*whether to be formed into companies and regiments, or to wait and fill the places of our beloved soldiers who fall!* Save our country, our Southern sunny homes, from Yankee thralldom, men and fathers. Your daughters hush their timid fearings, and would die for their country's freedom."

5,000 on the 10th instant. He made an exhibit of the forces remaining in South Carolina and Georgia—about 4,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 6,000 artillery—some 15,000 in all. He said the enemy was still on the coast, in the rivers, and on the islands, and might easily cut his communications with Savannah; and that they had sufficient numbers to take Charleston, in all probability, without passing the forts. To all these representations President Davis was deaf; and Gen. Beauregard was left with an inadequate force, and in the most unequal circumstances, to make one of the most desperate defences of the war, to win a victory where there was least reason to expect it, and to achieve, despite the confinements of an envious Administration at Richmond, the most glorious success of his life.

The first effort of the enemy was directed to getting possession of the islands, on which to plant batteries controlling the city and harbour, under whose protection the gunboats were to advance to the capture of the city. An unsuccessful effort was made to carry Fort Wagner by storm, after effecting a landing on Morris Island; the trial was renewed on the 18th August, 1863, and followed by a terrific night attack, which resulted in a loss of over 1,500 Federal troops. The fort was not evacuated until the 6th of September, having been held all this time under Beauregard's orders, while he hastened to complete other works, whose effect completely neutralized all benefits the Federals had expected to enjoy in the occupation of Morris Island. The retention of this island by Gen. Beauregard for the space of two months, and with a force of about 1,200 men against about twelve thousand, was one of the most heroic and critical incidents of the struggle; the delay enabling him to construct interior works for the defence of Charleston. In the interval, on the 21st August, Gillmore had demanded the evacuation of Forts Wagner and Sumter, threatening the destruction of Charleston if the demand was not complied with, and the following night the bombardment of Charleston proper commenced. Gen. Gillmore, having dispatched to the authorities at Washington that "Fort Sumter was a shapeless, harmless mass of ruins," but one idea prevailed—that Charleston was already reduced. A summons to Fort Sumter, Maj. Stephen Elliot commanding, on the part of Admiral Dahlgren, not being acceded to, an attack under Commander Stevens, was directed against it at midnight of the 8th

of September. It was completely frustrated; and the "mass of ruins" frowned defiantly in greater strength than in the days of the comeliest symmetry of this historic fort. It decided the safety of Charleston, and stood the faithful guardian of the city, and the defiant herald of Beauregard's engineering fame.*

The defence of Charleston constitutes undoubtedly the happiest and most brilliant page in the life of Gen. Beauregard. It was his most successful service in the war, and gave him his greatest name in the world's estimation. Of this defence it has been said: "It developed and called forth such engineering skill, that to-day the world discusses the merits of the two who have distanced all others in engineering science—Beauregard and Todleben, of Russia—and hesitates to award to either the palm."

The thanks of the Confederate Congress rendered to Gen. Beauregard for his services at Charleston were conveyed in resolutions of more than usual import. It was unanimously voted that he had accomplished an unparalleled and glorious work; and the following resolution assured him in uncommon terms of the appreciation of his countrymen:

* It is partly amusing now to look back upon the confidence with which the North had anticipated the fall of Charleston, or delighted itself with visions of the hateful city being devoured by the "infernal fires" of Gillmore's new and wonderful ordnance. The event so surely hoped for was gaily commented on in the journals, and furnished a fund of caricature for the pictorials, which were already drawing on their imaginations for the final scenes of the rebellion. A gentleman who visited Gen. Beauregard during the siege of Charleston, says: "A caricature in a New York illustrated paper, wherein President Davis and Gen. Beauregard were depicted shoeless and in rags, contemplating a pair of boots, which the latter suggested had better be eaten, excited considerable amusement when shown to him and a party, at an excellent dinner one day."

In another of the pictorials was a brutal and devilish device—a picture representing Gen. Beauregard *watering his horse in hell*. It was engraved after one of the numerous Federal reports of the death of the hero whom the North seemed to hate above all others in the Confederacy.

To this fund of the enemy's amusement in the siege of Charleston, we shall only add the following:

BEAUREGARD AND GILLMORE.

At midnight, in his blackguard tent,
 "Old Beau" was dreaming of the hour
 When Gillmore, like a suppliant bent,
 Should tremble at his power;

" *Resolved*, That the thanks of Congress are eminently due, and are hereby cordially tendered to Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard and the officers and men of his command, for their gallantry and successful defence of the city of Charleston, S. C.—a defence which, for the skill, heroism, and tenacity displayed by the defenders during an attack scarcely paralled in warfare, whether we consider the persistent efforts of the enemy, or his boundless resources in the most improved and formidable artillery and the most powerful engines of war hitherto known, is justly entitled to be pronounced 'glorious' by impartial history and an admiring country."

Charleston having proved impregnable, public opinion forced the Administration to employ Gen. Beauregard on another field of usefulness. It created a new command for him which extended from Virginia to Florida; a command vast indeed, in extent, but almost without the presence of an army or an enemy, and affording but scant and unimportant operations. From this command Gen. Beauregard was summoned to take part in the great campaign of 1864, in Virginia.

Notwithstanding the warnings of Gen. Beauregard, the approaches to Richmond and Petersburg were left unprotected; and Gen. Butler landed at Bermuda Hundred with about 35,000 men. By a telegraphic dispatch Gen. Beauregard, who was then at Wel-

In dreams, through camp and street he bore
The trophies of a conqueror.

He sported Gillmore's gold-laced hat—
His red-topped boots, his gray cravat,
As wild his fancy as a bat,
Or "any other bird."

An hour passed on—"Old Beau" awoke,
Half strangled by a villainous smoke,
Enough the very devil to choke,
While all around the "stink-pots" broke
And blinded him with smoke.

He cursed the villainous compound,
While stunk the pole-cats far around;
Then roared with wild, demóniac shriek:

"Lord! what a stink! the Greek! the Greek!
Put out this villainous Greek fire!
Or in the last red ditch expire.

'Tis sweet to draw one's dying breath
For one's dear land, as Horace saith,

But dreadful to be stunk to death."—*Nashville Union.*

don, North Carolina, was ordered immediately to arrest the progress of Butler. With what troops he could collect around Petersburg, he repulsed the attack and saved the city.

Establishing his headquarters at Drewry's Bluff, Gen. Beauregard hastily organized an army out of the heterogeneous materials. Inflamed with the knowledge that he had in his front the man who had inflicted such cruelties and such indignities on his much-loved home, he matured a plan of battle in an instant, struck Butler in the front, and achieved a brilliant victory. The Richmond *Examiner* entitled it "the battle of the falchion and the buzzard." With 15,000 men, Gen. Beauregard defeated Butler and 30,000 men of his army; drove them back in disorder to Bermuda Hundred; and it is said that if one of his Generals—Whiting—had carried out the plan of attack, but few of Butler's men would have reached the place of shelter. As it was, "the Army of the James" was neutralized, and remained "an army of observation." Fourteen hundred prisoners were taken and five pieces of artillery; and Butler was hemmed by the Confederate lines, which were since, from time to time, advanced after every skirmish, until they completely covered the Southern communications of the capital, thus securing one of the principal objects of the attack. The hesitation of the Confederate left wing, and the premature halt of the Petersburg column, saved the enemy from greater disaster, and took place, as Gen. Beauregard officially reported, "before obstacles, in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed."

Drewry's Bluff was a valuable victory. But just before this action, Gen. Beauregard had proposed something much grander and more decisive in the Virginia campaign. He had represented to the authorities at Richmond that with the force at his command he could scarcely do more than obtain the colour of victory; and he had proposed, if ten or fifteen thousand men were furnished him from Gen. Lee's lines, to assemble a force that would crush Butler, and, annihilating him, instead of merely driving him back, would then be in instant readiness to move upon Grant's flank, while Gen. Lee made an attack in front, and to finish the campaign by a grand stroke of arms. The plan of action was communicated to Gen. Bragg, at the time exercising a species of general command, and acting as "military adviser" of President Davis. It impressed

Bragg so deeply that he persuaded the President to visit the headquarters of Gen. Beauregard, and to receive his views in person. Mr. Davis made the concession of this unusual interview.

In order that there might be no imperfect or interested version of his plan, Gen. Beauregard had made the following precise memorandum of it:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT N. C. AND S. VA.,
DREWRY'S BLUFF, May 14, 1864.

General Braxton Bragg, Commanding-General:

GENERAL:—Considering the vital importance of the issue involved, and resting upon the success of the plan suggested to you this morning, I have deemed it desirable and appropriate that its substance should be briefly communicated in writing, as follows:—

Gen. Lee's army at Guinea Station, and my command at this place, are on nearly a right line passing through Richmond, Grant's army being on the left flank, and Butler's on the right; our lines are thus interior.

Butler's aim is unquestionably to invest and turn Drewry's Bluff, threatening and holding the Petersburg and Danville Railroads, opening the obstructions in the river at Fort Drewry for the passage of war-vessels, necessitating then the retreat of Gen. Lee to the lines about Richmond. With the railroads held by the enemy, Grant in front and Butler in rear of the works around Richmond, the capital would be practically invested, and the issue may well be dreaded.

The plan suggested is, that Gen. Lee should fall back to the defensive lines of the Chickahominy, even to the intermediate lines of Richmond, sending temporarily to this place 15,000 men of his troops; immediately upon that accession to my present force, I would take the offensive, and attack Butler vigorously. Such a move, properly made, would throw me directly upon Butler's communications, and (as he now stands) on his right flank, well towards the rear; General Whiting should also move simultaneously. Butler must then be necessarily crushed or captured, and all the stores of that army would fall into our hands; an amount probably that would make an interruption into our communications, for a period of a few days, a matter of no serious inconvenience.

The proposed attack should be accomplished in two days at furthest, after receiving my reinforcements; this done, I would move with 10,000 more men to the assistance of Gen. Lee than I received from him, and Grant's fate would not long remain doubtful.

The destruction of Grant's forces would open the way for the recovery of most of our lost territory, as already submitted to you in general terms.

Respectfully, etc.,

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Gen. Beauregard had judged that with the reinforcement named in this memorandum he could surprise the army of Butler, destroy it, and then, with Gen. Lee's coöperation, overthrow Grant, and march quickly on Washington, which was defenceless. It was a surprise elevated to a decisive battle; it failed entirely from lack of promptitude in the execution. The persistence of Beauregard in desiring a reinforcement compelled President Davis to visit him, to listen to his plan. That was one day lost already. Mr. Davis was immovable; he did not want to give the 15,000 men; he refused. "Remember," said Beauregard to him, "that we are now playing the last act of our drama, on which the curtain will soon fall; let the play at least *end* gloriously for us! Remember, also, that I am certain of success, for I have staked everything in this last grand effort—my life and my reputation." One must know the modesty, recall the courage and military genius of Beauregard to understand that when he said "I am certain of success," it was because he *was* certain of it. President Davis was moved; but his obstinacy continued; he refused the reinforcement. The result was the lingering and fatal campaign of 1864. Months after the close of the war, Gen. Beauregard, repeating to a friend his plan of action, adhered to the belief that it would have broken to pieces the enemy's combination against Richmond; and, with the light of conviction in his eyes, he said: "Yes, I was certain of success."

On the 3d October, 1864, Gen. Beauregard was assigned to the *nominal* command of two military departments and the troops therein, known as the Department of Tennessee and Georgia, and the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana. He

immediately proceeded to the West, joined Hood's army, and then issued an earnest appeal to the people to come forward, with renewed efforts, to drive the enemy from the South.

In this, his last field of service, Gen. Beauregard was unfortunate; his name was connected with Hood's great disaster, and he shared some of the responsibility of that ill-starred campaign that brought the fortunes of the Confederacy to the last extremity. This responsibility is not clearly defined; for in President Davis' singular fondness for equivocal military commands, Gen. Beauregard's position was not so much that of a General in the field, as a sort of military director, having no power to take direct controul of either Hood's or Taylor's armies. Whether or not he might have assumed to countermand Hood's unfortunate campaign into Middle Tennessee, it is certain that he declined doing so when, on arriving at Augusta, Ga., on the 6th December, he found that Sherman had 275 miles the start, and the roads were impracticable in Northern Georgia and Alabama. But he telegraphed the Governors of Alabama, Georgia, and other States, to concentrate troops rapidly in Sherman's front, ordered a brigade of cavalry from Hood to Wheeler, and supposed some 30,000 men could be collected to oppose Sherman's march, and destroy him. The result shows that he was mistaken; that the volunteer assistance he had hoped for could not be aroused in the demoralized state of the country; that the inadequate forces in the enemy's front could not arrest that march to the sea, which was ultimately decisive of the fate of Savannah and Charleston, and was at last only ineffectually impeded in the forests of North Carolina.

Whilst acting in this State under the command of Johnston, Gen. Beauregard proposed a plan of campaign to foil Sherman, by concentrating all the disposable Confederate forces at Fayetteville, and making a decisive battle there. The advice was in accord with Gen. Johnston's favourite and masterly policy of "concentration;" but the junction of Schofield with Sherman gave the enemy such overwhelming odds as to put a single decisive battle out of the question. In this last emergency, Gen. Beauregard advised the immediate evacuation of Richmond, and wrote to Gen. Johnston: "I can see no other means of preventing the complete attainment of the main object of Sherman's campaign than by the prompt evacuation of our lines at Petersburg, and the occupation of those

prepared for such an emergency around Richmond, and by detaching 25,000 men to unite with the force already in North Carolina, and give immediate battle to Sherman, which could be done with almost certain decisive success. After which the whole army should be hastened back to Virginia to raise the siege of Richmond." How such a movement would have resulted, is left entirely to the imagination; and whether it was practicable, at the time of its recommendation, is a subject of additional doubt.

The surrender of the different armies of the Confederacy in April, 1865, brought back Gen. Beauregard, who was then with Gen. Johnston at Greensboro, North Carolina, to his native State. It appeared now to be the concurrent decision of the great leaders of the Southern armies, finding little room for themselves in the political world, to retire from the arena of public life, and devote those abilities which shone so brightly on the battle-field, and so steadily in the council chamber, to educational or commercial pursuits. Actuated by this sentiment, Gen. Beauregard has sought a new business, and is, at present, President of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad Company, attending faithfully and cheerfully to his new duties and responsibilities. Recently he went on a purely commercial tour to Europe, where he was received with great courtesy and distinction by all classes in England and France.*

* One of the journals of Paris contained an interesting notice of Gen. Beauregard, while in that capital, his person, career, etc., from which we extract the following brief notices:—

"I have rarely experienced, in taking the hand of a soldier, the pleasure which I felt on pressing that of Gen. Beauregard, at the time when the Grand Hotel had the pleasure for two days of numbering him among the illustrious guests which it entertained. * * * * The question here is neither one of politics, nor of war, nor yet of the American question—North or South. It is a question only of one of the most sympathetic physiognomies; of one of those illustrations which we cannot let pass through Paris, without giving the profile, at least, to our readers.

"First of all we do not forget that Gen. Gustave Toutant de Beauregard is of a family originating with De la Rochelle. Besides, the fact of his name being French (as well as his character and mind, which are of our country) has not the less contributed to draw a very sympathetic attention towards him on this side of the Atlantic, during the continuation of the American war. He was one of that trio of men, respected and admired in Europe, even by their enemies, and in whose hands was held the military destiny of the Confederacy. The other two, as is known, were Jackson—surnamed while under fire 'Stonewall'—and Gen. Lee.

"Beauregard is still young; he was born in Louisiana, in 1818. Physically he

Remarking on the merits of Gen. Beauregard's military life, a Southern journal has offered a criticism so acute and just, that we adopt it in the language of the accomplished writer: "In one quality of a great General he was without compeer. We mean in the indescribable magnetic influence which a few men appear to have wielded over large masses. Wellington did not possess it, nor Marlborough, nor indeed we believe did Gen. Lee. Their troops had great, indeed unbounded confidence in them, but it seems to have been confidence which grew out of trial and ripened

scarcely appears as old as he really is, notwithstanding the fatigues of a war where the responsibilities to be borne were as weighty as the dangers to be faced were great. He is above the medium height, slender, has an elegant deportment, is very gentlemanly, and has a decidedly French figure. His complexion is bronzed by exposure in the southern latitudes of America; his nose is long and shapely; his eye large and piercing; his look commanding. He wears a short moustache, partially gray, and also a small imperial. His extreme modesty, his gentleness of tone, and his simplicity of manner, cannot entirely conceal the soldier!

* * * * *

"I have said that Gen. Beauregard was French in character and mind; it seemed impossible for him in his American guise to forget his original country. One of his aides, Col. Lamar, told me that on his return to the General, after a voyage to France, he (Col. L.) had related to him the words of sympathy expressed in his honour in the ranks of our army, and that the General had wept for joy. One day on the heights of Charleston, Gen. Beauregard was pensively gazing towards the sea. 'You are thinking of France, General!' said Col. Lamar to him. 'Yes, I am thinking of France. Ah! if she knew for what a cause we fought, she would come to our assistance! For she believes that I am fighting for the maintenance of slavery, whilst I would willingly see in our ranks all the blacks of the South, defending with us the liberty of our territory.'

"This opinion, decidedly against the support of slavery, was confirmed by the General to me, and it must not be forgotten that it was he who in connection with Gen. Lee, proposed arming the blacks. Too late a measure!

* * * * *

"When I said that his name and his person inspired a lively sympathy, I found the proof of it in the crowd which filled the hall leading to the modest parlour occupied by the General at the Grand Hotel. Such demonstrations, entirely novel to him, surprised and troubled him.

"One final illustration, which shows that at no point certain passions cease in the heart of man. This morning, as I communicated to Gen. Beauregard the dispatches which had arrived from Italy, said he, 'Ah! the Italians are very happy in having still something to fight for.'

"I saw by a sigh, and by a movement of the head, that he was very willing to add, 'If they only wanted *me* in their ranks!'

"It is pleasant to know, that by his mother, Gen. Beauregard has Tuscan blood in his veins.

through success. But Beauregard was beloved of every army he commanded from the day he assumed the baton, and we are confident that to the last day of its organization, the grand Army of Northern Virginia would have greeted his presence among them with shouts of joy and demonstrations of wild affection, which no other living man could elicit. Napoleon possessed this quality in a striking degree; Stonewall Jackson possessed it to a great extent. Amongst the Federal generals we think Gen. Sherman exhibited more evidence of it than any other, unless perhaps Gen. McClellan. But for Beauregard, whether he commanded on the banks of the Tennessee, in the dreary sand-hills of Corinth, in the much bombarded city of the sea, or in the well defended lines which looked on classic Potomac, his troops ever showed the greatest enthusiasm, the most ardent affection."

Among the Confederate Generals, the *Richmond Examiner* designated Gen. Beauregard by the Latin title of "*Felix*," not in the common school translation of happy or fortunate man, but in its true classical meaning, as denoting that rare and well-tempered combination of qualities that conciliates fortune, makes easy and graceful conquests of life, wins men, and obtains equal measures of human ambition in power and in love. In this sense the designation was characteristic, and a neat use of the Latin language.

The person of Gen. Beauregard is familiar to the public in photographs, which generally do justice to strongly marked features, and especially to an expression so settled as that which the face of the General wears. It is indeed the fixed and precise expression of the military man, with a figure small, but the beau-ideal of a perfect soldier. He is five feet seven and a half inches high, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds; is well proportioned, compactly put up, and is erect and quick in his movements. Those who know him well declare that he is one of the strongest and most active men of his weight in the country. His eyes are dark brown, nearly black. His hair was of the same colour, but is now gray. His health was not generally good since the second year of the war. It was so bad towards the end of the siege of Charleston as almost to unfit him for duty; but his great energy and perseverance enabled him to remain in command until the surrender at Greensboro. In manners Gen. Beauregard is kind and generous to those around him; but he is uncompromising where a duty has

to be performed by himself or others. We have already observed that he ruled his armies more through the affection and enthusiasm his presence created, than by the severities of military discipline. But he always exacted implicit obedience from those whom he commanded, and he was the first to show the example of that obedience to those whom the country had placed in a position to command him. His staff was so attached to him that although to be a member of it was to relinquish all hopes of promotion (on account of the animosity of President Davis), yet all through the four years' war, not one officer voluntarily retired from it. He was well served by all immediately around him, for he was served from love. In his habits he was a model for the school of abstemiousness, rejecting all stimulants, drinking neither tea nor coffee, and an exception in the Southern army, to the extent that he used tobacco in no shape whatever.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Remarkable career of Albert Sidney Johnston.—He eludes the Federal authorities in California.—Declares for the Southern Confederacy, and “annexes” Arizona.—In command of the Western armies.—Picture of a hero.—Proclamation on the occupation of Kentucky.—Foolish exaltation of Southern hopes.—True situation of Gen. Johnston.—His noble silence in the face of clamour.—Letter on the fall of Fort Donelson.—A glance at the Western map of the war.—The Confederate line broken and the campaign transferred to the southern bank of the Tennessee river.—Battle of Shiloh.—Gen. Johnston riding on to victory.—His death-wound.—Lamentations in the South.—Tributes to his memory.—A classic inscription.

IN the annals of America, anterior to the war, the name of Albert Sidney Johnston belonged both to history and romance, and shared equally the page of great national events and that of remarkable personal adventure. His life had been passed not only in camps, but in exploring the wilderness, in founding new homes, in pursuing the excitements of new countries, and running there the career from the humble individual to the high state official, commanding honours won by spirit and perseverance.

He was born in Mason County, Kentucky, in 1803, and obtained a literary education at Transylvania University in that State. He graduated at West Point in 1826, standing eight in his class; was commissioned as lieutenant of infantry, served in the Black Hawk war with distinction, resigned, and settled in Texas in 1836.

At this time Texas was struggling for her independence, and the battle of San Jacinto had been fought. Johnston, who appears to have emigrated here with the ambitious resolution to make his mark in a new country, seized the first opportunity of action, and entered the Texan army as a private soldier, enlisting in the division of Gen. Rusk. His merit soon raised him from the ranks, and he was

ultimately appointed senior Brigadier-General, and succeeded Gen. Houston in the command of the Texan army. This promotion was not without the accident of jealousy, and became the occasion of a duel with Gen. Houston, in which Johnston was wounded.

In 1836, Johnston was appointed Texan Secretary of War, and in 1839 organized an expedition against the hostile Cherokees, in which he routed them completely in a battle on the river Neches. He warmly advocated the annexation of Texas to the United States, and after this union was effected he took part in the Mexican War.

Here his services were distinguished, especially at the siege of Monterey, where he had three horses shot under him, and obtained the especial thanks of Gen. Butler, to whom he was acting as aide and inspector-general. In October, 1849, he was appointed paymaster by President Taylor, with the rank of major, and, upon the passage of the act of Congress authorizing the raising of additional regiments in the army, he was appointed colonel of the Second Cavalry. In the latter part of 1857, he received the command of the United States forces sent to coerce the Mormons into obedience to the Federal authority, and conducted the expedition in safety to Great Salt Lake City, after enduring great suffering in the mountains.

The commencement of the war found him in command of the department of the Pacific; and having determined to espouse the cause of the Confederacy, he resigned his position in the army of the United States, and made instant preparations to elude the watch set upon him, and make his way to the Atlantic sea-board. With a few companions, he chose the overland route, by the way of Arizona. The little party, consisting of twenty-three citizens of California, and seven officers lately resigned from the Federal service, mounted on mules, arrived at Mesilla on the 21st July, 1861. Here Gen. Johnston found the Federal authority in the Territory substantially destroyed, and perceiving that nearly all the people were Southern in origin and sympathies, he took counsel with their leaders and determined to declare Arizona a territory of the Confederate States. On the 1st August, 1861, Col. Baylor, as military commandant, issued his proclamation, erecting a territorial government, with executive and judicial officers, and declaring the territory, until otherwise decreed, to consist of all of New

Mexico south of the thirty-fourth parallel of latitude, within which limits the local laws then in force should continue until changed by act of the Confederate Congress.

Having completed, as he hoped, an act aggrandizing the new government to whose service he was hastening, Gen. Johnston resumed his journey, and passing through New Orleans, reached Richmond on the 2d September. Here he was visited by many who knew and admired him. The fame of his military abilities was popular and had preceded him; his thoughtful and intellectual face and commanding person obtained for him at once the respect and confidence of all who saw him; and his arrival at Richmond was an occasion of jubilation, in which the people saw an addition to the Confederate roll of distinguished generalship, and delighted themselves with the prospect of a new effulgence of their arms in districts which had not yet yielded much of Southern glory. The new commander was commissioned a full General, and was promptly appointed, by President Davis, to the command of the Department of Kentucky and Tennessee, and, without delay, repaired to the scene of his duties.

In an army of volunteers the personal appearance of the commander is an important element in obtaining the admiration and confidence of the troops; and, indeed, in the military life, this circumstance appears to be of much more consequence in the people's eyes than in other professions and careers. In this regard, Gen. A. S. Johnston was fortunate, and filled all that the popular imagination could require in the picture of a hero. He was more than six feet high, of a large and sinewy frame, in the vigour of manhood, about sixty years of age. His countenance was grave, dignified and commanding, indicating serious thought, but without a sign of austerity upon it. His features were strongly marked, showing the Scottish lineage, and denoted great resolution and composure of character. His complexion, naturally fair, was, from exposure, a deep brown. His manner was courteous, but rather grave and silent. The whole expression was at once grand and pleasing; and it was often said of him, that he looked like one "born to command." No man had ever more devoted, enthusiastic friends, serving him from affection, ceaseless in praising him, holding it an honour to be by his side, and ready to die for him in any cause. It is only a strong nature that wins such friends.

On assuming command and establishing himself at Bowling-Green, Gen. Johnston issued the following proclamation, explaining the much vexed question of the occupation of Kentucky by Confederate forces :

“WHEREAS, the armed occupation of a part of Kentucky by the United States, and the preparations which manifest the intention of their Government to invade the Confederate States through that territory, have imposed it on these last, as a necessity of self-defence, to enter that State and meet the invasion upon the best line for military operations; and, whereas, it is proper that the motives of the Government of the Confederate States in taking this step should be fully known to the world; now, therefore, I, Albert S. Johnston, General and Commander of the Western Department of the Army of the Confederate States of America, do proclaim that these States have thus marched their troops into Kentucky with no hostile intention towards its people, nor do they desire or seek to control their choice in regard to their union with either of the confederacies, or to subjugate their State, or hold its soil against their wishes. On the contrary, they deem it to be the right of the people of Kentucky to determine their own position in regard to the belligerents. It is for them to say whether they will join either the Confederacy, or maintain a separate existence as an independent sovereign State. The armed occupation of their soil, both as to its extent and duration, will, therefore, be strictly limited to the exigencies of self-defence on the part of the Confederate States. These States intend to conform to all the requirements of public law and international amity as between themselves and Kentucky, and, accordingly, I hereby command all who are subject to my orders to pay entire respect to the rights of property and the legal authorities within that State, so far as the same may be compatible with the necessities of self-defence. If it be the desire of the people of Kentucky to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality, then the effort to drive out the lawless intruders, who seek to make their State the theatre of war, will aid them in the attainment of their wishes. If, as it may not be unreasonable to suppose, these people desire to unite their fortunes with the Confederate States, to whom they are already bound by so many ties of interest, then the appearance and aid of Confederate troops will assist them to make

an opportunity for the free and unbiased expression of their will upon the subject. But if it be true, which is not to be presumed, that a majority of those people desire to adhere to the United States, and become parties to the war, then none can doubt the right of the other belligerent to meet that war whenever and wherever it may be waged. But, harbouring no such suspicion, I now declare, in the name of the Government which I serve, that its army will be withdrawn from Kentucky so soon as there shall be satisfactory evidence of the existence and execution of a like intention on the part of the United States.

By order of the President of the Confederate States of America.

A. S. JOHNSTON,

*General, commanding the Western Department of the Army
of the Confederate States of America.*

It was easy to see that a collision of arms must soon occur in Gen. Johnston's department; and the popular expectation of great victories there would have been very much dampened, had the people known the real situation of affairs. He had but little over twenty thousand troops, when it was generally supposed that he commanded an army of a hundred thousand men, and would soon be marching to Cincinnati, and fulfilling the cherished popular hope of an invasion of Northern territory. This exaltation of Southern hope was foolish and characteristic; and Gen. Johnston knew well enough, while he could not communicate his information to the public, and moderate the vulgar expectation, that his condition was desperate in the extreme, and that the enemy had the most formidable advantages, not only in numbers and resources, but in superiour organization and drill. Buell was not far from him, in a position of immense strength, with an army said to be 50,000 strong. In his rear was the Cumberland River, liable to rise at any moment, and to admit the largest class steamers as high as Nashville. Then there was the Tennessee, traversing the entire State, and capable of passing gunboats to Alabama; while, at the mouth of both these rivers, at Paducah and Smithfield, the enemy was collecting an enormous force, both naval and military. The army with which Gen. Johnston had to encounter these immense preparations, was both inadequate and raw. In October, he wrote to the War Department: "We have received but little accession to our

ranks since the Confederate forces crossed the line—in fact, no such enthusiastic demonstration as to justify any movements not warranted by our ability to maintain our own communications.” He repeatedly called upon the government for reinforcements. He made a call upon several States of the Southwest, including Tennessee, for large numbers of troops. The call was revoked at the instance of the authorities in Richmond, who declined to furnish twelve months’ volunteers with arms; and here was another instance of petty objections at Richmond, in an exigency that surely required action, without reference to those forms and routine in which the government chose, to the last, to administer its military service.

Gen. Johnston was forced to silence before the public. He could not acquaint them with the true situation, and fence his reputation, in case of disaster, by discovering how small his force was, and explaining how he was baffled by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of War at Richmond. It was a case of severe self-abnegation. The commander suffered daily from the hasty and uninformed criticisms of the newspaper press. He was twitted with his former reputation; he was declared incompetent; and the constant interrogatory in the journals was, how long was a slow and unsympathetic commander to delay to pluck the victory which a brave and sufficient army panted to obtain.

The truth was revealed with the fall of Fort Donelson. It was then known that Gen. Johnston had given the better half of his army to defend that place, and that when surrendered to overwhelming odds (Gens. Floyd and Pillow escaping) he was left with not more than twelve thousand men, to make the retreat from Nashville, which this event had made imperative. To President Davis he wrote: “In my first report I remained silent” (*i. e.* with reference to the embarrassments which surrounded him in his attempts to avert or remedy the disaster of Fort Donelson). “This silence you were kind enough to attribute to my generosity. I will not lay claim to the motive to excuse my course. I observed silence, as it seemed to me the best way to serve the cause and the country. The facts were not fully known; discontent prevailed, and criticism or condemnation was more likely to augment than to cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censures would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure them for the present,

and defer to a more propitious time, an investigation of the conduct of the Generals, for, in the meantime, their services are required, and their influences useful. For these reasons, Gens. Floyd and Pillow were assigned to duty, for I still felt confidence in their gallantry, their energy, and their devotion to the Confederacy. The test of merit, in my profession, with the people, is success. *It is a hard rule, but I think it right.* If I join this corps to the forces of Gen. Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now exclaiming against me will be without an argument."

The experiment was eventually made. On leaving Nashville Gen. Johnston fell back to Murfreesboro. There he managed to collect an army able to offer battle; but the weather was so inclement, and the floods in the river such as to wash the bridges away, that nothing effective could be accomplished. He therefore marched on, and crossed the Tennessee at Decatur, in Alabama, early in March, 1862, and soon afterwards a portion of his army joined the command of Beauregard and Bragg, the whole force being drawn in around Corinth.

So far the events of the campaign west of the Alleghanies—the capture of Fort Henry, the fall of Fort Donelson, the evacuation of Columbus—had been of the most disastrous and serious consequence to the Confederate cause. It will be well here to look to the map to obtain an intelligent view of the only campaign of Gen. A. S. Johnston, closing with the untimely death of the commander. The events referred to opened to the enemy no less than three water avenues—the Mississippi, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland rivers, gave him bases of operations on the banks of these rivers, and left the Confederates no practicable line of operations in all West and Middle Tennessee. The newspaper press of the Confederacy, which was never candid with the public, and delighted to misrepresent and insult all the successes of the enemy, attempted for some time to make light of the loss of the forts, and told it as a story of a capture of hastily constructed earthworks, mounting a few cannon—a paltry and unworthy price for a great army and fleet to rejoice over. But this view shut out the strategic importance of these points, and was to the last degree superficial. The gravity of the events was that it had broken the Confederate line in the West, and transferred the campaign to the southern bank of the Tennessee; the Confederate army being forced now to take a posi-

tion at Corinth, to defend the State of Mississippi, and to command the railroads diverging thence eastward and southward.

But here Gen. Johnston was inspired with a new hope, and found a favourable conjuncture for a great battle, in which he might recover from his disasters, and repair his reputation so unjustly and cruelly injured by the carping critics of the newspapers. He had said to his friends, that he was confident of retrieving his fortunes at no distant day. The opportunity for action had now come; Grant's army, brought down the Tennessee River, was already in his front, while Buell was marching on the same point by land; and Gen. Johnston proposed to attack before the junction of the two forces.

On the eve of the great battle of Shiloh, he made the following glowing and confident address to his troops:

"Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

"I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valour becoming men, fighting as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property and honour. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes and ties that would be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and the hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you; you are expected to show yourself worthy of your race and lineage—worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded at any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your Generals will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success."

In the early morning of the 6th April, the enemy was attacked about twenty miles from Corinth, on the west bank of the Tennessee River. A small log-cabin, termed Shiloh Church, gave its name to the battle. The first line of the Confederates, commanded by Hardee, was soon engaged, struck the left of Sherman's line, and threw it into wild confusion. Until the enemy had been driven to his camps, Hardee's corps only had been engaged; and while

the masses of Federal infantry desperately strove to make a stand here, the line of Confederates was for a moment checked and dismayed. At this time Gen. Johnston rode forward with Gen. Breckinridge, and seizing a musket, presented it at a charge-bayonet, and called on the men to follow. In the scene his grand figure seemed to expand to gigantic proportions; he was mastered by excitement, and in his eagerness, forgetting formal orders, he beckoned his men on to the charge. The gallant Kentuckians were the first to follow—Tennesseans, Mississippians and Arkansans caught the heroic contagion; and now the line moved steadily forward at double-quick, and then, with a wild rush, receiving the deadly iron blast as it swept along the slopes, and pouring over the batteries, they scattered the heavy masses of the infantry in the wildest confusion. This was the mightiest effort of physical force and courage of the day. As soon as Gen. Johnston perceived the success of his appeal, and that his men had caught the spirit which he had sought to infuse into them, and were moving forward with the requisite vigour and resolution, he rode from the front, and returned to his original commanding position, a little in the rear and on the right, and waited the result of the assault.

At half-past ten o'clock, the whole of the first line of the Federal army was in utter rout and confusion. Gen. Johnston, magnificently mounted, rode now in advance, his thoughts only on the great victory he was about achieving. As he pressed rapidly forward, one of his aides, perceiving blood on his clothes, anxiously asked if he was wounded. He replied, "Only a scratch;" adding, in entire unconsciousness of self, with his eyes on his troops: "Was not that splendidly done! glorious fellows! we have got them now!" Another moment he reeled in the saddle and was lifted down a dying man. His boot being pulled off, it was discovered to be full of blood, and that the purple current was still flowing rapidly from a small wound under the knee. It was indeed a small wound to produce death in a hale and vigorous man. But an artery had been severed, and what he had thought a scratch proved a mortal hurt. The body was borne from the fire into a ravine; stimulants were applied; but the commander was already dead; and as anxious, grief-stricken voices sought to arouse him, there was no sign of recognition on the grave countenance, peacefully and grandly composed in death.

The day's work was done; but the victory that it promised was not achieved. There is reason to suppose that if Gen. Johnston had not been stopped by the untimely messenger of death, the reverse of the second day of Shiloh would not have been experienced, and that with the setting of the sun, Grant would have been crushed, before Buell's reinforcements could have saved him. It is said that as his victorious lines were sweeping the field, Gen. Johnston, unconscious of his wound, remarked to one of his staff: "We will water our horses in the Tennessee River to-night." His army fell short of the victory that the commander would have grasped; but even apart from regret for that, never had a death before been so deeply lamented in all parts of the South as that of Gen. A. S. Johnston. The people remembered his virtues, and recalled his noble countenance; they considered how cruelly he had been abused by the newspapers, and how in the first part of his campaign, although President Davis was personally well disposed towards him—indeed, an ardent friend—he had been sacrificed by meddling authorities in the War Department; they resented all former injustice done him; they dwelt on the dramatic circumstance of his death; and they remembered that he had fallen on the pathway to a great victory, which God did not spare him to complete.

The public honours paid to his memory were exceedingly appropriate and tender. His death was commemorated in a special message of President Davis to Congress. He wrote:

"But an all-wise Creator has been pleased, while vouchsafing to us His countenance in battle, to afflict us with a severe dispensation, to which we must bow in humble submission. The last long, lingering hope has disappeared, and it is but too true, that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston is no more. My long and close friendship with this departed chieftain and patriot, forbid me to trust myself in giving vent to the feelings which this intelligence has evoked. Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be said that our loss is irreparable. Among the shining hosts of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul, than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting. In his death he has illustrated the character for which, through life, he was conspicuous—that of singleness of purpose and devotion

to duty with his whole energies. Bent on obtaining the victory which he deemed essential to his country's cause, he rode on to the accomplishment of his object, forgetful of self, while his very life-blood was fast ebbing away. His last breath cheered his comrades on to victory. The last sound he heard was their shout of victory. His last thought was his country, and long and deeply will his country mourn his loss."

In the army his death was announced in the following general orders :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF MISSISSIPPI, }
CORINTH, MISS., April 10, 1862. }

SOLDIERS:—Your late Commander-in-Chief, Gen. A. S. Johnston, is dead; a fearless soldier, a sagacious captain, a reproachless man has fallen. One who, in his devotion to our cause, shrank from no sacrifice; one who, animated by a sense of duty, and sustained by a sublime courage, challenged danger, and perished gallantly for his country, while leading forward his brave columns to victory. His signal example of heroism and patriotism, if imitated, would make his army invincible. A grateful country will mourn his loss, revere his name, and cherish his many virtues.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General commanding.*

The body was taken to New Orleans, and was finally interred there with an august ceremony, a military and civic procession following it to the last resting-place in what is known as the St. Louis Cemetery. As the body reposed in state, before the burial, thousands visited it; many shed tears of true grief; the gentle hands and weeping eyes of women adorned the mournful scene; and the coffin, covered with beautiful flowers, containing the dead warrior, with his sheathed sword by his side, was attended to the cemetery not only by a procession of dignitaries, but by a long train of heart-stricken mourners, carrying in their faces the emblems of woe. Recently a lady passing through this crowded cemetery to visit the grave of Gen. Johnston, found the following written epitaph pasted upon a rough board attached to the tomb. The author is not known; but an inscription more classic and noble has seldom been put over the head of the dead:

IN MEMORIAM.

Behind this stone is laid,
 For a season,
 ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
 A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
 Who fell at Shiloh, Tenn.,
 On the sixth day of April, A.D.,
 Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
 A man tried in many high offices
 And critical enterprises,
 And found faithful in all.
 His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience
 And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
 Did he yield as a holocaust to his country's need.
 Not wholly understood was he while he lived ;
 But, in his death his greatness stands confess'd
 In a people's tears.
 Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
 In that firmer ambition which makes men great and
 pure.
 In his honour—impregnable ;
 In his simplicity—sublime.
 No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler
 champion ;
 No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer
 victim
 Than the dead Soldier
 Who sleeps here !
 The cause for which he perished is lost—
 The people for whom he fought are crushed—
 The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
 The Flag he loved guides no more the charging lines ;
 But his fame, consign'd to the keeping of that
 time, which
 Happily is not so much the tomb of Virtue as its
 shrine,
 Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to
 noble ends.

In honour, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him.
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits, who, holding their conscience
unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves,
their country, and their God.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Equivocal reputation of Gen. Bragg in the war.—His services in Mexico.—Offers his sword to Louisiana.—His command at Pensacola.—Gallant participation in the battle of Shiloh.—His reflections upon Gen. Beauregard.—In command of the Western forces.—His Kentucky campaign, as correspondent to the Virginia campaign of 1862.—Battle of Perryville.—Gen. Bragg's retreat through Cumberland Gap.—Criticisms and recriminations touching the campaign.

THE name of Braxton Bragg is connected with so much of recrimination in the late war, and has been bandied so violently between admirers and censors, that it is difficult to balance for history his character and deeds. In a popular biography, however, we have nothing to do with disputed questions of military science, unless to refer to them in a very general way; and with this explanation we shall proceed to give the main events in the military life of Gen. Bragg, and a view of his character, with a sincere effort to do equal justice to the man, and to the cause in which his record was so confused by partisanship, and his reputation so equivocal through constant recrimination.

He is a native of North Carolina; born in Warren County, in 1815. Having graduated at West Point, he received the appointment of second-lieutenant of the Third Artillery, July 1, 1837; engaged in the Seminole war, and in 1838 was promoted to a first-lieutenancy. In the Mexican war he served under Gen. Taylor, and on the 9th May, 1846, was brevetted captain "for gallant and distinguished conduct in the defence of Fort Brown, Texas." His other services in Mexico were meritorious, and he was brevetted major "for gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846." At Buena Vista he commanded a battery, and was conspicuous for his bravery; and it was popularly reported that in the hottest part of the engagement,

Gen. Taylor rode to his battery, and gave his famous *nonchalant* order: "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg!" The phrase gave a familiar title to Bragg, although the anecdote has been impeached, and is of doubtful authority. For his service on this field, Bragg was brevetted lieutenant-colonel.

A singular incident is related of his military life in Mexico, which we give in Col. Bragg's own words. He says, in a letter to a friend, dated August 27, 1847: "An attempt was made, about 2 A.M., night before last, to assassinate me in my bed. I have no clue to the perpetrator, and can suggest no reason for the act. My escape without injury is almost miraculous. As exaggerated accounts may reach the press, the truth may interest you. A twelve-pound shell, heavily charged, was placed within two feet of my bed, just outside of my tent, and exploded by a slow match; the fragments literally riddling my tent and bedding, pieces passing above and below me, some through a blanket spread over me, and yet I was untouched. I was not aware that I had an enemy in the world."

At the period of the commencement of hostilities between the North and South Col. Bragg, who had resigned from the United States service, was cultivating a plantation in Louisiana. He offered his sword to the cause of the South; he was made Commander-in-chief of the volunteer forces of Louisiana; and on the accession of the Confederate power, his military experience was remembered, and he was appointed a Brigadier-General by President Davis, and put in command of the forces at Pensacola.

The Federals held Fort Pickens, and there was an eager expectation of the public that the drama of Fort Sumter would be repeated here, and an attempt made to take this work, which, situated on the extremity of Santa Rosa Island, commanded the entrance to the harbour. But the events of the siege proved of but little interest. On the 8th October, 1861, Gen. Bragg sent an expedition to break up an encampment of "Billy Wilson" Zouaves on the island, which was of doubtful success; and in the succeeding month the Federal fleet replied by a lame attempt, assisted by the guns of the fort, to bombard and capture the Confederate position. On this event Gen. Bragg published the following congratulatory order:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF PENSACOLA,
NEAR PENSACOLA, FLA., NOV. 25, 1861.

The signal success which has crowned our forty hours' conflict

with the arrogant and confident enemy—whose government, it seems, is hourly looking for an announcement of his success in capturing our position—should fill our hearts with gratitude to a merciful Providence. This terrific bombardment of more than a hundred guns of the heaviest calibre, causing the very earth to tremble around us, has, from the wild firing of the enemy, resulted in the loss of only seven lives, with eight wounded; but two of them seriously, five of the deaths from an accident, and but two from the enemy's shot. We have crippled their ships, and driven them off, and forced the garrison of Fort Pickens, in its impotent rage, to slake its revenge by firing on our hospital, and burning the habitations of our innocent women and children, who have been driven therefrom by an unannounced storm of shot and shell. For the coolness, devotion, and conspicuous gallantry of the troops, the General tenders his cordial thanks; but for the precision of their firing, in this their first practice, which would have done credit to veterans, he is unable to express his admiration. Their country and their enemy will both remember the 22d and 23d of November.

By command of Maj.-Gen. BRAGG.

GEO. G. GARNER, *Ass't. Adj't.-Gen.*

In February, 1862, Gen. Bragg, now made a Major-General, had his headquarters established at Mobile; and shortly afterwards joined his forces with the army of the Mississippi, under command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. His first important field was at Shiloh, where he commanded the Second and largest army corps, consisting of 13,589 troops. In this action, Gen. Bragg made an excellent mark, and answered all the expectations which his reputation had inspired. When the first line of Confederates, driving the enemy through his camps, was found to falter as it came upon the Federal batteries, posted on eminences, with strong infantry supports, Bragg moved up steadily and promptly to its support, developed his whole line, and swept the ground, capturing three large encampments, and three batteries of artillery.

Of the singular close of the day's performances, Gen. Bragg writes as follows: "The troops were soon put in motion, responding with great alacrity to the command of 'Forward! let every order be forward.' It was now probably past four o'clock, the

descending sun warning us to press our advantage, and finish the work before night should compel us to desist. Fairly in motion, these commands again, with a common head, and a common purpose, swept all before them. Neither battery nor battalion could withstand their onslaught. Passing through camp after camp, rich in military spoils of every kind, the enemy was driven headlong from every position, and thrown in confused masses upon the river bank, behind his heavy artillery, and under cover of his gunboats at the landing. He had left nearly the whole of his light artillery in our hands, and some three thousand or more prisoners, who were cut off from their retreat by the closing in of our troops on the left, under Major-Gen. Polk, with a portion of his reserve corps, and Brig-Gen. Ruggles, with Anderson's and Pond's brigades of his division. The prisoners were dispatched to the rear under a proper guard, all else being left on the field, that we might press our advantage. *The enemy had fallen back in much confusion, and was crowded in unorganized masses on the river bank, vainly striving to cross.* They were covered by a battery of heavy guns well served, and their two gunboats, which now poured a heavy fire upon our supposed positions, for we were entirely hid by the forest. Their fire, though terrific in sound, and producing some consternation at first, *did us no damage*, as the shells all passed over, and exploded far beyond our positions. As soon as our troops could be again formed and put in motion, the order was given to move forward at all points, and *sweep the enemy from the field.* The sun was about disappearing, so that little time was left us to finish the glorious work of the day; a day unsurpassed in the history of warfare for its daring deeds, brilliant achievements, and heavy sacrifices. Our troops, greatly exhausted by twelve hours' incessant fighting, without food, mostly responded to the order with alacrity, and the movement *commenced with every prospect of success*, though a heavy battery in our front, and the gunboats on our right, seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground. *Just at this time, an order was received from the Commanding-General, to withdraw the forces beyond the enemy's fire.* As this was communicated in many instances direct to brigade commanders, the troops were soon in motion, *and the action ceased.* The different commands, mixed and scattered, bivouacked at points most convenient to their positions, and beyond the range of the enemy's

guns. All firing, except a half-hour shot from the gunboats, ceased, and the night was passed in quiet."

Of the criticism, which the statement above evidently contains, respecting Gen. Beauregard's failure to complete the victory of the first day of Shiloh (reversed as it was by the events of the next twenty-four hours) it will be obvious to remark, that it was unfortunate that Gen. Bragg did not adopt for himself this lesson of improving critical opportunities. For we shall see, in his subsequent campaigns, that he repeated many times the very error he reprehended, never completed his successes, and of all Confederate Generals was most famous for *first-day battles*, and for victories with defeats on their heels.

The second day of Shiloh brought Buell's army on the scene, and ended with the retreat of the Confederates to Corinth. Bragg was made a full General after the battle; and when Beauregard retired his army about fifty miles south of Corinth, among the forests of Mississippi, occasion was taken of his furlough to recruit his health, to put Bragg in command of his department, and to give him the conduct of the whole campaign, between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River.

A grand scheme was now organized for an aggressive campaign, embracing the whole theatre of the war in the West. Gen. Bragg had addressed his troops in significant language. He had proclaimed to them: "The slight reverses we have met on the sea-board have worked us good as well as evil; the brave troops so long retained there have hastened to swell your numbers, while the gallant Van Dorn and invincible Price, with the ever successful 'Army of the West,' are now in your midst, with numbers almost equalling the 'Army of Shiloh.' We have, then, but to strike and destroy; and as the enemy's whole resources are concentrated here, we shall not only redeem Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri at one blow, but open the portals of the whole North-west."

The campaign hinted here was intended as the western correspondent to the grand movement of 1862 in Virginia, to relieve the country of the invaders, and put the enemy back upon the frontier. The theatre was a much larger one than that on which Lee was contending. The proposed line of operations extended for a distance of between seven and eight hundred miles, from Cumberland

Gap, on the borders of Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, to the vicinity of the Lower Mississippi. It was proposed to assault Baton Rouge at the lower extremity of this line, to manœuvre against the Federal army in the vicinity of Corinth in the centre, and to operate from its extreme right against Eastern Kentucky. With these objects in view, a small army under Gen. Breckinridge was assembled in Louisiana, a larger force under Van Dorn in Upper Mississippi, whilst a still more formidable army, under Gen. Bragg, was organized in Eastern Tennessee for the invasion of Kentucky.

It was a magnificent prospect, in which Bragg indulged visions of a transcendent fame, and the public was dazzled with great expectations. In August he began his movement from Tupelo, in Mississippi, through the States of Georgia and Alabama, to Chattanooga, with a view to operations in East Tennessee and Kentucky. His army was now divided into three corps, respectively commanded by Major-Generals Polk, Hardee, and Kirby Smith; the latter being at Knoxville, ready to push forward when Bragg should reach Chattanooga. After arriving here, Bragg ascertained that Kirby Smith had turned Cumberland Gap and was marching on Lexington, Kentucky. Gen. Humphrey Marshall was to enter Eastern Kentucky from Western Virginia; and Bragg was now elated with the prospect that Buell's army, which had fallen back from the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and appeared now likely to make a hopeless race to get between the Confederates and the Ohio, "was pretty well disposed of." He dispatched to Gen. Van Dorn, who remained in the Mississippi district: "Sherman and Rosecrans we leave to you and Price, satisfied you can dispose of them, and *we confidently hope to meet you on the Ohio.*"

On the 5th September, Gen. Bragg entered Kentucky, and marched to the right of Bowling Green, sending an advance on to Mumfordsville to demand its surrender. Mumfordsville is a large town on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and Bragg was now between it and Buell's army at Bowling Green. On the 17th September, Mumfordsville surrendered, and more than four thousand prisoners were taken. It appeared now that the crisis of the campaign had arrived; for Bragg was on the road by which Buell would be forced to march to get between the Confederates and the Ohio River, while Kirby Smith, at Lexington, threatened Louisville,

about fifty miles distant. In this conjuncture, however, Gen. Bragg very unexpectedly declined battle, for no other reason that has ever been developed than that given in his official report; that his subsistence was low, and that "a serious engagement would not fail, whatever its results, to materially cripple him." The consequence was that Buell, without opposition and almost within sight of the Confederate army, effected his march to Louisville, recapturing Mumfordsville on the way, whilst Bragg, marching first to Bardstown and then to Frankfort, contented himself with inaugurating a provisional Governor of Kentucky.*

* Here Gen. Bragg issued a long rhetorical address, portions of which we copy below:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTHWEST.

The responsibility then rests with you, the people of the Northwest, of continuing an unjust and aggressive warfare on the people of the Confederate States. And in the name of reason and humanity, I call upon you to pause and reflect, what cause of quarrel so bloody have you against these States, and what are you to gain by it. Nature has set her seal upon these States, and marked them out to be your friends and allies. She has bound them to you by all the ties of geographical contiguity and conformation, and the great mutual interests of commerce and productions. When the passions of this unnatural war shall have subsided, and reason resumes her sway, a community of interest will force commercial and social coalition between the great grain and stock-growing States of the Northwest, and the cotton, tobacco, and sugar regions of the South. The Mississippi river is the grand artery of their mutual national lives, which men cannot sever, and which never ought to have been suffered to be disturbed by the antagonisms, the cupidity, and the bigotry of New England and the East. It is from the East that have come the germs of this bloody and most unnatural strife. It is from the meddlesome, grasping, and fanatical disposition of the same people who have imposed upon you and us alike those tariffs, internal improvements, and fishing-bounty laws, whereby we have been taxed for their aggrandizement. It is from the East that will come the tax-gatherer to collect from you that mighty debt which is being amassed mountain high for the purpose of ruining your best customers and natural friends.

When this war ends, the same antagonisms of interest, policy, and feeling which have been pressed upon us by the East, and forced us from a political union where we had ceased to find safety for our interests or respect for our rights, will bear down upon you and separate you from a people whose traditional policy it is to live by their wits upon the labour of their neighbours. Meantime, you are being used by them to fight the battle of emancipation; a battle which, if successful, destroys our prosperity, and with it your best markets to buy and sell. Our mutual dependence is the work of the Creator. With our peculiar productions, convertible into gold, we should, in a state of peace, draw from you largely the products of your labour. In us of the South you would find rich and willing customers; in the East you must confront rivals in production and trade, and the tax-gatherer in all the forms of partial legislation. You are blindly following abolitionism to this end, whilst they are nicely calculating the

This sharp and unexpected turn of affairs gave a new face to the campaign. At Bardstown, Gen. Bragg sent a dispatch to Van Dorn, which was strangely in contrast to the glowing messages he had sent from Chattanooga; for he now urged that Van Dorn should bring his columns to his support, and declared that an overwhelming force of the enemy was concentrating in his front. The entry of Buell into Louisville had given him all the advantage he wished for; he had obtained reinforcements, and moving on the 1st October, he had pressed the Confederate rear and soon advanced his three corps towards Perryville, a few miles south of Frankfort. At this time Gen. Bragg had his forces badly divided; the divisions of Kirby Smith and Withers had been drawn off by another demonstration of the enemy, which proved a feint; and he was left with three divisions of Polk's corps—Cheatham's, Buckner's and Anderson's—to fight the battle of Perryville, which took place on the 8th October. Of the action, Gen. Bragg writes: "For the time engaged it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge. Fearfully outnumbered, our troops did not hesitate to engage at any odds, and, though checked at times, they eventually carried every position, and drove the enemy about two miles. But for the intervention of night, we should have completed the work. We had captured fifteen pieces of artillery by the most daring charges, killed one and wounded two brigadier-generals, and a very large number of inferior officers and men, estimated at no less than 4,000, and captured 400 prisoners, including three staff-officers, with servants, carriage and baggage of Maj.-Gen. McCook. The ground was literally covered

gain of obtaining your trade on terms that would impoverish your country. You say you are fighting for the free navigation of the Mississippi. It is yours freely, and has always been, without striking a blow. You say you are fighting to maintain the Union. That Union is a thing of the past. A union of consent was the only union ever worth a drop of blood. When force came to be substituted for consent, the casket was broken, and the constitutional jewel of your patriotic adoration was forever gone.

I come then to you with the olive-branch of peace, and offer it to your acceptance, in the name of the memories of the past, and the ties of the present and future. With you remains the responsibility and the option of continuing a cruel and wasting war, which can only end, after still greater sacrifices, in such treaty of peace as we now offer, or of preserving the blessings of peace by the simple abandonment of the design of subjugating a people over whom no right of dominion has been conferred on you by God or man.

with his dead and wounded. In such a contest our own loss was necessarily severe, probably not less than 2,500 killed, wounded, and missing."

The battle of Perryville was a Confederate victory; but it had really been fought to cover Gen. Bragg's retreat, which he had previously resolved upon, in view of the rapidly augmenting forces of the enemy, who had now perfected his communications, and the danger of risking a Confederate army in Kentucky after the season of autumnal rains had made the roads impracticable for retreat. On the 13th October, Bragg put his army in motion for Cumberland Gap, secured his retreat with a vast amount of spoil, and ended the campaign of Kentucky.

The campaign fell greatly below public expectation, and was long a theme of violent criticism in the Confederacy. On the other end of the line of operations in the West, Breckinridge had failed at Baton Rouge, and Van Dorn at Corinth; and the general feeling in the Confederacy was that of disappointment at the results of a campaign that had been so extensive in its plan, and so promising in its early announcements. Of the operations in Kentucky a fair critic has said: "Gen. Bragg has been blamed for having failed to bring all his force into the field at Perryville, in which case, it is alleged, he might have crushed the enemy; but the crisis of the campaign was not the battle of Perryville, which was obviously fought to cover the retreat of the army, but the junction of Buell with Wright at Louisville; it was at Mumfordsville, or in its vicinity, that Gen. Bragg should have concentrated his army for the decisive battle, and should have fallen on Buell during his march to Louisville, forcing him either to accept battle on his adversaries' terms, or to have fallen back on Nashville, and left Louisville and even Cincinnati to their fate."

In Kentucky, the disappointment of the party of Southern sympathizers was very great, and Bragg was mercilessly criticised. It was said that the people of Kentucky looked upon the fleeting presence of his army as a "*horse-show*," or military pageantry, and not as indicating the stern reality of war; and the excuse was made for their not rising in arms to expel the Federal authority, that they were diffident in following the fortunes of the Confederacy under the leadership of such an officer as Bragg. A clamour was raised in Richmond for the removal of a commander who had

done so much to raise public expectation and then disappoint it. But Gen. Bragg had no sooner got his army through Cumberland Gap, than leaving it under the command of Gen. Polk, he hurried to Richmond to make the necessary explanations, and demonstrate there the successes he claimed to have obtained.

It was strongly urged on his side that, although the Kentucky campaign had fallen short of the prime object of the liberation of that State, yet it had had the effect of relieving portions of Alabama and Tennessee, had obtained considerable advantages, and had secured supplies of vital necessity to the Confederate armies. A member of Gen. Bragg's staff gave the following as the advantages gained in the advance upon Kentucky:

"1st. Buell, who had been threatening Chattanooga, and even Atlanta, was forced to evacuate East Tennessee in 'double-quick.'

"2d. North Alabama was thereby relieved from Federal occupation.

"3d. We got possession of Cumberland Gap, the doorway through that mountain to Knoxville and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

"4th. We took from 18,000 to 20,000 prisoners at Richmond, Mumfordsville, and other places.

"5th. We brought off a far greater amount of arms and ammunition than we carried into Kentucky.

"6th. Jeans enough to clothe the Army of the Mississippi were brought off, besides what Gen. Smith obtained. I know not what this amounts to; but I understand it is, as it ought to be from his longer stay in the State, much larger.

"7th. We beat the enemy in three considerable battles—at Richmond, Mumfordsville, and Perryville, and our cavalry whipped them in twenty smaller ones.

"8th. And last, we have paid a debt of honour due by the Confederate States to Kentucky. We have offered her an army to help her liberation, and her exclusion would be no longer an obstacle in honour or on principle to a treaty of peace with the United States."

The truth is, the sum of these successes was not inconsiderable, and the public reception of the results of the Kentucky campaign

was scarcely just, because the popular imagination had been too much excited by the hope of yet more important consequences. The Government, however, was much consoled by the rich spoil that had been gathered: 15,000 horses and mules, 8,000 beeves, 50,000 barrels of pork, 1,000,000 yards of Kentucky cloth, &c., &c. It was ascertained that Gen. Bragg's army was better disciplined, better clothed, and better fed than when it commenced the campaign; that it was in better health and tone; and so there was no hesitation in continuing him in command. In a few weeks he was again in front of the enemy at Nashville, where Gen. Rosecrans, having superseded Buell, was reorganizing and preparing his troops for a forward movement.

CHAPTER XXV.

Battle of Murfreesboro.—Interval of repose.—Retreat to Chattanooga.—Gen. Bragg refuses to fight at the instance of the War Department.—Reinforced from the Army of Northern Virginia.—Battle of Chickamauga.—A commentary in the *Richmond Whig*.—Violent quarrel between Gens. Bragg and Longstreet.—The disaster of Missionary Ridge.—Gen. Bragg relieved from command and appointed "military adviser" of President Davis.—Explanations in a *Richmond journal*.—Gen. Bragg's last service in the field.—Fall of Wilmington.—Gen. Bragg's military career criticised.—His ardent Southern patriotism.

THE year 1862 was to expire with a grand conflict of arms in the West. On the 26th December the enemy advanced in force from Nashville to attack Gen. Bragg at Murfreesboro. It had been well ascertained that his strength was over sixty thousand effective men, while the force which Bragg had on the field, the morning of the battle, was less than two-thirds the Federal numbers. On the 28th December this force was concentrated in front of Murfreesboro. Rosecrans disposed the mass of his troops on his left, prepared to force the passage of the Stone River on the north of the Murfreesboro rail; whilst his right, more extended and more advanced, formed an angle with the centre and left, and faced in an almost due easterly direction. The Nashville turnpike and the river divided both armies into two wings; the Confederate left, under Gen. Hardee, composed of the divisions of Cleburne and McCown, with Breckinridge in reserve, being formed on the east bank of the river, with its left resting near the Nashville road.

It was determined by Gen. Bragg, that on daylight of the 31st December, Hardee should open the battle, the attack to be taken up by Polk's command in succession to the right flank; the object being to force the enemy back on Stone River, and, if practicable, by the aid of cavalry, cut his communications with Nashville. The attack was made at seven o'clock in the morning. Of its effect Gen. Bragg writes: "The enemy was taken completely by surprise; general and staff-officers were not mounted; artillery horses not hitched, and infantry not formed; a hot and inviting breakfast of coffee and other luxuries, to which our gallant and hardy men

had long been strangers, was found upon the fire unserved, and was left whilst we pushed on to the enjoyment of a more inviting feast—that of captured artillery, flying battalions, and hosts of craven prisoners, begging for the lives they had forfeited by their acts of brutality and atrocity.”

For two miles, through fields and forests, over ditches, fences, and ravines, Hardee routed and pushed the enemy; and it seemed that the day was decided with the breaking of Rosecrans' right wing. His line was thrown back entirely at right angles to his first position. But here the battle paused, and the enemy rallied all his energies for a desperate struggle. In front of the Confederate centre was an oval hill, not very high, but commanding in all directions, and exceedingly available. Upon this hill Rosecrans placed a crown of twenty guns, supporting it right and left and rear by large masses of infantry, and took his stand to contest what remained of the day. The position was well chosen, and desperately held; it proved impracticable for Bragg; two attempts were made to carry it by infantry, and were unsuccessful. Abandoning any further experiment of assault, Gen. Bragg brought up his artillery, and with a tremendous but ineffectual cannonade on both sides, the day ended.

Of the results of the day Gen. Bragg telegraphed to Richmond: “We assailed the enemy at seven o'clock this morning, and after ten hours' hard fighting have driven him from every position except his extreme left, where he has successfully resisted us. With the exception of this point, we occupy the whole field. We captured four thousand prisoners, including two Brigadier-Generals, thirty-one pieces of artillery, and some two hundred wagons and teams. Our loss is heavy; that of the enemy much greater.”

The next day he sent the following dispatch:

MURFREESBORO, January 1, 1863.

The enemy has yielded his strong point and is falling back. We occupy the whole field and shall follow. * * * * *God has granted us a happy New Year.*

BRAXTON BRAGG.

But he was sadly mistaken in his interpretation of the wily movement of Rosecrans; for, instead of retreating, that commander

had retired but a short distance in rear of his former position, to obtain a wider front. On the 2d January, one of the enemy's divisions recrossed Stone River, and took position on rising ground, which enfiladed Gen. Polk's line. It became necessary to defeat this movement, and a column of attack was formed under Breckinridge, in two lines of four brigades. The Confederates advanced confidently, and drove the division which threatened Polk's line, gaining the crest of rising ground, overlooking the river. But across the river they encountered the remainder of Crittenden's corps, with a portion of those of Thomas and McCook, posted on commanding ground. The Federals in turn advanced, and drove back Breckinridge's division in considerable disorder, inflicting on it such heavy loss, that it is said two thousand Confederates were killed or wounded in half an hour. Bragg, perceiving the disaster, ordered up Anderson's brigade of Polk's corps in support. Advancing steadily through the broken infantry of Breckinridge's division, Anderson checked the pursuit and saved the artillery abandoned in the confusion, with the exception of four guns, which remained in the enemy's hands. Night put an end to the engagement, and the two armies reoccupied their former lines.

The next day each army appeared to await an attack from its opponent. Satisfied, however, of his inability to dislodge the enemy from his intrenchments, and hearing of reinforcements to him, Gen. Bragg determined to withdraw from his front, and retire his army to Tullahoma. Of the necessity of this movement Gen. Bragg says: "On Saturday morning, the 3d January, our forces had been in line of battle five days and nights, with but little rest, having no reserves; their baggage and tents had been loaded, and the wagons were four miles off; their provisions, if cooked at all, were most imperfectly prepared with scanty means; the weather had been severe from cold and almost constant rain, and we had no change of clothing, and in many places could not have fire. The necessary consequence was the great exhaustion of both officers and men, many having to be sent to the hospitals in the rear, and more still were beginning to straggle from their commands—an evil from which we had so far suffered but little. During the whole of the day the rain continued to fall with little intermission, and the rapid rise in Stone River indicated that it would soon be unfordable. Late on Friday night, I had received the captured

papers of Maj.-Gen. McCook, commanding one *corps d'armée* of the enemy, showing their effective strength to have been very nearly, if not quite 70,000 men. Before noon reports from Brig.-Gen. Wheeler satisfied me that the enemy, instead of retiring, was receiving reinforcements. Common prudence and the safety of my army, upon which even the safety of our cause depended, left no doubt in my mind as to the necessity for my withdrawal from so unequal a contest."

For many months nothing was done by the main army under Gen. Bragg, although detached commands were at work. It rested at Tullahoma and vicinity, and was soon stronger in numbers than when the battle of Murfreesboro was fought, owing to Gen. Bragg's vigorous measures to arrest deserters and reclaim absentees. The army was well clothed, healthy, and in fine spirits. During this interval of leisure, an interesting incident occurred in Gen. Bragg's life: the baptism of the commander in his camp. The ceremony was performed in an impressive manner by Bishop Elliot, who in view of a congregation of about 3,000 of the troops, took the General's hand in his own and said, "Braxton, if thou hast not already been baptized, I baptize thee," etc. A writer in one of the newspapers, referring to the scene, remarked: "Gen. Bragg has thus set an example to his army which will not be without its influence. On visiting Gen. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, I was struck with the high moral character which prevailed among the officers and soldiers, as well as the deep religious feeling that pervaded, especially in the lamented Gen. Jackson's corps. It will be a source of congratulation should Gen. Bragg succeed in producing the same beneficial result. There is no occasion for men becoming reckless and demoralized on entering the army, but on the contrary, a different feeling should prevail."

Without introducing into the narrative minor affairs of Gen. Bragg's army, it is not until July 1863, that we take up the thread of its operations. It had been reduced for the defence of Vicksburg against the protest of its commander and that of Gen. Johnston; and with his flank now threatened by a superiour army under Rosecrans, who had occupied Hoover's Gap, Gen. Bragg thought it advisable to fall back to Chattanooga, which he did in the last days of July, establishing his headquarters first in Bridgeport, and then in the town. Around this place the Confederate army was

now encamped; Rosecrans advancing upon it across the mountains on one side, and Burnside, commanding the Federal forces in East Tennessee, coming down the valley, by the way of Cumberland Gap, on the other.

At this time there appears to have been great impatience in Richmond for a battle in the West, and another outcry of popular dissatisfaction with Gen. Bragg. To these expressions he replied in a letter to the War Department, dated August 8, 1863, in which he declared, that with all the reinforcements he could get from Johnston, he would not have more than 40,000 effective men; while Rosecrans had 60,000, and would be reinforced by Burnside with 30,000 more—making 90,000 against 40,000—and as a true patriot he was opposed to throwing away our armies in enterprises sure to terminate disastrously.

Gen. Cooper, the Adjutant-General at Richmond, sent this response to the President, asking if Bragg should not be *ordered* to fight under such circumstances. But the President paused, and finally sent back the paper indorsed that “only a suggestion could be given to a Commanding-General to fight a battle; but to order him to fight when he predicted a failure in advance, would be unwise.” Indeed, the decision was so much in favour of Bragg’s protest, that it was determined to reinforce him from the Army of Virginia with Longstreet’s corps, and enable him to give the battle he had so long declined on the score of inferior numbers.

On the 7th September, Gen. Bragg evacuated Chattanooga, as Rosecrans appeared to be making a flank movement towards Rome, Georgia, and occupying a line about ten miles south of Chattanooga, and fronting the east slope of Lookout Mountain, he determined to engage the enemy as he emerged from the mountain gorges. He issued the following address to his troops:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD,
LAFAYETTE, GA., Sept. 10.

The troops will be ready for an immediate move against the enemy. His demonstrations on our flanks have been thwarted; and twice he has retired before us when offered battle. We must now force him to the issue. Soldiers, you are largely reinforced—you must now seek the contest. In doing so, I know you will be content to suffer privations and encounter hardships. Heretofore you have never failed to respond to your General when he has

asked a sacrifice at your hands. Relying upon your gallantry and patriotism he asks you to add a crowning glory to the wreaths you wear. Our credit is in your keeping. Your enemy boasts that you are demoralized, and retreating before him. Having accomplished our object in driving back his flank movement, let us now turn on his main force and crush it in its fancied security. Your General will lead you. You have but to respond to assure us of a glorious triumph over an insolent foe. I know what your response will be. Trusting in God and the justice of our cause, and nerved by the love of the dear ones at home, failure is impossible, and victory must be ours.

BRAXTON BRAGG,
General commanding.

The great battle was preceded by a singular opportunity of advantage which Rosecrans unwittingly offered to his adversary, and which Gen. Bragg undoubtedly lost through the contumacy and delays of some of his division commanders. The enemy advanced, as he supposed in pursuit of a retreating and demoralized army, exposing himself in detail; and the centre corps, under Thomas, being in McLemore's Cove, immediately opposite Lafayette, at and near which Gen. Bragg had all his forces concentrated, was completely at the mercy of the latter. It was only necessary that Gen. Bragg should fall upon it with such a mass as would have crushed it. The attack was to be made by Gen. Hindman, and D. H. Hill was to move rapidly to join his forces; but delays occurred; Hill did not act in concert; a day was lost; and Thomas, perceiving his error, effected his escape up the mountain.

The next attempt of Bragg was to make a flank movement, turn the enemy's left, and get between him and Chattanooga. The movement commenced on the 19th September; but the enemy anticipated it, commenced the attack with Thomas' corps, and engaging the troops of Walker, Cheatham, and Cleburne, continued a doubtful conflict until night.

Gen. Bragg prepared for a general action the next day, dividing his force into two commands, the left under Longstreet, the right under Polk—the latter being ordered to commence at daylight the attack, which was to be taken up in succession rapidly to the left. These orders were not promptly obeyed; Gen. Polk was

dilatory, and excused himself by another alleged instance of D. H. Hill's disobedience of orders; and the battle was not commenced until ten o'clock, when Bragg, chafing under delays which the enemy was busily improving in strengthening his position, and exclaiming that his Generals would not obey him, directed one of his aides to ride along the line and order the *company officers* to take their men into action. The action opened by a forward movement of Breckinridge, followed and accompanied by Cleburne. These divisions were driven back with heavy loss, and the right wing of the Confederates was evidently in distress. Longstreet, however, held his ground on the left; and the battle fluctuated until the descending sun warned Gen. Bragg that if he hoped for victory he should improve the hours by a grand and decisive movement.

The whole Confederate line was then revised and posted, and a forward movement in all its length ordered. The right swung round with an extended sweep, with its firm supports, and the left rallied once more to the charge of the works, before which it had suffered so severely in the morning. Never did troops move up to their work with more resolution; the daring Breckinridge, with his Kentuckians and Louisianians, and Cleburne, with his Arkansians and Alabamians, and Walker, with his South Carolinians, Mississippians, and Georgians, and Cheatham, with his Tennesseans, all moved forward in one mighty tide, amidst the thunders of some twenty batteries, and the roar of thousands of muskets and rifles. On the left, at the same time, Longstreet's veteran divisions, that had firmly held the day, gained the line that had been obstinately contested, and now swept on in magnificent array with the continuous shout of victory. The scene was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. Sweeping forward, as the flood of a mighty river, the attack carried everything before it, nothing being able to stand in the resistless line of its path. The enemy's works, which opposed such a stubborn resistance in the morning, succumbed before the on-moving torrent; and the brave men of Cleburne's division, which had been repulsed in the morning, had, by their extraordinary gallantry in the evening, the opportunity of avenging the experiences of the earlier part of the day. The whole field was carried triumphantly, and the enemy driven as chaff before the wind.

As night fell, the troops were halted and the pursuit abandoned

Of the alleged neglect of Gen. Bragg to follow up his victory, a writer in the *Richmond Whig*, who has graphically described, and ingeniously criticised this battle, says: "Panic, confusion, disorder, became the condition of an army which had never before acknowledged defeat, and which for two days had been contesting every inch of ground with valour the most obstinate. And what did the Confederate commander do? Did he pursue an enemy thus demoralized, and furnished, by his not forming his line of battle at right angles with his actual line, with opportunity of retreat upon Chattanooga, whose possession was the object of the campaign—an enemy not only demoralized, but encumbered with heavy trains, and no mode of exit, save through two gaps of Missionary Ridge, a mountain? No. Night had set in, and he deemed it prudent to halt, notwithstanding his men were eager for pursuit, and a brilliant moon furnished almost the light of day. Three hours were lost in the morning by Polk's failure to attack at daylight; and, therefore, the condition of the troops was such as to forbid the possibility of pursuit. But granting that reasons, substantive reasons, existed for not pursuing on Sunday night, what hindered the Commander-in-Chief from pursuing on Monday morning at daylight? Chattanooga was only ten miles from the battle-field, and unfortified; our pursuing cavalry could see the head of their column, and urged Gen. Bragg by repeated messages to pursue; that every hour's delay would be equal to the loss of a thousand men. Citizens along the road reported that many of their commands passed their dwellings in the utmost disorder, without arms or accoutrements, and many without hats, as a confused and routed mob, not as troops in column, everything in Chattanooga and on the road inviting rather than forbidding attack. Even if they had good defensive works, with the condition as reported above, by a prompt pursuit our army would have gone into Chattanooga with theirs, and thus broken the effect of their fire; and if such would have been the result of good defensive works, what might not the result have been without them, and the enemy panic-stricken because of the knowledge that none such existed? What hindered Gen. Bragg from pursuing is not known; but it is known that while pursuit seems to have been invited, he did not pursue, and not pursuing, what did he do on Monday morning? He first sent out detachments to the battle-field to

gather up the fruits of victory, in arms, large and small, to be secured and sent to the rear, and caused the captured banners to be collected to be sent to Richmond, and prisoners to be counted and sent to the rear. He then ordered the troops under arms, and marched them down the Chattanooga road until they came near to Rossville, where Forrest and Pegram were thundering away with their batteries at the retreating enemy, there had them filed to the right, and thrown down the Chickamauga Creek, that they might rest from their fatigues and be in good position to move upon Burnside or flank Rosecrans, as further contingencies might dictate."

The enemy's immediate losses in the battle were large. It was officially stated by Gen. Bragg that he captured over eight thousand prisoners, fifty-one pieces of artillery, and fifteen thousand stand of small-arms. But whatever the value of these fruits, and whatever the merit of the criticism we have just quoted above, it is certain that the victory won by Gen. Bragg, although in some respects the most brilliant of the war, was without substantial results, as it did not recover Chattanooga, and thus left the enemy with the key of Eastern Tennessee and Northern Georgia in his hands. After this battle it was proposed by Gen. Longstreet to cross the Tennessee and move upon Nashville; but Gen. Bragg rejected this plan of campaign, and determined to invest Chattanooga, and starve the enemy out. This difference of views was the occasion of an unfortunate and violent quarrel between Gen. Bragg and Gen. Longstreet, which, by its constant and fretful appeals to the War Department at Richmond, probably had some effect in leading to that ill-timed detachment of Longstreet's command to operate against Knoxville, which ultimately exposed Bragg to one of the worst defeats of the war.

While Bragg's force at Missionary Ridge was reduced by Longstreet's expedition to take Knoxville, the enemy was pursuing a policy quite the reverse. Gen. Grant had been appointed by the government at Washington to take command of the Mississippi Department; and executing his favourite plan of superiour numbers, he had brought to Chattanooga two corps from the Army of the Potomac, and called Sherman, with the Vicksburg army, from Memphis, at the very time Bragg was reducing his force, and meditating the side-operation of driving Burnside out of East Tennessee.

On the 25th November, Grant prepared for his grand assault on Missionary Ridge, with not less than eighty-five thousand veteran troops. Although Bragg did not have half these numbers, the strength of his position might have compensated for this inferiority, had his troops fought with their usual spirit. On the conduct of this disastrous engagement, President Davis remarked with great severity in a message to Congress: "After a long and severe battle, in which great carnage was inflicted on the enemy, some of our troops inexplicably abandoned positions of great strength, and, by a disorderly retreat, compelled the commander to withdraw the forces elsewhere successful, and finally to retire with his whole army to a position some twenty or thirty miles to the rear. It is believed that if the troops who yielded to the assault had fought with the valour which they had displayed on previous occasions, and which was manifested in this battle on the other parts of the line, the enemy would have been repulsed with very great slaughter, and our country would have escaped the misfortune, and the army the mortification of the first defeat that has resulted from misconduct by the troops."

On the night of the 25th November, Bragg was in full retreat, and all of his strong positions on Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge, were in the hands of the enemy. His army was put in motion on the road to Ringgold, and thence to Dalton. He had lost six thousand prisoners, and forty pieces of artillery; but the enemy desisted from pursuit, and the campaign of 1863, in the West, may be said to have closed on the northern frontier of Georgia.*

* The decline of Gen. Bragg's fortune was promptly insulted by the enemy, and was the occasion of the usual witticisms of the Northern journals. We copy the lines below, not for any merit we can possibly discover in the uncouth arrangement of words, but as a specimen of that large part of Northern literature in the war, which was occupied with libel, caricature, and scurrilous wit:

HEADQUARTERS, TULLAHOMA, 1863.

I hate, my boy Wheeler, old Abe's apparatus,
Of *hemp* garlands twisted to choke our affatus.
Cease to rove where that Stanley the devil is playing,
Nor scout near the spot where "Old *Rosy*" is staying.
Fort Donelson's sold to Uncle Sam,
For "bloodhounds" can't butt with a Federal *ram*.

In December, Gen. Bragg wrote to Richmond, asking to be relieved, and acknowledging his defeat; and he declared that he would have, to fall still further back, if the enemy pressed him vigorously. Happily the enemy did not know this, for at the moment the letter was written, Grant was falling back to Chattanooga. In relinquishing his command, Gen. Bragg exhorted his army in the usual style, appeared to forget all causes of recrimination, and declared that it had "the blessings and prayers of a grateful friend."

He withdrew for some time from all military duty to recruit his health. But he soon appeared before the public again in the following appointment:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., February 24, 1864.

Gen. Braxton Bragg is assigned to duty at the seat of government, and, *under the direction of the President*, is charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy.

By order.

S. COOPER, *Adjutant Inspector-General*.

This office has been much misunderstood, was popularly over-rated, and by its high-sounding terms captivated public attention. But it was really nothing more than the same that had been given Gen. Lee before the battles of Richmond, a sort of supernumerary, not very honourable, and best described as "military adviser" of the President. The appointee shared something of the duties of the Secretary of War, but in all respects was subservient to the President. The Richmond *Enquirer*, which had very unfavourably criticised Gen. Bragg's campaigns, and considered that his mind had found an appropriate field of usefulness in this new appointment, had the following remarks, explaining the nature of the office, and defining its limits: "Gen. Bragg has been assigned to duty in Richmond, as consulting and advisory General. We regard

My sedulous care is to make my escape,
And drink myself tight with a "little more grape."
You're rather *Lowe-ftung*, and have shown the white rag,
And I'm nearly played out—

Your old friend,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

the appointment as one very proper, and believe that it will conduce to the advancement and promotion of the cause. Gen. Bragg has unquestionable abilities, which eminently fit him for such a responsible position. The country will be pleased to see his experience and information made use of by the President. His patriotism and zeal for the public service are fully recognized and appreciated by his countrymen. The duties of the commander-in-chief, who, under the constitution, can be no other than the President, are most arduous, and require much aid and assistance, as well as ability and experience. Gen. Bragg has acquired, by long service, that practical experience necessary to the position to which he is assigned by the general order published in to-day's *Enquirer*.

"An erroneous impression obtains as to the nature of this appointment of Gen. Bragg. He is not, and cannot be commander-in-chief. The constitution of the Confederate States makes the President the commander-in-chief. Gen. Bragg is detailed for duty in Richmond 'under' the President. He does not rank Gen. Lee, nor Gen. Johnston. He cannot command or direct them, except 'by command of the President.' His appointment has been made with the knowledge and approval of Gens. Cooper, Lee, Johnston, and Beauregard, all his superiours in rank, who, knowing and appreciating the usefulness and ability of Gen. Bragg, concur in his appointment by the President."

The last field service of Gen. Bragg was in North Carolina. He was appointed to take command at Wilmington, at the time Fort Fisher was threatened by Porter's fleet, and a second expedition of land forces, under Gen. Terry. The enemy having effected a landing so as to flank Bragg's forces on the peninsula, he declined an attack, and withdrew to Wilmington, but not until he had heavily reinforced the garrison of the fort, which was left to make the decisive battle under Gen. Whiting. The result was that the fort was captured, and that Wilmington was subsequently evacuated; Gen. Bragg putting his little army, less than five thousand men, in motion to join Gen. Johnston, who was endeavouring to collect a force on the front of Sherman, who had made preparations for a movement on Goldsboro, in two columns, one from Wilmington, and one from Newbern, in conjunction with his main body, designing to concentrate there all of his forces. On the 8th March, 1865, Gen. Bragg struck the column moving from Newbern at a

point near Kinston, and attacked it with his own troops and a small division of the Army of Tennessee, taking fifteen hundred prisoners. He was unable, however, to follow up his advantage; and the junction of Sherman and Schofield at Goldsboro was decisive of the campaign, the close of which was expedited by the news of Gen. Lee's surrender in Virginia, and involved the general conclusion of the war.

Since the war Gen. Bragg has retired very closely from public attention, and is said to be cultivating a plantation in Alabama. From our brief narrative the reader will doubtless obtain some means of judging the much-vexed question of his generalship; for it is not to be denied that there is much in it open to criticism. But the biographer, who estimates the whole life of the man, would do wrong to confine it to such a question of ability, and not give credit for the virtues and affections which make up the sum of character, and are themselves titles to admiration and praise. Whether Gen. Bragg was or was not an able commander, it is certain that he was pure, incorruptible, fearless, and so ardent in his Southern patriotism that he never omitted a sentiment for his country in any order he ever wrote; and indeed he used such noble and appropriate language in these expressions that we are easily led to the imagination that he would have been distinguished as a politician, if his life had been inclined to civil employments. Much of his undeniable unpopularity in the army is to be ascribed to his extraordinary rigour and integrity as a disciplinarian, and, in this respect, he gave an example which, if followed by other Confederate commanders, would have been of more ultimate service to the cause than many victories in the field. With him desertion was the capital military crime, and not, as some practically made it, a sort of license of the volunteer soldier, to be checked by moral persuasions and patriotic appeals. He shot his men for acts of insubordination, which would have merited death in any well-regulated army. Many foolish and extravagant stories were told of his rigour. One of these, related by Mr. Foote in the Confederate Congress, with an abundance of comment, was, that he had executed three soldiers for *firing into a flock of chickens* on the line of their march! The facts were, that Gen. Bragg was making a movement at the time in close proximity to the enemy's lines; that the report of a musket endangered the safety of the whole army; that

the troops had been so warned; and that the men who fired, and risked an alarm that put the whole army in peril, were instantly and properly executed. The personal appearance of the commander was unusually stern and military; he had few intimate friendships; and he sometimes gave offence to his officers by an occasional acerbity of manner. But whatever the fault of his head, or the unpleasantness of his exterior, no one ever doubted that Gen. Braxton Bragg was one of the most single-minded patriots of the army, and would have freely given his life, on numberless occasions, to serve the cause of his country.



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MAJOR-GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Anomaly of the Missouri Campaign.—Early Life of Sterling Price.—Governor of Missouri.—His Politics.—Formation of "The Missouri State Guard."—Personal appearance of the Commander.—His correspondence with Gen. Harney.—Affair at Booneville.—Gen. Price reinforced by Gens. McCulloch and Pearce.—Battle of Oak Hill or Wilson's Creek.—Gen. Price's movement upon Lexington.—His success.—Designs against St. Louis.—Why they were abandoned.—Retreat of the Patriot Army of Missouri.—The State joins the Southern Confederacy.—Gen. Price's Proclamation at Neosho.

WHEREVER the history of the American War is known, the names of Sterling Price and "The Missouri Guard" are remarkable. The romantic theatre on which he fought, the anomaly of the Missouri campaign, and its striking exceptions to all the ordinary rules and common apprehensions of military science, constitute a theme of unfailling interest and wondering criticism, peculiar and remarkable, even in a war replete with new operations and startling episodes.

Sterling Price was a native of Virginia, *nutrix leonum*; but all his adult honours are claimed by the noble State of Missouri, with the flower of whose manhood, led to battle, he adorned his reputation, binding up the fame of commander and of troops in a common story of heroism. Indeed, as subjects of admiration, the commander and his troops cannot be separated; and if he was a hero, so too were the unbought soldiers who fought under his banners, and gave an illustration of manhood unsurpassed in the war.

He was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, on the 14th September, 1809. At the proper age, after passing through a course of home training and schooling, he was sent to Hampden Sydney College, where he went through the then usual course of study. Upon returning home, or soon thereafter, in order to ac-

quire a good knowledge of practical business, he engaged as a deputy in the Clerk's Office of his native county. Here he remained two years, and until he was twenty-one years of age. Of an enterprising disposition, he determined to emigrate to the West. Missouri, as being chiefly peopled by Kentuckians and Virginians, seemed to him to afford the best opening and to promise the most congenial associations. He arrived in the State in the year 1830, when the city of St. Louis was but little more than a *dépot* for the trade with the Indians, and when, with the exception of St. Genevieve, Vide Poche, St. Charles, and a few other villages founded by early French adventurers, the population of the State was extremely sparse, and scattered. He determined to settle in the central portion of the State—the region then known as the Boone's Lick County (so called after Daniel Boone, of historic renown, who died in that region), and now included in the counties of Howard and Chariton. Chariton became ultimately his permanent residence. Soon after his abode was fixed he received an appointment as Brigadier-General of the militia of the State—conferred in consequence of his known taste for military service.

From his earliest manhood Gen. Price espoused the principles of the Democratic party—that Democracy which had Madison and Jefferson for its founders, and so many illustrious men since as its expounders. He was, in short, a Democrat who believed in the sovereignty of the State, the limitation of the action of the Federal Government to the powers *expressly* granted, and the sovereignty of the people within their respective States. During his life since, he has not departed from the creed of his youth. With these principles, and because of them, he was selected by his fellow-citizens, in the year 1836, to represent them in the General Assembly. In that body he was never noisy or demonstrative; but always the practical and useful member, taking care to understand the nature and bearing of all proposed legislation, and labouring to advance in all respects the public interest. He was again elected a representative in 1840 and 1842, and became the Speaker of the House each session, a position which he filled with ability, decision, dignity, and discretion.

In 1844, he was elected to Congress. In this body he acted always with the Democratic party, keeping his seat until the occurrence of the war with Mexico. This event opened to him the field

of action for which he was most decidedly inclined, and certainly best qualified. He immediately resigned his seat in Congress, and raised a regiment for the war. The details of his operations in New Mexico and Chihuahua, where he had an independent command, are to be found in the official reports. He fought the enemy successfully at Cancada, Lambonda, Taos, and against largely superior forces. At Taos, with three hundred men, he captured the garrison, took 1500 prisoners and vast munitions of war. For these services he was promoted by President Polk to the rank of Brigadier-General. He then moved upon Chihuahua. At Santa Cruz de Rosales, he met and gave battle to Gen. Trias, who had a force of double his own numbers. The fight resulted in the capture of the enemy and all his munitions, which were considerable.

A few days prior to this battle a treaty of peace with Mexico had been signed. This was indeed the last battle of the war. Upon his return to Missouri, Price's troops were mustered out at Independence. In his campaign he had undoubtedly shown considerable military abilities, and all those generous and magnanimous qualities which deeply attach the soldier to his leader and commander.

At the next general election after his return from New Mexico, Gen. Price was made Governor of the State by a majority of over 15,000 votes. This was the more honourable in consequence of the peculiar circumstances under which he was nominated by the Democratic party. The position which Col. Benton, the oldest and by far the most distinguished leader in the party, assumed in relation to the power of Congress, over the subject of slavery, had divided the party into two sections, which were rapidly becoming more hostile to each other than to their common opponents, the Whigs. It was certain that if the party remained divided its whole power and usefulness as a segment of the great party of the nation would not only be neutralized, but that the minority of the people would actually wield all the influence which the majority should properly possess and enjoy. Under such circumstance thoughtful men in both divisions of the party saw the absolute necessity of a reunion. To effect this purpose a State convention was called. In that body the two divisions were fully and fairly represented. In such cases it happens that dissensions are far more apt to be engendered by personal ambitions and jealousies than by party differences. The

important and indeed indispensable necessity was to find a gubernatorial candidate who could, without sacrifice of principle, inspire confidence in both sections, and to whose personal character none could take exception. Gen. Price was that man, and it is certain no one else in Missouri could have so fully united the party.

As the Executive of the State all parties then and since have concurred in the conviction that he was the best the State ever had. Firm, dignified, calm, and deliberate, he did nothing hastily or in passion, or prejudice. In all that concerned the honour and the interests of the State he took care to inform himself thoroughly, and to act with energy and promptitude. There are few who do not now admit that all his recommendations for legislation were wise and prudent, and that in all cases where legislation was adverse to his views—especially in reference to the finances and to railroads—the consequences have been greatly detrimental to the State and people. He retired from this high position far more popular than when he entered upon it, giving an extraordinary and rare evidence of his merits.

Upon the election of Abraham Lincoln, the State of Missouri called a convention, of which Price, being regarded as the ablest parliamentarian in the State, was elected President, on an avowal of sentiments of attachment and devotion to the Union. Indeed, on the first summons of the convention not a single secessionist could be found in it; and the almost universal sentiment of the State of Missouri was an unwillingness to rush into a dissolution of the Union, until every hope of a peaceful settlement of the question had vanished. Throughout the deliberations of the convention, of which he was President, and up to the very moment when he found the programme of that body was the abolition of slavery, and military coercion on the part of the General Government, Price had upheld the Union of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution, as one and the same thing, and indestructible so long as the organic law was sustained. Secession he ever maintained as a heresy; but the government he considered a contract between the States, to be broken by the inherent right of revolution. At this point he conceived the Constitution had been infringed, its obvious precepts annulled, the Southern States, as a consequence, to be oppressed, and their rights long recognized to be taken from them. He could not long hesitate to enlist his earnest nature on the side

of right, when all efforts at adjustment had proved abortive, when the cry of blood was raised in the land, and when the Government at Washington had plainly put on the aspect and panoply of war.

It was in May, 1861, after the development of the coercive policy of President Lincoln, that under a law of Missouri, the State Guard was formed, with Sterling Price as Major-General commanding.

Although the new Major-General of Missouri had not received the benefit of a West Point education (a condition which President Davis, himself a graduate of that strait school, seemed to consider the *sine quâ non* in the dispensation of his Executive favours), yet his strong native powers and quick presence of mind gave him aptitude for war, which was rapidly developed in the campaign through which he served. He had a commanding presence; his plain, hearty manners endeared him to the populace; and the strength and virtue of his personal character, the Cato-like purity of his life, gave him influence over all classes of men. He was over six feet in height, with a frame to match; full, but not portly, and as straight as a son of the forest. His carriage was marked with dignity, grace, and gentleness, and every motion bespoke the attitude and presence of the well-bred gentleman. He had a large head, covered with a growth of thick, white hair, a high, broad, intellectual forehead, florid face, no beard, and a mouth in whose latent smiles lurked the good-humour of the man, while its straight and clearly cut line bespoke the precise mind and the exacting will.

Gen. Price promptly accepted the command of the Missouri troops tendered by Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, and issued immediate orders for organization. But before appealing to arms, he made earnest efforts for compromise and peace, in which he was met by Gen. Harney, of the Federal service, as far as the Washington Government would permit him to go. The infatuated ferocity of that government precipitated a war which lost Missouri to the North.

The agreement with Gen. Harney was to secure the public peace of Missouri by a disbandment of forces, and on mutual recommendations to the citizens to abstain from violence. While Gen. Price proceeded to carry out his part of such agreement, the Federal Government abrogated it on their side. Captain, afterwards

Gen. Lyon, was placed in command of the Federal troops. Camp Jackson at St. Louis was captured, Jefferson City was marched upon, and evacuated by Price, who retired to Booneville. Here he prepared for resistance. Troops, volunteers, flocked in, improvised for the occasion, raw, undisciplined and unarmed, except with the common fowling-piece of the country, and such ammunition as could be hastily provided.

From this place the little patriot command, after fighting with small losses a largely superior Federal force, retreated, under Col. Marmaduke, towards southwestern Missouri—Gen. Price being prostrated by sickness, and removed to Lexington, whence he rejoined his command at Cowskin Prairie. At this rendezvous he raised and received recruits, until the last of July, 1861, he had partially armed and equipped about six thousand men. Without a quarter-master, commissary, ordnance or medical bureau, no treasury, no arms, no ammunition, save the double-barrel shot gun and squirrel rifle, the powder-horn and shot-pouch of the sportsman, he organized this most unpromising force, with which to bid desperate defiance to the well-appointed armies of the United States.

Here, however, the patriot army of Missouri was reinforced by some Arkansas State troops under Gen. Pearce, and by Brig.-Gen. McCulloch of the Confederate army, acting under the orders of Gen. Leonidas Polk, then commanding the Mississippi Department. Information was soon obtained here that the pursuing Federal columns, Lyon's, Sigel's, and others, had formed a junction at Springfield, where they numbered some 12,000 or 15,000 men, well-armed, disciplined, and counting among them a heavy force of United States regulars of all arms. Gen. Price was at once for marching to meet this formidable force, in which view, however, he was obstructed by McCulloch, who claimed by his Confederate commission to be superior in command. The latter seemed to distrust volunteers, to fear the nerve of the hardy Missourian, and laughed at the confident pretensions of the shot-gun and rifle, contrasting them with the regular soldier, and well-appointed arms and equipment of the United States. Gen. Price, on the contrary, well knew the enterprise and spirit of the volunteer patriots around him; he well knew the effectiveness of "buck and ball;" he well knew the rough and broken country with its dense chapparal; he

well knew the vital importance of taking time by the forelock, and preventing a reinforcement at Springfield. He had faith in his own State, and hope and love of country and military prescience, animated him to consider defeat an impossibility. Forgetful of self, he relinquished to McCulloch the chief command (although Missouri had not yet joined the Southern Confederacy, and her troops were therefore independent of its authority), when he found that this sensitive and exacting commander made it the condition of joining in an attack upon the enemy.

About the first of August, the heterogeneous army commenced its march towards Springfield. Not only were Price's men deficient in weapons, but when the march commenced, the commissary and quartermaster's departments, but recently organized, proved very indifferent, and it was seldom the men drew full rations. They made up for all deficiencies, however, by the scanty habits of their life, and by every crude expedient the imagination could suggest. They gathered corn wherever they could, pounded it between rocks until reduced to powder, and then made bread. Hogs were plentiful, as also beef cattle; and farmers, being friendly to the cause, willingly sold all things for Confederate paper, so that it much relieved the commissariat, and eased the line of march. McCulloch, with his small column, led the way; Pearce of Arkansas followed; and last came the hero and patriot, Sterling Price, with his ragged, half-fed, and ill-armed band of Missourians.

On the 8th August, the Confederates and their allies camped at Wilson's Creek, about ten miles south of Springfield. McCulloch halted his advance on the right of the road, supported by Pearce, while Price was on the left of it; and thoughtless of danger—in fact, never dreaming of Lyon being in the vicinity at all—threw out no pickets. The next morning, when McCulloch was quietly taking his breakfast at Price's headquarters, a courier arrived from Gen. Raines, who held the extreme outpost on the North, announcing that the enemy were in sight and in great force. McCulloch seemed to doubt the accuracy of this report, and continued his breakfast coolly; another messenger in haste came in, and stated that a heavy body of the enemy were advancing on Gen. Raines, but that he would hold his position as long as possible. Still McCulloch seemed incredulous. Gen. Price said to him with much excitement: "Gen. McCulloch, have you no

orders to give?" Turning to the courier, McCulloch said: "Go to Gen. Raines; tell him to ascertain all the facts, and report to me at headquarters." No longer able to restrain himself, Gen. Price struck his hand heavily upon the table, and in a voice of thunder said to his staff: "Gentlemen, to your horses!" Instantly all arose and hurried away. They had no time to lose, for hardly had they reached the open air before a shot from Sigel's batteries on the south, darted into the camp.

It was a surprise on all sides of the camp. While McCulloch stemmed the storm on the right and rear, Lyon was pushing Price with great vigour in the centre and left. It was only by the most reckless devotion of his own person, his commanding cheers to his hardy woodsmen, and his repeated presence within fifty yards of the deadly muskets of the enemy, that Gen. Price was enabled to save the day on this part of the field. It ended in one of the most signal victories of the war, Gen. Lyon falling dead on the field, and the Federal loss in killed and wounded being fully one-half greater than that of the allies—Price and McCulloch.

Shortly after the battle of Wilson's Creek, McCulloch decided to retire his force to Arkansas, refusing to unite in other enterprises of Gen. Price, who was now left alone to conduct the campaign in Missouri. From friendly refugees constantly arriving in camp, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Fremont was strongly fortifying all important cities on the Missouri River, to serve as a safe base of operations, whence supplies could be easily transported into the interior by wagon-trains or boats. Lexington, held by Colonel Mulligan and a heavy force, was known to be strongly fortified, and being on high ground, it commanded all approaches from the interior, while the river was kept open for the transit of any number of troops from St. Louis. Price determined to march forward and attack it, but was informed that large bands of outlaws from Kansas, under General Jim Lane and others, were devastating the whole country on his left flank, and threatened to get in his rear. Suddenly diverging from his proper route, Price sent Raines and Parsons up in that direction, with a small force of determined men; and so secretly was the expedition conducted, that they unexpectedly came upon Lane at a creek called Drywood, and after a confused fight of some hours, drove the enemy from the field, pushed forward to their headquarters at Fort Scott, and captured it

Joining the column under Price again, the army of five thousand effectives and five guns pushed forward towards Lexington, and arrived in the vicinity on the 13th September. It was the object to take Lexington, with its garrison of about 4,000 men, before it could be reinforced by Fremont. Gen. Price might have taken it by a charge, but he was content with a slower progress; and was quite satisfied to make one of the most brilliant captures of the Trans-Mississippi campaign, with a loss of only 74 men killed and wounded—fighting for two days and a half.

Gen. Price bore a testimony to the heroic endurance of his army which deserves to be recorded. He said: "The victory has demonstrated the fitness of our citizen soldiery for the tedious operations of a siege as well as for a dashing charge. They lay for fifty-two hours in the open air without tents or covering, regardless of the sun and rain, and in the presence of a watchful and desperate foe, manfully repelling every assault and patiently awaiting my orders to storm the fortifications. No General ever commanded a braver or better army. It is composed of the best blood and the bravest men of Missouri."

So far the bold and brilliant movements of the campaign in Missouri drew attention from more important theatres of the war, and constituted a theme of wonder and admiration that arrested the public mind, and was the occasion of criticism in all parts of the world. Price's men had marched and fought with an endurance and courage that rendered them worthy of the name of heroes. The thanks of the Confederate Congress were tendered to "Gen. Price and the Missouri Army under his command, for the gallant conduct they had displayed throughout their service, and especially for the skill, fortitude, and courage, by which they gained the brilliant achievement at Lexington." There had been no such phenomenon in the war: it was a new apparition of military science to see a man flying with a few hundred retainers across his State, an empire in itself, almost from one corner of it to another, before a victorious and thoroughly appointed army; raising in a few weeks a force of 5,000 men; arming, equipping, and feeding them, without resources, but from captured stores of the enemy; winning a great battle by his own genius and headlong courage; establishing his popularity in the hearts of his

command; marching back to his starting-point, and capturing an army and its entire outfit by an unconditional surrender.

It had been Gen. Price's design not to repose on the victory of Lexington; but obtaining supplies and recruits, to sweep down upon St. Louis, uniting with Maj.-Gen. Polk and his Confederate forces. But the progress of this brilliant conception was unexpectedly checked:—first, by the order to Gen. Polk from the War Department for the Tennessee campaign; secondly by Price's failure to receive a large supply of ammunition from Brig.-Gen. McCulloch according to promise. He could not move upon St. Louis for the want of coöperation by Gen. Polk; he could not remain where he was, for the want of ammunition, threatened by Sturges on the north, and Fremont on the south. There were not three rounds of percussion-caps to the man. Hence he was forced to evacuate the place, and retreat towards Springfield, not even having time to organize fully ten or twelve thousand volunteers, who were then ready to enlist under his banner.

On the 20th August, 1861, the Confederate Congress, at Richmond, passed an act, one section of which admitted the State of Missouri as a member of the Confederacy, upon an equal footing with the other States under the Constitution for the Provisional Government, upon condition that the said Constitution should be adopted and ratified by the properly and legally constituted authorities of the State. Another section recognized the Government, of which Claiborne F. Jackson was the chief magistrate, in Missouri, to be the legally elected and regularly constituted Government of the people and State, and authorized the President of the Confederate States, at any time prior to her full admission, to form with her a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive.

Gen. Price, with his army, entered the town of Neosho, in Newton county, early in November. On the second day of that month the Legislature had here assembled, by proclamation of Governor Jackson. The attendance was full; twenty-three members of the upper, and seventy-seven of the lower house being present, and with entire unanimity they passed an act of secession from the Federal Union, adopted the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States, and initiated such measures as would perfect the union between their State and her sisters of the South.

From Neosho, Gen. Price marched to Cassville, in Barry County,

and thence to McDonald County, in the extreme southwestern angle of the State. Here he rested and recruited his army, and then again moved northward. On the 30th November, from Neosho, he issued a stirring proclamation, calling volunteers to his camp. He called for fifty thousand men, according to the first summons of the Governor, and promised with this force to liberate Missouri surely and speedily. The language of the appeal was ardent, and characteristic of the man. "In the month of June last," he wrote, "I was called to the command of a handful of Missourians, who nobly gave up home and comforts to espouse in that gloomy hour the cause of your bleeding country, struggling with the most heartless and cruel despotism known among civilized men. When peace and protection could no longer be enjoyed but at the price of honour and liberty, your chief magistrate called for fifty thousand men to drive the ruthless invaders from a soil made fruitful by your labours, and consecrated by your homes. And to that call less than five thousand responded out of a male population exceeding two hundred thousand. One in forty only stepped forward to defend with their persons and their lives the cause of constitutional liberty and human rights. Some allowances are to be made on the face of the want of military organization, a supposed want of arms, the necessary retreat of the army southward, the blockade of the river, and the presence of an armed and organized foe. But nearly six months have now elapsed * * * I must have fifty thousand men. Now is the crisis of your fate; now is the golden opportunity to save the State; now is the time for your political salvation. The time of the enlistment of our brave bands is beginning to expire. Do not hold their patience beyond endurance. Do not longer sicken their hearts by hopes deferred. Boys and small property-holders have in the main fought the battles for the protection of your property, and when they ask, where are the men for whom we are fighting, how can I explain, my fellow-citizens? I call upon you, by every consideration of interest, by every desire of safety, by every tie that binds you to home and country, delay no longer. Let the dead bury the dead. Leave your property to take care of itself. Come to the Army of the Missouri—not for a week, or a month, but to free your country.

“Strike, till each armed foe expires!
Strike, for your country's altar fires!

Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land!

Be yours the office to choose between the glory of a free country and a just government, or the bondage of your children. *I, at least, will never see the chains fastened upon my country.* I will ask for six and a half feet of Missouri soil on which to repose, for I will not live to see my people enslaved. Are you coming? Fifty thousand men of Missouri shall move to victory with the tread of a giant. Come on, my brave fifty thousand heroes—gal-lant, unconquerable Southern men! We await your coming.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

Gen. Price at the head of ten thousand men.—McCulloch refuses to cooperate.—Admirable retreat of Price's army to Boston Mountains.—Hardihood of his troops.—A message from Gen. Halleck.—Gen. Van Dorn appointed Confederate Commander of the Trans-Mississippi.—Battle of Elk Horn.—Its importance.—Heroism of Gen. Price on the field.—The Missouri troops cross the Mississippi River.—Gen. Price's eloquent address to "the State Guard."

THE response to Gen. Price's glowing appeal to the patriotism of Missouri, was not what the commander expected and required; but yet it was sufficient to inspire him with something of new hope. His command had suffered sadly for want of steady and persistent organization; it being mostly made up of volunteers who had hied to the camps in prospect of short service and a speedy return to their homes; and at one time it had been reduced by absenteeism to less than five thousand men, when Gen. Price was threatened on all sides: by Lane, from Kansas; by the forces from the north of Lexington, and by those coming out from St. Louis, by Rolla. Now, however, under the influence of fresh appeals, his forces ran up to more than ten thousand men, and with these he determined to move towards Springfield, and make another effort for the redemption of the State. He had again put himself in communication with McCulloch's forces, then under command of Cols. McIntosh and Hebert. His aim was to hold the State of Missouri, because of the richness of the country, and its great capacity of subsistence; because of the priceless value of the Granby Lead Mines; and because he most especially desired to confine the destroying tide of war to its limits, and leave Arkansas and the South free and unharmed. He could not do this unaided and alone. His force was too small to resist one of the best appointed armies ever put on foot by the United States. He argued the subject fully and repeatedly with McIntosh and Hebert, McCulloch then being at Richmond. He appealed to Albert Sidney Johnson, to the Richmond Government, and entreated the co-operating aid of the Confederate forces, there hoard-

ed and rusting on the confines of Arkansas, while he was standing picket for the whole Trans-Mississippi Department. He expressed his willingness and ability to hold Missouri, and keep the Federal forces at bay; he exhibited the teeming granaries and meat supplies of the country; he urged the importance of holding the Granby Lead Mines; and he argued the rich returns the armies of the Confederacy would derive from the fearless yeomanry of Missouri.

But these views were not taken by the Confederate authorities. Price was not reinforced; Curtis, Sigel, and Davis advanced; the little Army of Missouri was compelled to retreat, and Springfield and Granby fell into the enemy's possession, no more to be reclaimed. But the retreat was conducted with a skill and success worthy of all praise; and wherever the enemy came up with it he found a steadiness and ferocity, seldom the traits of a retreating column. Millions of stores, wagons and teams, lead and cattle, and other property were carried out by Price; for four days and nights he marched and fought, saving all his stores and losing but few of his men; and he exhibited an endurance and energy which astonished the enemy, and was the occasion of the remark, that "Old Price could beat the world running after a fight or away from one." With sullen steps he retired to the Boston Mountains, where he encamped, and where finally he was to be joined by McCulloch's forces, but not until the golden moment for an offensive movement had departed, and the enemy had increased the forces, and multiplied the toils, by which he held the State of Missouri.

An officer of Price's army, describing this hard and painful retreat, writes: "Our sufferings during the campaign had been extreme, but setting the inconveniences aside, had tended to harden us, and make our limbs as tough as steel. Continually marching through non-inhabited districts, we had to depend upon Providence for supplies. Over mountains, through 'gaps,' across rivers and creeks, our progress was toilsome and weary; but not more than a hundred names could be found upon the sick-list at any time during our frequent and rapid journeyings. Our cavalry led a hard life, incident to their daily duty. Among the mountains a party of these 'irregular' horse would watch all the roads, conceal their fires, and hang around the enemy with a pertinacious deter-

mination that no man should stir without their knowledge, and at the least opportunity making a dash at the foe, capturing and destroying as they went, living as best they might, and doing whatever they pleased. As scouts, these men were invaluable, they were here, there, and everywhere; it was impossible to follow in their track. Their dress was of skins or anything that came to hand, and so long as grass was found for their hardy, wiry Indian horses, the riders cared little for food, dress, leisure, or relief from duty."

It is said that about this period of the enemy's encouragement, when the Army of Missouri was compelled to retire to the Boston Mountains, Gen. Halleck, who had assumed command of the Western Department, sent a message to Gen. Price by a gentleman who was passing the lines. "Tell Gen. Price," he said, "that he had the advantage of me in Missouri, for he knew the country better than I did; but I have got him now where I want him, and expect to capture him, and whip his army soon." "When you go back," was Price's reply, "say to Gen. Halleck that he has not men enough in his army to capture me. And as to whipping *my boys*, tell him he may select one hundred of the best men in his whole army, and I will take the same number of mine, as they come, and without distinction. He shall lead his one hundred men, and I will lead mine; and we will go into an open field to fight it out; and the fate of the Southern Confederacy shall depend upon the result. Tell him that, will you!" No reply was ever made to the challenge.

On his retreat to the Boston Mountains it was discovered, much to Gen. Price's gratification, that the government at Richmond had at last determined to cure the disagreement between himself and McCulloch by appointing Maj.-Gen. Earl Van Dorn to the command of all the Trans-Mississippi forces, giving him the direction of affairs there, and securing that unanimity so long desirable. A happy accord existed between Gen. Price and the new commander. Indeed a private correspondence had taken place between these two military chieftains, on the occasion of Van Dorn's appointment by President Davis to take command in Arkansas and Missouri, which not only showed a spirit of mutual appreciation and compliment highly honourable to both, but developed a singular similarity of views (considering that the letter of each was written

without knowledge of that of the other) with reference to the conduct of the war.

When Van Dorn arrived to take command, a plan of attack was soon settled—a joint one by Price and McCulloch; the enemy then resting at Pea Ridge. The army, about 16,000 strong, was put in motion, encamped on the 5th March at Elm Springs, attacked Sigel next day at Bentonsville, and drove him out. Gen. Van Dorn, during the night, so changed the plan of battle, as to allow McCulloch to attack with his force on the south, while Price was to move around on the north. It was a fatal error. Price was on the north, McCulloch on the south, the enemy was between them, only three miles apart; yet in order for either to reach the other, twelve miles had to be travelled, by reason of the mountainous country. Price, with 7,300 men, McCulloch with 9,000, either weakened or pushed to extremity, could derive no aid in proper time from the other—an inferior force surrounding a superior one. Van Dorn rode up on the morning of the 7th, and informed Price of the change, who at once deeply regretted it, and urged its disadvantages. Van Dorn yielded; courier after courier was dispatched to McCulloch; but it was too late. He was already in action. In a few moments he and McIntosh, his second in command, were both killed, and there were none to direct the progress of the troops, who felt they were now pushing on to victory; the various colonels, in fact, did not stop to inquire who had succeeded to the command, but each was doing his best in his own way. The enemy were before them, and they neither knew nor cared for anything more; of strategy, they were almost, if not quite, ignorant; the men were in disorder, but still fought on, regiment mixed with regiment. Thinking that his orders would be obeyed, and not knowing that McCulloch and McIntosh were among the slain, Van Dorn pushed forward his centre and left as best he could, and after much hard fighting, drove the enemy, inflicting much loss.

Curtis and Sturgis perceiving, however, the confusion on the right, where McCulloch had fallen, rallied their commands, and presented a formidable front. Here the battle was renewed, and a desperate action took place. Price, with his 7,000 veterans, who did not know how to retreat, continued to assail the unbroken Federals, now all united. During the whole day he drove them;

it was one continuous advance from point to point; and at night the army that had performed such miracles of valour slept in the encampment of the enemy of the same day, and fed from his commissariat supplies.

But the victory which Price had plucked from circumstances so adverse and desperate, proved fruitless, and was bitter with disappointment. He was anxious to renew the battle the next day, and expressed to Van Dorn his confidence that he would make another Wilson's Creek affair, when he overran the enemy's odds on the soil of Missouri. The camps of the enemy had fallen into his hands, with many prisoners, stores, cannon, etc.; and the men were excited with their success. Van Dorn, however, surmised that reinforcements had reached the enemy in great number, and felt himself too weak to accept another engagement, should the enemy force one upon him. He therefore ordered the sick far to the rear, and, destroying so much of the booty as could not be transported, began to prepare for a retreat.

Thus ended the battle of Elk Horn (it was called "Pea Ridge," by the enemy), with results adverse to the Confederates, and so important that it may be said to have decided the question of Confederate rule in Missouri. Whatever the errors that precipitated such results on the very heels of victory, it may be said that Price had no part or lot in them. The Missouri troops, from the noble veteran who had led them so long, down to the meanest private, behaved with a courage, the fire and devotion of which never, for a moment, slackened. The personal testimony of Gen. Van Dorn to their noble conduct, was a just and magnanimous tribute. He wrote to the Government at Richmond: "During the whole of this engagement I was with the Missourians, under Price, and I have never seen better fighters than these Missouri troops, or more gallant leaders than Gen. Price and his officers. From the first to the last shot, they continually rushed on, and never yielded an inch they had won; and when at last they received orders to fall back, they retired steadily and with cheers. Gen. Price received a severe wound in the action, but would neither retire from the field nor cease to expose his life to danger."

Nor is this all the testimony to the heroism of Gen. Price on the field of Elk Horn. Some incidents are related by an officer of his conduct in the retreat, that show aspects of heroism more engaging

than even those of reckless bravery. "In the progress of the retreat," writes an officer, "every few hundred yards we would overtake some wounded soldier. As soon as he would see the old General, he would cry out: 'General, I am wounded!' Instantly some vehicle was ordered to stop, and the poor soldier's wants cared for. Again and again it occurred, until the conveyances were covered with the wounded. Another one cried out: 'General, I am wounded!' The General's head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes, bedimmed with tears, were thrown up, and he looked in front for some place to put his poor soldier. He discovered something on wheels in front, and commanded: 'Halt! and put this wounded soldier up; by G—d, I will save my wounded, if I lose the whole army!'"

The battle of Elk Horn may be said to have terminated Price's splendid career as commander of "the Missouri State Guard." Shortly thereafter it was decided by the government at Richmond to remove the forces from the Trans-Mississippi district, and to unite the armies of Van Dorn and Price with such force as Gen. Beauregard already had at Corinth. The order for leaving the limits of their States was responded to by the Missouri and Arkansas troops with ready and patriotic spirit. Price had for a long time been held in disfavour by President Davis. But popular demand, army clamour, and Congressional urgency, were too great longer to withstand, and the Major-General's commission was ordered. On the occasion of this change of command and transfer of his theatre of operations across the Mississippi River, Price made to his troops the following extraordinary and admirable appeal. Comprehensive in its terms, Napoleonic in spirit, and glowing with patriotic fire, it challenges comparison with some of the military orders of the most celebrated commanders in history:

HEADQUARTERS MISSOURI STATE GUARD,
DES ARC, ARKANSAS, April 3, 1862.

Soldiers of the State Guard:

I command you no longer. I have this day resigned the commission which your patient endurance, your devoted patriotism, and your dauntless bravery, have made so honourable. I have done this that I may the better serve you, our State, and our country; that I may the sooner lead you back to the fertile prairies, the rich

woodlands, and majestic streams of our beloved Missouri; that I may the more certainly restore you to your once happy homes, and to the loved ones there.

Five thousand of those who have fought side by side with us under the grizzly bears of Missouri, have followed me into the Confederate camp. They appeal to you, as I do, by all the tender memories of the past, not to leave us now, but to go with us wherever the path of duty may lead, till we shall have conquered a peace, and won our independence, by brilliant deeds upon new fields of battle.

Soldiers of the State Guard! veterans of six pitched battles and nearly twenty skirmishes! conquerors in them all! your country, with its "ruined hearths and shrines," calls upon you to rally once more in her defence, and rescue her forever from the terrible thralldom which threatens her. I know that she will not call in vain. The insolent and barbarous hordes which have dared to invade our soil, and to desecrate our homes, have just met with a signal overthrow beyond the Mississippi. Now is the time to end this unhappy war. If every man will but do his duty, his own roof will shelter him in peace from the storms of the coming winter.

Let not history record that the men who bore with patience the privations of Cowskin Prairie, who endured uncomplainingly the burning heats of a Missouri summer, and the frosts and snows of a Missouri winter; that the men who met the enemy at Carthage, at Oak Hills, at Fort Scott, at Lexington, and in numberless lesser battle-fields in Missouri, and met them but to conquer them; that the men who fought so bravely and so well at Elk Horn; that the unpaid soldiery of Missouri, were, after so many victories, and after so much suffering, unequal to the great task of achieving the independence of their magnificent State.

Soldiers! I go but to mark a pathway to our homes. Follow me!

STERLING PRICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Career of Gen. Price as a subordinate.—Mortality record of the Missouri Guard.—Their participation in the battle of Corinth.—Battle of Helena.—Gen. Price's cherished idea of liberating Missouri.—His agreement with Gen. Fremont for the humanities of the war.—How the enemy violated it.—Gen. Price's last attempt to save Missouri.—His final retreat from the State.—Summary of the character of Gen. Price.—A defect in his military career.—Gen. Price as an exile.

THE glowing anticipations with which Gen. Price joined the forces of Beauregard were never realized. It was an unfortunate promotion and an evil star that took Gen. Price across the Mississippi. From that day forward, he never held independent command, and his subsequent military career may be described as desultory. A pioneer in energetic thought and action, his was not a genius to prosper under the control of but the fewest men. His career as a subordinate was not wholly in eclipse; the universal acclaim of every battle in which he was an actor told of his bravery; he always did his part well when others failed, and invariably won his share of the action; but the general story was that of imperfect results, where he was not sustained, and the mistaken judgment or blundering vanity of his superiors interfered to hold him in check, and diminish his authority.

That famous body of troops, the "Missouri Guard," became almost extinct in the multitude of battles it fought far away from its homes. Of the ten thousand gallant men whom Price led from Missouri, in April and May, 1862, not more than two thousand five hundred were left at the close of the year survivors of the casualties of battle and camps, fit for service.

At Iuka Gen. Price won a victory, took a formidable battery with his "salamander brigades," and retired only when the enemy was reinforced to an extent that made further attack madness. At Corinth, although the Confederate arms were unsuccessful there, he alone won a fame equal to that of his greatest victories. Of his part in this action Gen. Price officially reports: "It was after nine o'clock (October 4, 1862) when my line became generally and furi-

ously engaged with the enemy in his innermost and most formidable works, from which his infantry and artillery could jointly operate against my troops. Here, as in the previous actions, my artillery could not be effectively brought into action, and but few of the guns were engaged. The fighting, by my command, was almost entirely confined to the infantry. My men pressed forward upon the enemy, and, with heavy loss, succeeded in getting into the works, having driven him from them, capturing more than forty pieces of artillery, and forcing him to take refuge in the houses of the town, and in every place that would afford protection from our galling fire. He was followed and driven from house to house with great slaughter. In the town were batteries in mask, supported by heavy reserves, behind which the retreating enemy took shelter, and which opened upon our troops a most destructive fire at short range. My men held their positions most gallantly, returning the fire of the enemy with great spirit, until portions of them exhausted their ammunition and were compelled to retire. This necessitated the withdrawal of the whole line, which was done under a withering fire. The attack was not resumed, and we fell back to our supply train, the men being almost exhausted from exertion and want of food and water. Gen. Villepigue's brigade moved over to our assistance, but did not become engaged, as the enemy was too badly cut up to follow us. We fell back in order to obtain water, some six miles from Corinth, where we bivouacked for the night, bringing off all of our artillery and arms, save one rifled piece, which had been inadvertently driven into the enemy's line while going into battery before daylight in the morning, and had been left. We brought off, also, the two guns captured at the outer line of fortifications on the 3d. It is impossible for me to do justice to the courage of my troops in these engagements, nor can I discriminate between officers and commands where all behaved so nobly."

It is scarcely necessary to follow in detail the career of Gen. Price to Farmington, and Abbeville, and Helena, and other fields of less important action. At Helena (July 4, 1863), he fought against his judgment, under the imperative orders of Gen. Holmes; and although the other commands failed, Price alone carried the enemy's position, and crowned with its valour "the Grave-Yard Fort," but at a sacrifice of life which he deplored,

accomplishing, as he foresaw, a success which could not be sustained, and a glory unproductive of substantial fruits. Fettered by the orders of such men as Pemberton and Holmes, subsequently coöperating with Gen. Kirby Smith, contributing to the Red River campaign, and containing the enemy on the borders of Arkansas, he was still the successful commander, in all the parts to which he was assigned, but unable to carry out his cherished idea of liberating Missouri and striking a blow on her soil. Wherever he went, wherever he camped, especially wherever he fought, the people cheered with a zest, and the soldier dared, and bled, and died, as he would do under few other leaders. But these distant and partial fields did not satisfy Price's ambition ; to scourge the enemy from his native State he considered his appointed mission ; and in the midst of other careers of glory his thoughts constantly reverted to his beloved Missouri, and the sensibilities of his heart were lacerated by the stories of her suffering under the rule of an enemy whose insolence and cruelty had exceeded all bounds, and scoffed every demand of justice and every cry of humanity.

In his first campaign in Missouri, Gen. Price had endeavoured to put the war on the most civilized footing, to secure to all the people of the State the ordinary humanities attendant upon armed strife, and to confine the contest exclusively to the armies in the field. In pursuance of these views the following joint proclamation was issued—which, copied in full, claims entire and close attention as one of the most interesting texts of the war.

To all Peaceably-disposed Citizens of the State of Missouri, greeting :

WHEREAS, A solemn agreement has been entered into by Major-Generals Fremont and Price, respectively commanding antagonistic forces in the State of Missouri, to the effect, that in future arrests or forcible interference by armed or unarmed parties of citizens within the limits of said State for the mere entertainment or expression of political opinions, shall hereafter cease ; that families now broken up for such causes may be reunited, and that the war, now progressing, shall be exclusively confined to armies in the field ; therefore, be it known to all whom it may concern :

1. No arrests whatever on account of political opinions, or for the merely private expression of the same, shall hereafter be made within the limits of the State of Missouri, and all persons who

may have been arrested and are now held to answer upon such charges only, shall be forthwith released. But it is expressly declared that nothing in this proclamation shall be construed to bar or interfere with any of the usual and regular proceedings of the established courts and statutes and orders made and provided for such offences.

2. All peaceably-disposed citizens, who may have been driven from their homes because of their political opinions, or who may have left them from fear of force and violence, are hereby advised and permitted to return, upon the faith of our positive assurances that while so returning they shall receive protection from both armies in the field, whenever it can be given.

3. All bodies of armed men acting without the authority or recognition of the Major-Gen. before named, and not legitimately connected with the armies in the field, are hereby ordered at once to disband.

4. Any violation of either of the foregoing articles shall subject the offender to the penalty of military law, according to the nature of the offence.

* * * * *

This done and agreed at Springfield, Missouri, this first day of November, 1861.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT.

J. H. EATON, A. A. A. G.

MAJ.-GEN. STERLING PRICE, by

HENRY W. WILLIAMS,

D. ROBERT BARCLAY,

Commissioners.

Here was a distinct and honourable pledge made by the enemy to conduct the war in Missouri on principles of humanity, and to forego all persecution for opinion's sake. How was it fulfilled, when Price's army was compelled to retire from the State, and the enemy's audacity was unbridled, and his true temper allowed to run its course? The flagitious story of his behaviour in Virginia and in the Valley of Mississippi, obtained new additions and surpassing illustrations of cruelty in the distant State of Missouri, and in the obscure departments of authority, where despotism ran riot almost without the chance of being discovered, or the risk of being

called to account. No "red tape" embarrassed the enemy's power here; no settled rules limited and contained it; the Federal authority and its partisans did what they pleased. The unhappy State was torn by crimes and excesses which no pen can describe. The *habeas corpus* was suspended; denunciations and arrests became the weapons of private malignity; Union men plundered and destroyed the homes of those whom they chose to denounce; arson, murder, confiscation, exile, were the penalties dealt out against men, women, and children, by vigilance committees; the assassin's dagger was unsheathed and held at the throat of every one who dared to sympathize with the South, or to protest against the worst excesses of despotic authority. Such was the realization to Missouri of a war which the enemy had solemnly engaged to conduct only against armies in the field, and for the exclusive object of the restoration of the Union.

It was not until near the close of the war, that Gen. Price made his last desperate attempt to save Missouri, to relieve her from the reign of terror, and to "chase the Union army from the State." It failed. It commenced with a brilliant inroad; and in the last days of September, 1864, Price's little and adventurous army, under the command of Shelby, Marmaduke, and Fagan, had advanced towards Pilot Knob, and was moving north to the Missouri River. But the enemy was too numerous; and while Rosecrans pressed his rear, a body of 8,000 cavalry fell upon Price, who found it impossible to extricate himself without a battle, delivered against overwhelming odds. On the 23d October he was attacked, and defeated with great loss—Gens. Marmaduke and Cabell being taken prisoners, besides many officers and men. The following day Price was again attacked, near Fort Scott, and obliged hurriedly to retreat into Kansas. He then turned down to the south, and crossed the Arkansas River, above Fort Smith, in the Indian Territory. On the 8th December, 1864, his headquarters were at Washington, in the south part of Arkansas, his troops at that time greatly suffering from the weather, and sadly diminished by a campaign in which the casualties had been many, and the desertions yet more numerous.

This event may be said to have terminated Gen. Price's military career. At the close of the war he was included in Kirby Smith's surrender; and preferring exile to the lot of submission

that the war had determined, he shortly thereafter left the country, and found refuge in Mexico. There he was for some time engaged in a scheme of colonization under the auspices of the Imperial Government, which, however, it is generally believed, proved a feeble and unsatisfactory enterprise.

In the character of Gen. Price, as illustrated in our brief sketch, we remark simplicity, the charm of great earnestness, and a commanding influence over men. As a military man, he was apt, resourceful, and not without some strategic genius. But no commander—not even Stonewall Jackson—ever fought his troops more fiercely and in closer quarters with the enemy. Like the great warrior of Virginia, he cared but little for works of defence, and sought the contact of the bayonet. It is said that shortly after he had joined the Confederate army, then at Corinth, Gen. Beauregard conducted him around the lines of the camp, and with a good deal of pride exhibited and explained the strength of his fortifications. “What do you think of these works, Gen. Price?” “Why, General,” answered Price, “to tell you the truth, I never saw but two of the kind before, and that was after our boys had taken them.”

We cannot fail to observe a defect in Gen. Price's military career, in the want of discipline in his command, painfully apparent in his last invasion of Missouri; but this appears to have been so common and inherent an affliction in all the armies of the Confederacy, and to have proceeded from so many causes beyond control—the individuality of the Southern soldier, the necessity of conciliating him in the peculiar circumstances of a service where there were so many hardships, so many appeals to return to suffering families, so many opportunities to desert in wild and impassable countries, where it was impossible to reclaim him—that it is scarcely to be urged personally against any commander, and cast as censure at his doors.* Price's men loved him, and never failed

* An article in a recent review contains the following just remarks on the organization and spirit of the Southern armies:

“The army of the late ‘Confederate States of America’ was an eclectic, or excerpted system from the high military models of Austria, Prussia, France, and the United States. It was a beautiful and complete model of thorough scientific organization, full of interest and instruction to those who wish to learn how to make war terrible and destructive, and, above all things else that sprang from the master hand

him for want of affection and confidence. Many of them asserted that "they would rather die under his command than fight with any other." They had a number of familiar affectionate names by which their commander was designated, such as "Pap," "Dad," "The Old Tycoon," etc. There can be no better indication of popularity than the rude nicknames of the camp. Gen. Price had the charm of being accessible alike to all—the officer and the private; and was always ready with a kind and respectful word for

of that directing and all-informing mind that stood at the head of the Southern revolution, attested its commanding genius. From Austria was taken the admirable organization of the grand field-staff; from Prussia, the firm and compact general military anatomy; from France, the model of its field ordnance, and scientific artillery theory and practice; and from the United States, its tactical economy, its infantry equipment and drill, its army regulations, and its theory of military manœuvre and strategic practice.

"The organization of the Confederate army was a finished piece of military mechanism, methodical, harmonious, composite, in all pertaining to its exterior, practical arrangement; but there was a fatal defect in its interior, vital economy, a morbid, organic derangement, that defeated every hope of healthy bodily action, preyed upon the seat of life, and caused its ultimate dissolution. That disease was the absence of a rigid discipline. If it had possessed this one important quality, the battle of Sharpsburg would have declared the independence of the South. Gen. Lee crossed over into Maryland, a fortnight before the happening of that battle, with eighty thousand troops; but on that field he could only put his hand on thirty-five thousand of that number. Not that this more than moiety of his army had wilfully deserted their colours; but allured from their commands by the profuse hospitality of the people of Maryland, they lingered behind the advancing army, thinking to rejoin it in time to share in its laurels. Such conduct the systems of Frederick and Napoleon pronounced desertion, and inflexibly punished with death. The great body of the rank and file of the Southern army was composed of a social element that in the armies of other countries is seen only in positions of command and authority; and the officers elected from among themselves, and often their social and intellectual inferiours, left matters of authority and subordination to take care of themselves, while their only care was to make their reports correspond, from day to day. Under such a general relaxation of authority, discipline was impossible; and the Southern army was nothing more than an association of patriotic gentlemen, animated by the enthusiasm of a common cause, and regarding army regulations and discipline as designed only for a race of slaves. When once in battle, they fought with a dash, spirit, resolution, and desperation of valour such as has never been excelled by any soldiery in the world, ancient or modern. This idea is most forcibly illustrated by a remark that is said to have fallen from the lips of that rugged old hero, Gen. D. H. Hill, after the battle of Antietam, when, in speaking of the behaviour of his troops in that engagement, he said, he had but one fault to find of his Mississippians, and that was, 'each man acted as if he thought himself a brigadier.' In the European sense of the word, there was no such thing known to the Confederate army as discipline."

every one. And yet he was fierce and energetic, with unlimited influence over his men.

Of the hero in exile, an eloquent writer, from whom we have already drawn some incidents of Gen. Price's career, thus well and nobly discourses: "Gen. Price has gone to Mexico, if reports are true, with the purpose of making it his home and country—nay, not his country, for we hold it impossible that any man, with his brain and affections, can shake off both educated and natural patriotism. He cannot do it. His heart, like every great or brave heart, in the land we love, yet yearns for the glory and prosperity of the great nation from which he is said to have expatriated himself. 'A poor, unmanly melancholy, sprang from change of fortune,' cannot so afflict his noble nature. Disappointed in his hopes he may be distrustful of his reception by former friends and neighbours, yea, doubtful of his pardon by the General Government. We do not so regard the prospect. Gen. Price has honestly and well taken a leading part in the great revolution the entire South stood so manfully to achieve. He has forfeited the respect of no one, save the blind partisan, or the bloodthirsty puritan. On the contrary he has won upon their sympathy and regard; for duty performed commends itself to the heart of every well-regulated child of Adam. He has committed no outrage, no act of his life can bring the blush of shame to his cheek, or disturb the most extravagant conscience. We differ with all those who look for refuge to another land, another nationality. The South staked her all upon the issue just decided. She lost. She is willing to pay the penalty, has paid it, and is still paying it. She has nearly resumed her old place in the government, and her soldiers have determined, under the wise policy of President Johnson, to accept, in loyal faith, his generous amnesty, faithfully to serve the United States, and strive to promote all solid ends of government, as freely, as fully, as manfully, as during the past four years they fought for separation. So we speak and feel, and so shall we act. Now is the day and the hour when such manhood as Gen. Price possesses this nation needs, in carrying out her new policy. Let him return. Let him go cheerfully to his old home, with form erect, that face blooming with honest pride, and, like Lee and Johnson, strike again for the national and social progress of his own, his native land.

“Say not with the Grecian misanthrope:

“Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.’”



Eng^d by H. B. Hall N.Y.

J. E. Johnston
GEN^L JOE E. JOHNSTON.

GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Some account of "the first families" of Virginia.—Ancestry of Joseph Eggleston Johnston.—Peter Johnston in the Revolutionary War, and in the State councils of Virginia.—Early life of Joseph E. Johnston.—Military tastes of the boy.—Services of Lieut. Johnston in the Florida War.—An incident of desperate courage.—Services in the Mexican War.—*Bon Mot* of Gen. Scott.—Johnston appointed Quartermaster-General.

THE people of Eastern Virginia have a creditable practice of tracing family lineages to their earliest sources. In democratic communities, where inherited rank is disallowed, and distinctions of blood are decried, the practice may be somewhat invidious; but yet there is no sentiment more natural, more laudable, or more conducive to the welfare of the State, than pride of family founded upon merit continuing, or honourable public services repeated, through successive generations. The Virginia habit is the more praiseworthy, innocent, and useful, inasmuch as the claim so often heard, of descent from the "first families," far from being generally a pretension to superiour rank and blood, is nothing more than a commendable claim of regular and honest descent from early settlers in the colony. By "first" families is meant nothing more pretentious or aristocratic than families that came to Virginia in periods of history more or less early. Not many families, however, now claiming this attribute of first in order of time, can be traced further back than a few generations beyond the colonial war of independence.

Among the first families of Virginia, in this sense of time, are those of Lee and Johnston; names which were as intimately identified in the Revolution which succeeded in 1783, as they have

been in that which failed in 1865. If the Virginia habit of tracing lineages be pardonable, the reader will excuse the indulgence of it in the instance of JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON; for both his paternal and maternal ancestry were prominently known in the early history of the State.

Peter Johnston, the first of his family in America, was a native of Edinburgh. He belonged to the clan of Johnstons of Annandale, the famous border chieftains, celebrated in Scottish song and legend. Emigrating to the colony of Virginia when about sixteen years of age, he became a merchant, and settled at a place on James River known as Osborne's, at that time the chief "Tobacco Inspection" in the colony. He remained single until his fifty-first year, and then married a widow, Mrs. Martha Rogers, daughter of Mr. John Butler, a merchant of Prince George County, who lived on the south side of the Appomatox, a mile below Petersburg. Peter Johnston and his wife lived four years at Osborne's, and then (in 1765) removed to the County of Prince Edward, and settled on a farm, which they called Cherry Grove, but which was afterwards called Longwood, a mile from Farmville. This place was the family residence until 1811. They prospered, acquired a handsome property, and gained high standing. Mr. Johnston, always a strong advocate for learning, was one (the chief) of the founders of Hampden Sidney College. He gave his four sons a liberal education—first, under the care of tutors, whom he imported expressly from Scotland, and afterwards at Hampden Sidney. He was a High Churchman, a firm royalist, and a great stickler for family dignity and paternal authority. He gave most of his property to the eldest son.

On Thursday the 6th of January, 1763, the first son of Peter and Martha Johnston was born, at Osborne's on James River, and was baptized by his father's name. The son was two years of age at the removal of the family to Prince Edward.

Imbibing at a very early period of the Revolutionary War an enthusiastic attachment to the cause of liberty, and sensible that the opinions of his father, whose political creed sanctioned the pretensions of Britain, would militate against his ardent ambition to serve the patriot cause, Peter Johnston the younger, at the age of sixteen, eloped from his college, and joined as a volunteer the Legion of Lieut.-Col. Henry Lee, then passing through the country. His

companion in this truancy was Clement Carrington of Charlotte County. The Legion was composed of three companies of horse and three of foot. It was then on its march from the army of Washington in the north, to take part with Greene in the southern campaigns. Col. Lee had made so favourable an impression on Gen. Washington, as to have been permitted to organize and officer his Legion with men specially known for their courage and efficiency. No command of approximate numbers was ever able to withstand it. Peter Johnston's eagerness to acquire military knowledge, and unceasing efforts at distinction, very speedily attracted attention, and obtained for him the commission of ensign, to which he aspired; while the whole tenor of his conduct evinced that it could not have been more judiciously bestowed. He was brave, enterprising, and where duty called, exemplary in its performance. He bore himself honourably and bravely at Guilford, Eutaw, and Ninety-six, and retained to the day of his death a predilection for his early profession, which not all his subsequent success in a profession of a very different character could entirely obliterate. The captain of his company was Joseph Eggleston of Amelia.

To the end of the war he still acquired an increase of reputation, and so completely gained the favour of the parent whom he had offended, as to be received on his return to the domestic circle of his family, not only with affection but with pride. He chose the profession of law, and soon won an enviable prominence at the bar.

After the war, the names of Lee and Johnston took a temporary divergence. Henry Lee became a strong federalist and vehement assailant of Jefferson, the founder of the opposite school of politics; while we find Peter Johnston a prominent member of the republican party. Both of these names appear in the report of the celebrated debates of the Virginia General Assembly of 1799, on the resolutions which had been adopted in 1798 on the relations of the States to the Union; and appear on opposite sides of the question. Peter Johnston, a delegate from Prince Edward, had been one of the committee who had reported these celebrated resolutions at the session preceding the report of Madison, and the debates of 1799 upon the subject. Peter Johnston was subsequently for many years a Judge of the General Court of Virginia, and moved in 1811 to the Abingdon district, in Southwest Virginia to which he had been assigned.

In 1788, Peter Johnston the younger was married to Mary Wood, the second daughter of Col. Valentine Wood, Clerk of Goochland County, by his wife Lucy, a sister of Patrick Henry, the orator and patriot. Valentine Wood was a wealthy landed proprietor; owning Woodville, an estate on James River, which was the family residence during his life; Buck Island, on Buck Creek in Albemarle, to which place his widow removed after his death; and Fish Creek farm in Louisa County. The father of Valentine Wood was Henry Wood, an Englishman, and man of letters, who was the first Clerk of Goochland County, and whose wife was a Cox of the Chesterfield family.

Lucy Wood (*née* Henry), sister of Patrick Henry, was a lady of remarkable talent, social influence and piety, and was noted for her cultivated mind, and uncommon conversational powers. Mary Johnston (*née* Wood) was also of superior intellect and mental cultivation. She inspired all her family with a strong predilection for literary and esthetical studies. She instructed in the rudiments of the ancient languages, and assisted in preparing for college each one of her sons. Such facts can so rarely be said of even the best mothers, that when true, they deserve to be recorded.

Judge and Mrs. Johnston paid the strictest attention to the education of their children, moral and physical, as well as mental. They reared a considerable family. Charles Clement Johnston, the third son, was a man of great eloquence and popular talents, and in the excited year of 1832 was elected to Congress from south-western Virginia, as an advocate of State rights; but he lost his life by accidental drowning, after a very brief service, during which he was rapidly making way to the highest reputation for eloquence and talent.

Valentine Wood Southall, the first cousin of the subject of this biography, was the President of the Virginia Convention of 1861, at the time that body passed the ordinance by which Virginia seceded from the Union. The political facts which have been thus stated sufficiently indicate, in advance, the strong hereditary bias which contributed to decide the course of Gen. Johnston, when Virginia called upon him for the service of his sword: the grand-nephew of Patrick Henry, the son of Peter Johnston, the brother of Charles Johnston, and cousin of Valentine Southall.

Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the eighth son of Judge Peter and

Mary Johnston, was born on the 3d day of February, 1807, at Cherry Grove, near Farmville, in Prince Edward County, Virginia. At school he was noted as a boy of quick parts, and bold and enterprising disposition. His parents had taught their children to obtain a complete mastery over their minds and temper. This self-control he exhibited in as remarkable a degree while young, as he did in much later years in some of the most trying situations in which men can find themselves placed. From very early boyhood his passion for a military life was decided and unequivocal. He went always in the family by the nickname of "General." Naturally of such a disposition as we have recorded, the son, moreover, of an old soldier, whose stirring narratives of his early experience in the army of Greene he must have often heard, his military proclivities grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. In 1825, through the influence of John C. Calhoun, who had been Secretary of War, he entered as a cadet at the military academy of West Point, at that time in the zenith of its reputation. His application to his studies was earnest and devoted. How successful it proved his after history shows. He graduated in 1829, in the same class with Gen. Robert E. Lee, a circumstance well worthy of note; and was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, with the rank of brevet second-lieutenant. At that time there was no opportunity for distinction in his profession, and therefore we find him still a lieutenant at the close of seven years, when he was appointed assistant commissary of subsistence, a post which he resigned the year after, upon receiving a commission as first-lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. This rank he held when the Florida War broke out in 1836. He went to Florida in the capacity of adjutant-general to Gen. Scott, and held that position during the period that Scott had the command of that army. His conduct throughout this war merited the highest praise, and drew upon him general notice. Upon one occasion, having been sent, under the escort of a party of infantry, to make a survey or reconnoissance of a region which lay around a lake, and having crossed the lake in boats, the party fell into an ambuscade of Indians, and all its officers were killed or disabled at the first fire. The men were thrown into complete confusion, when Lieut. Johnston, taking the command, succeeded by his coolness and determination in subduing what was fast becoming a panic. He conducted

the retreat for seven miles with consummate skill, showing even then the talent which made him afterwards famous. At one time, whilst closely pressed by the Indians, he took shelter behind a small tree to rally his men. A storm of bullets swept by him, most of them aimed directly at himself; but, strange to say, while many struck the tree, for some time he was unhurt. At last, a ball struck him immediately above the forehead, and ranged backwards, grazing the skull the whole distance, but not fracturing it. The injury was severe; so much so as to cause him to fall; but the troops had caught his spirit, and repulsed the enemy, bearing off their wounded in safety to the boats. The uniform worn by Lieut. Johnston on this occasion was long preserved by a friend as a curiosity, being perforated by thirty bullets.

For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and throughout the Florida war, Lieut. Johnston was brevetted captain; a meagre recompense for so many and such arduous services; but promotion was slow in the old army. About this time he contracted a marriage with a daughter of the Hon. Louis McLane, of Delaware, who was for ten years a representative and afterwards a senator in Congress from that State; then minister to England; then Secretary of the Treasury in Gen. Jackson's second cabinet; afterwards Secretary of State under the same President; again minister to England under President Polk; and who closed his life as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

In September, 1846, Lieut. Johnston became a full captain by seniority. The Mexican war had now begun. On the 16th February, 1847, Capt. Johnston was made Lieut.-Col. of Voltigeurs, by brevet, and in that capacity sailed with the expedition under Gen. Scott. After the capture of Vera Cruz, when the army advanced, Col. Johnston made a most daring reconnoissance of the enemy's lines, strongly posted on the heights of Cerro Gordo. In this reconnoissance he was severely wounded, having approached so near the enemy's works that he was struck by three musket-balls. It was supposed at first that his wounds were mortal; but a powerful constitution and skilful treatment carried him safely through. His wounds were received six days before the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which, of course, he was unable to take part. He recovered in time to resume his command in the concluding battles of the war. He distinguished himself at Molino del Rey, and was

again severely wounded at Chapultepec. These numerous wounds led Gen. Scott, afterwards, to say of him: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." He was several times brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in this war, and at its conclusion was retained as Captain of Topographical Engineers. In 1855, when Congress authorized two additional regiments of horse, he was on the 3rd March commissioned as lieutenant-colonel in one of the new regiments (First Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Col. E. V. Sumner); while holding this rank and position, he was temporarily detached to important topographical service west of the Mississippi. He was engaged in this duty when, in June, 1860, he was appointed Quartermaster-General of the United States, with the commission of full brigadier-general.

While the question of this appointment was still pending, General Scott was requested by the Secretary of War to recommend for so important a position and promotion, an officer distinguished for talent and promise in the army. Gen. Scott declined to confine himself to a single name, but recommended for selection one of the following four: Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and G. F. Smith. Johnston received the appointment, and was engaged in the responsible duties of Quartermaster-General, when his native State seceded from the Union, and imposed upon him the duty of separating himself from a service for which he felt a strong affection.

CHAPTER XXX.

Gen. Johnston's resignation from the United States Army.—He visits Montgomery.—Appointed a full General.—Ordered to Harper's Ferry.—The place a *cul de sac*.—Johnston abandons it.—Reasons for destroying the property of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.—How Gen. Johnston amused Patterson.—He asks permission to join Beauregard at Manassas Junction.—The march to Piedmont, and transportation hence to Manassas.

IMMEDIATELY on the passage of the Virginia ordinance of secession, on the 17th April, 1861, State Senator John Robertson, deputed by the governor of the Commonwealth, called upon Gen. Scott, Gen. Johnston, and Col. Robert E. Lee, Virginians, of the Federal army then in Washington, to invite them to take service from their native State. His interview with Scott was unsatisfactory. He saw Johnston at his residence, on Sunday, the 21st, who had been prevented up to this time, by the duties of his office, from resigning his commission in the Federal army. The letter of resignation, however, was then written, and was to be delivered the following morning. Gen. Johnston informed Judge Robertson, that he could not confer with him on the subject of his errand while holding a commission from the United States; but that he would go so far as to assure him that his sword would never be drawn against his native State.

On the same day, in familiar conversation with confidential friends, he expressed himself unreservedly upon public affairs. He considered war to be inevitable, and thought it would be a bloody and protracted one. He was clearly of opinion that Virginia should stand upon the defensive. He assumed that of course she would be invaded; and expressed the confident opinion that the principal line of advance and of defence would be on the railroad running from Alexandria to Gordonsville and Richmond. He thought that a second Federal army would be sent into the Valley; as that populous region would supply too many Southern soldiers to be left on the flank of the principal invading force. He ven-

tured the opinion that the climax of the first campaign would be a battle fought near the junction of the railroad leading from the Valley with that running from Alexandria to Gordonsville; and he declared that the tactics of the Southern Generals should be, so to manoeuvre as to be able to bring together at Manassas, their armies operating in the Valley and before Alexandria, at the critical moment. These early ratiocinations had a remarkable realization in the sequel; and it is well known to those who were near Gen. Johnston in the operations of 1861, that he steadily adhered to these opinions, and governed all his movements with reference to them.

His resignation of the office of Quartermaster-General was tendered in person to the Secretary of War, on the day following these incidents. The Secretary kindly endeavoured to dissuade him from the step, and urged him to remain in the service of the Union. His arguments were of course unavailing. It was generally understood at the time, that if either Johnston or Lee had adhered to the Union, the principal command of the Federal armies would have been conferred on one or the other of them.

Gen. Johnston at once repaired to the capital of Virginia, where having reported for duty, he was appointed a Major-General of volunteers, and was busy for a time, in conjunction with the State authorities and Gen. Lee, in organizing the volunteers who were daily pouring into Richmond. Gen. Lee had preceded him in his arrival at Richmond, and had immediately received the commission of Major-General, and been assigned to the chief command of the State forces. Gen. Johnston was soon tendered the commission of Brigadier-General of regulars in the State service, but declined it, being invited to Montgomery, for which capital he set out. Three telegrams had come to him at Richmond from the Confederate Government; but he received only the last, which had reached him through Mr. Mallory; the former having been sent through Gen. Lee, who, feeling the need of his services at Richmond, had suppressed them. At Montgomery he received one of the first four commissions of Brigadier-General that were issued; and was afterwards made one of the four full Generals who were commissioned, and who ranked in the following order: Samuel Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee.

From Montgomery, Gen. Johnston was ordered to repair to Harper's Ferry, and to assume command of the troops in that quarter. Gen. Beauregard had already been transferred from Charleston, South Carolina, to the command of the army which was collecting near Alexandria. Gen. Johnston arrived at the Ferry on the 23d of May, where he found Col. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson in charge, and on the following day assumed command of the forces afterwards designated as the Army of the Shenandoah. Gen. Johnston did not entertain the thought for a moment of holding Harper's Ferry longer than should be necessary for removing the machinery, arms, and military material which it contained. It was the very ideal of a *cul de sac*. The village, with the government workshops and armory, was situated on a tongue of land thrust in between two considerable rivers, peculiarly difficult of passage, except on bridges of wood, which might be easily destroyed. On the Maryland side the position was commanded by a bold mountain rising abruptly from the Potomac. On the south, it was as effectually commanded by the Loudoun Heights, a spur of the Blue Ridge rising immediately from the waters of the Shenandoah. The space between the rivers in rear of the village, was blockaded by high altitudes called Bolivar Heights. It afforded no protection to the valley, as a strategic position, and could be flanked by way of Martinsburg on the north, and Leesburg on the south. Before reaching Harper's Ferry, Gen. Johnston had determined to withdraw the army from the place as soon as the valuable material it contained could be removed; to which object he immediately devoted all his energies—a labour which had been well begun by Col. Jackson.

He had determined from the first to make Winchester his military and strategic base. It was the centre to which several great roads converged, from all points of the compass. It was also central with reference to the crossings of the Potomac River, and the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. From this position he could observe Gen. Patterson, who soon showed himself, at the head of an army from Pennsylvania and Maryland, at Williamsport; and also look after McClellan, who was moving in North-western Virginia. Winchester was a centre from which he could strike in detail the armies threatening the Valley at different points of an intended circumference, and still hold himself in readiness

for carrying into execution his cardinal idea of repairing at the proper moment to Manassas Junction, to take part in the decisive battle that was sooner or later to be fought there. For this latter movement he early and repeatedly, through official and private means, sought authority from the Confederate government. He also solicited permission to evacuate Harper's Ferry.

While the rapid evisceration of this latter post was yet going on, Gen. Johnston's conjectures, expressed in Washington city before the campaign had opened, soon began to be realized. A powerful Federal army was in the course of rapid organization under the immediate eye of Scott, near Washington and Alexandria. By the 12th June, report came of the advance of a Federal force from the Northwest, towards Romney, and more authentic advices that Patterson was approaching the Potomac with an army supposed to be from 15,000 to 20,000 strong.

Gen. Johnston thereupon decided that the time had come for emerging from his *cul de sac*, and gaining the open country. Accordingly, the great bridge over the Potomac and the factories of the government, having been destroyed under the skilful direction of Major Whiting, and all available machinery, stores and arms, having been removed, without orders from Richmond, Gen. Johnston, on Sunday, the 16th June, abandoned the Ferry, and marched his army out upon the road to Winchester, to a point two miles beyond Charlestown. Hence, turning westward, for the purpose of confronting Patterson, he assumed a strong defensive position at Bunker Hill, on a range of uplands stretching out between Winchester and Martinsburg, where he offered Patterson battle for a day. At Charlestown he had met a dispatch from the government at Richmond, giving permission to abandon the Ferry, but couched in terms which threw the responsibility of the step upon himself. At Bunker Hill the temptation was very strong to advance upon Patterson, who was then between Williamsport and Martinsburg, and endeavour to force on a battle. Had he consulted the wishes of his army or desired a temporary *éclat*, he would have taken that step. But he had no belief that Patterson would consent to fight a serious engagement; and to follow him far enough and long enough to force one on him, conflicted with his fixed determination not under any circumstances to be decoyed beyond supporting distance of the army of the Potomac under

Beauregard. If Patterson were willing to fight at all, his own presence at Bunker Hill afforded an opportunity for doing so; and a battle would be had without placing an impracticable distance between himself and Manassas. It will be found in the sequel, that when the moment for joining Beauregard did arrive, and he was much nearer to Manassas than Bunker Hill, a part of his army, for lack of transportation, failed to reach the field of battle in time to give assistance. It was natural for his troops, who did not understand his design, to chafe under his inaction at Bunker Hill, and we find even Col. Jackson himself writing thus from near Winchester, on Tuesday the 18th: "Yesterday we were to have marched at sunrise, and I had hoped that in the evening or this morning, we would have engaged the enemy; but, instead of doing so, Gen. Johnston made some dispositions for receiving the enemy, if they should attack us; and thus we were kept until about noon, when he gave the order to return towards Winchester. When our troops, on Sunday, were marching on the enemy, they were so inspirited as apparently to forget the fatigue of the march, and though some of them were suffering from hunger, this and all other privations appeared to be forgotten, and the march continued at the rate of about three miles per hour. But when they were ordered to retire, their reluctance was manifested by their snail-like pace. I hope the General will do something soon." There is no severer proof of a great soul than to be capable of withstanding the reproaches of even the good and wise, in the steady pursuit of a noble purpose, which only the uncertain future will develop, and only success can justify.

From the camp near Winchester Col. A. P. Hill was sent towards Romney to drive back the enemy who were making demonstrations in that quarter, and whom he drove before him through Romney and Cumberland, and along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad some distance further, where he destroyed a bridge. At the same time Col. Jackson was sent with his brigade to Martinsburg, thence to observe the enemy, who had retreated across the Potomac. Here he destroyed extensive workshops and dépôts, forty locomotives, and some three hundred burden cars.

It has been asked by this latter soldier's biographer, why this property had not been withdrawn by way of Harper's Ferry before that place was abandoned? The inquiry is as applicable to Col.

Jackson, who was in command at the Ferry until the 24th May, as to Gen. Johnston, who commanded afterwards until the 15th June. Gen. Johnston has answered for both himself and his predecessor, by saying :

“ Col. Jackson’s course was probably prompted by the consideration that directed mine, and gives the authority of his great character to my course. It would not have been right on our part to seize the property of that road before the evacuation of Harper’s Ferry, nor politic to commit such an act of war against citizens of Maryland, when we were receiving so much aid from that State, and hoping for much more. The seizure or destruction of that property by us could have been justified only by the probability of its military use by the enemy. That probability did not appear until about the time when Col. Jackson received the order in question; then, being unable to remove, we were compelled to destroy it.

“ But the most valuable part of this property, the engines, could not have been removed in the manner pointed out. Up to the time of evacuating Harper’s Ferry, we were removing the machinery for manufacturing small-arms, as fast as it could be transported on the railroad, to Winchester. To expedite this work, I proposed to borrow engines from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but was assured by the engineers of both roads that that to Winchester, especially near Harper’s Ferry, where it was supported on trestles, was not strong enough to bear those engines, which were much heavier than those for which it was constructed, and that if brought upon that road they would inevitably crush it. This would have stopped the removal of the machinery from Harper’s Ferry, which was far more valuable to the Confederacy than all the rolling-stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Road.”

Remaining north of Martinsburg, with Col. J. E. B. Stuart’s cavalry in his front, until the 22d July, Col. Jackson that day had an engagement with Patterson, who had again returned to the southern bank of the Potomac, and who hoped to crush the small force that had now ventured within his reach. He was met by Jackson near Falling Water Church, at Haine’s farm, and was repulsed. Receiving reinforcements, Patterson made a second advance, and suffered a second repulse. By this time, discovering the exceedingly disproportionate force of Jackson, Patterson

extended his infantry with design to envelope Jackson by throwing both wings around him. After a spirited resistance of three hours' duration, Jackson withdrew, skirmishing sharply as he retreated, until he met Johnston's army, four miles south of Martinsburg, advancing to his support, in full hope of a general engagement with the enemy. The hope was disappointed; Patterson falling back towards the Potomac, with a loss of forty-five prisoners, captured by Stuart, and a large number of killed and wounded. Johnston, thereupon, again massed his forces near Winchester.

He was now more satisfied than ever that Gen. Scott's design, in placing Patterson in the Valley, was to distract attention from the grand movement which he was preparing for the principal advance to Richmond. Accordingly, he renewed the request which he had hitherto made, for orders to join Beauregard when the proper emergency should arise, and busied himself in preparing Winchester for defence by a small force. On the evening of the 17th July, Major Whiting (afterwards Maj.-Gen. Whiting, killed in command of Fort Fisher) brought him intelligence from Stuart that Patterson was again advancing in force. Johnston at once remarked that they would immediately hear that McDowell was also advancing in force on Beauregard, from Alexandria. For some time previous to this date he had established a system of regular couriers for communicating, at intervals of a few hours, with Beauregard, whose opinions of the strategy of Gen. Scott coincided with his own. The two Generals had already concerted the purpose of combining their forces whenever the critical moment should arrive, and had both solicited authority from Richmond for executing their foregone determination.

About half-past one o'clock at night the courier from Beauregard brought a dispatch giving intelligence that McDowell was in motion from Alexandria. Johnston had already directed Stuart to ascertain, as soon as practicable, whether Patterson's movement was a feint or for the purpose of a serious engagement. In the latter event he determined first to fight and beat Patterson, and then proceed to Manassas. He directed Stuart, if he should become satisfied that Patterson was making a feint, to stretch out his cavalry in that General's front, and screen as long as possible his own intended retirement towards Manassas.

During the night of the 17th he received a communication from the government, giving the long-sought permission to make the junction with Beauregard; but it was coupled with a condition that he should first move his sick from Winchester, where he had established them in comfortable hospitals, to the rear of Manassas, at Culpeper Court-House. His army being composed of fresh troops, and his raw soldiers afflicted with the diseases incident to an unusual mode of life, his sick numbered about twenty-five hundred. It was impossible, therefore, to execute the order from Richmond. But Winchester having been tolerably well covered by defensive works, Gen. Johnston placed the militia of the Valley, about twenty-five hundred strong, under the command of Gens. Carson and Meem, in front of the place, and left his sick in the hospitals.

By ten o'clock in the morning of the 18th, he learned from Stuart that Patterson's movement was a mere demonstration, and that he had posted his own cavalry as desired. Johnston, therefore, at once gave orders for putting his army in motion. The effective force which set out in this movement was 11,000 men. The plan was, to march to Piedmont, a railroad station, twenty-three miles from Winchester, and there take trains for Manassas, thirty-four miles further. The despondency of the troops was excessive during the first day's march; they thought they were running away from Patterson. After crossing the Shenandoah, however, the General caused them to be relieved from this depression by the enlivening assurance that they were marching to engage in a great battle. His order making the announcement was in nervous words that thrilled the troops. "Our gallant army under Gen. Beauregard," he said, "is now attacked by overwhelming numbers; the Commanding General hopes that his troops will step out like men, and make a forced march to save the country."

The army reached Piedmont, by detachments, during Friday, the 19th, and then, as fast as transportation was afforded, took trains for Manassas. Col. Jackson's brigade embarked early on Friday. But great embarrassment was experienced in procuring trains in time for the prompt transportation of the whole command. Some of the force did arrive in time for the ensuing battle; others did not arrive until the middle of the day of the battle. It resulted that of the whole force of 11,000, 8,300 took part in the engagement, and 2,700 arrived too late.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Gen. Johnston's survey of the field of Manassas.—He indicates the enemy's design to flank the Confederate left.—His anxiety about Patterson's movements.—Plan of attack upon Centreville.—Why it failed.—Non-arrival of part of the Army of the Shenandoah.—Popular misrepresentations of the battle of Manassas.—The real plans of action on each side.—How Gen. Johnston overlapped the flanking movement of the enemy.—His orders to Gen. Bonham to attack on Centreville. The most brilliant opportunity of the day lost.—Gen. Johnston's published reasons for not attacking Washington.—This explanation criticised.—Evidence of McClellan.—The Confederate Army demoralized by their victory.—Sequel of Manassas.

GEN. JOHNSTON did not reach Manassas in person until the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th July. Unable from the lateness of the hour to examine the field, he spent several anxious hours with Gen. Beauregard, whom he ranked, in studying the maps of the ground. For reasons about to be given, he declined to change in any respect the dispositions of that officer. The principal point for decision was, where to place his own army, just arrived and still arriving. Gen. Beauregard was in possession of what he deemed authentic intelligence, that McDowell's purpose was to turn the right of the Confederate army; and there can be no impropriety in stating, what was well known to those who had opportunity of receiving the information, that Gen. Beauregard firmly believed that the enemy's intention was to turn his right. Gen. Johnston dissented from this opinion. He thought a feint would be made on the right; but was well persuaded that if a flanking movement was designed, of which he had no doubt, it would be directed around their left. He gave cogent reasons for this belief. The country on the right was very hilly and broken, and the stream of Bull Run in that quarter deeper and more difficult of passage than it was several miles above on the left. The march in that direction would be at once arduous and hazardous. Moreover, to flank on that side would require a longer détour,

would throw McDowell further from Washington, and place him in greater danger of being cut off. An attack in front was equally improbable. That of the 18th had been either a serious engagement or a feint. If serious, its failure had taught that Beauregard's lines were too strong for direct assault. If a feint, its object must have been to withdraw the attention of the Confederates from the real purpose. Besides, Johnston had served much with Gen. Scott, and knew his partiality for flanking movements. Therefore it seemed conclusive to him that the left was in most danger. Accordingly, Gen. Johnston disposed all the force that had arrived from the Valley in positions to be available on the left, if the enemy should take the offensive; leaving Gen. Beauregard's previous dispositions of his own troops for the present unchanged.

But here another and a more potential consideration must not be overlooked, as has uniformly been done by those who have described this battle of Manassas. Gen. Johnston had suddenly disappeared from before Patterson's front in the valley, where the enemy then had an army of 25,000 men. If the public have since dropped Patterson from all consideration in connection with Manassas, Gen. Johnston could not afford at that time to presume upon the inactivity of so large an army well provided and equipped. He naturally expected—he was bound to expect—that Patterson would follow him by forced marches immediately on discovering his disappearance. It was practicable for Patterson to reach Manassas by the night of the 21st; it was possible for some of his brigades to appear on the field during the advanced hours of that day. It was, therefore, of vital necessity to beat McDowell on the 21st, before Patterson could come up with his heavy reinforcements.

Gen. Johnston had taken measures to insure the arrival of his own army from the Valley by the night of the 20th; and up to his separation from Beauregard had not received intelligence of the collision of trains which had detained two of his brigades, and was still ignorant of the cause of detention.

Confidently calculating upon the presence, and readiness to move, by an early hour the next morning, of the whole army of the Shenandoah, and determined to bring on a decisive battle before Patterson could arrive, he had readily acceded to Beauregard's bold and able suggestion, that they themselves should assume the offen-

sive, and march, by four o'clock in the morning, with their whole forces, by all the roads, upon Centreville. This movement, however, was delayed so long the next morning, by the non-arrival of Elzey's and Kirby Smith's brigades from the Valley, as to afford time to the enemy to progress far in his aggressive movement. The discovery of this movement relieved one source of anxiety by giving assurance of the certainty of a battle with McDowell before Patterson could arrive on the field in force. It was this intention of assuming the offensive, and of making avail of all the roads leading to Centreville, that prevented a concentration of troops towards the left at as early an hour on the next morning as would have seemed proper in the light of the momentous events which soon transpired in that quarter.

If the offensive movement upon Centreville, which had thus been concerted between Johnston and Beauregard, had been carried into execution, it would have proved one of the most decisive recorded in history; for it turned out that McDowell put the body of his army in motion as early as one o'clock A.M. of the 21st, from Centreville, in the direction of Sudley Ford; leaving behind only the corps of Gen. Miles, 11,000 strong. He would therefore have been struck by Johnston's whole army of about 30,000 men in rear and flank, and irretrievably cut off from Washington. This brilliant movement was prevented by the collision of trains, supposed to have been the contrivance of a treacherous Northern conductor, which occurred on the day before, on the Manassas railroad, and which delayed the two brigades that had been due on the 20th; counting which, the attacking Confederate army would still have embraced but little more than half the numbers of the enemy intended to be assailed.

Many absurdities have been written about the battle of Manassas, and Gen. Johnston has been popularly overlooked in the common narratives of that field, or represented at disadvantage. There is, however, good reason to believe that while Gen. Beauregard persisted in the idea that the attack of the enemy would come from the right, Gen. Johnston had juster conceptions of the field, and was prepared to meet the whole width of the enemy's designs. His soldierly courtesy and gentlemanly deference to Beauregard have been interpreted into an abnegation of the chief command; and his resolution to leave temporarily undisturbed the dispositions

which had been made by his predecessor in command, for receiving an expected attack on the extreme right, or throwing the army offensively on Centreville, has been taken as proof of a serious belief on his part, that the enemy's principal assault, if he should assume the offensive, would be made in that direction. The biographers of officers who held subordinate rank in the affair have added to the confusion of the narration ; each representing his hero as executing his own conceptions of strategy with sovereign obliviousness of the orders of superiours, and roaming over the field at will, selecting each for himself the place of glory, and making of his own person the pivot on which the fortunes of battle revolved. These pretentious narrations are as discreditable to their authors as defamatory to the reputations of the noble soldiers who are thus victimized.

The battle of Manassas, though as important and eventful a one as ever was fought, was yet, in its plan, both of attack and defense, as simple and intelligible as was ever lost and won. The details, though generally given with excessive dramatic exaggeration, much needing the pruning-knife of truthful and conscientious precision, have been too frequently recited to admit of lengthy repetition. Gen. McDowell's plan of battle was to turn the Confederate left, which he attempted with a force in motion of 40,000 regulars and volunteers, against a force actually engaged of only 15,000 volunteers. A wooded country and a night march enabled him to mask his purpose during the early hours of the morning of the eventful 21st July, 1861 ; and, by a simulated movement against the Confederate right and centre, in which he displayed artillery and infantry, he was able to fix there, for a time, the Confederate troops which had been posted for an advance upon Centreville. His success in this plan of battle depended upon celerity of movement, a heavy concentration of troops in the point to be assailed before time should be afforded his adversary for bringing up opposing forces, *and steady valour and intrepidity on the part of his men.*

The Confederate plan of defense, as reported to have resided in Gen. Johnston's mind throughout the day, was equally as simple. As soon as he became satisfied that a decisive battle could be insured on that day, and found that the enemy had gained the offensive, his own strategy was instantly determined upon. It was, under the cover of woods, so to dispose his troops as to overlap

the turning column of the enemy, and to take the flanking force itself in flank and rear, at the moment it thought to have turned his own position. It was his further purpose to project the brigades of the extreme right, which could be spared from, or were unavailable for, the support of the left, directly upon Centreville, and thus strike McDowell in rear. His danger consisted in weakness of numbers, which was aggravated by the failure of two brigades—Elzey's and Kirby Smith's—which were still *en route* from the Valley, to arrive in time. But chiefly was he anxious and apprehensive on the score of Patterson's arrival, and more than once during the day descried in the distance indications which might have proved to be the heralds of his approach.

When the enemy's heavy attack was developed upon the left, the fortune of the day depended upon the ability of the Confederates engaged near the Henry House, to hold their position until reinforcements could be brought to their support. While the fate of the battle was hanging here by a thread, Elzey's missing brigade of the army of the Shenandoah reached Manassas, accompanied by Gen. Kirby Smith, whose own brigade was still behind, and who, being Elzey's senior, had command of the troops he accompanied. Immediately receiving orders from Gen. Johnston to move under cover of woods to the left of Jackson and Bee, to observe the enemy, and to take care so to place his command as to envelop the column by which McDowell was aiming to turn Jackson, Smith put his command in motion to fulfil these instructions, and rode to Johnston, then at the Lewis House, to receive from himself a repetition of the orders. Thence proceeding to the extreme left and overtaking his command, he arrived in time to place it in position to surprise McDowell by turning his flanking column, and driving it back in disorder.

While these events were occurring on the extreme left, Gen. Early was executing an order to move from the extreme right to the left. Arriving near his destination about half-past two o'clock, he received an order from Gen. Johnston, precisely similar to that which had been given before to Kirby Smith, which he executed with equal dispatch, gallantry, and success.

The flanking columns of McDowell had been first checked and held at bay by Jackson, until Kirby Smith by his overlapping movement had driven them back from the advanced ground which

they had partially gained. Taking time to re-form his column and to mass still greater numbers for a second onset, McDowell was making his second grand sweep by a still greater circuit, when he was surprised and raked a second time by the overlapping and flanking tactics of Early. Just as he was making the great bend to envelop Elzey's supposed extreme left, a well-directed fire from a park of artillery, admirably posted for the purpose, struck the wheeling columns with a raking fire, happily seconding Early's final assault upon their flank, completed their discomfiture, and threw them into the consternation and panic which impelled them in wild confusion back to Washington.

By the time that this splendid result on the left became evident to Gen. Johnston, he had received intelligence of the miscarriage of the morning's orders, which had directed the brigades on the extreme right to throw themselves upon Centreville. He now instantly dispatched an order to Gens. Bonham and Longstreet, who were nearest him, at Mitchell's Ford, to unite their forces and march with all dispatch upon Centreville. These orders were received, and the two brigades were marched in the direction of Centreville; but Gen. Bonham, greatly to the chagrin of Gen. Longstreet, whom he ranked, determined, after anxious hesitation, not to execute the order, for fear that by failure to rout the forces of Miles which were nearly double his own, the glory of a brilliant victory certainly achieved might be impaired by a partial defeat.* Gen. Bonham was as brave and true an officer as served during the war; and his unhappy determination, on this occasion, is one of those strange phenomena in human action, as inexplicable as pregnant with consequences, in which the caprice of a moment proves to have resolved the destiny of an empire.

This account of the battle of Manassas, differing in some important respects from the popular versions, indicates especially the genius of Johnston on that field. It was his penetration of the enemy's designs against Gen. Beauregard's first impressions, and his direction of the troops so as to overlap the enemy's flanking movement, that furnished most of the generalship of the day, mainly won, as it was, however, by the exceeding valour of the Southern troops. It was his genius that saw at the close of the day the

* A friend writes: "Gen. Longstreet never fails to *rob himself of a portion of his hair* when he relates this incident."

splendid opportunity of throwing his victorious brigades upon Centreville and finishing the enemy, and was disconcerted in such dramatic conclusion only by the disobedience of his clear and urgent orders.

But although Johnston was the Commanding General on the field, and had taken an independent view of it, it is just to observe that in the action of the day there was constant concert between him and Gen. Beauregard, and that the battle was delivered mainly in the dispositions of the troops made by the latter. There was a happy accord between the two Generals in every new movement to meet the enemy's design as it declared itself. Gen. Johnston has never claimed a monopoly of the glory of Manassas, nor is it due to him; for the part borne by Gen. Beauregard entitled that commander to all that can be awarded consistently with what justice demands for Gen. Johnston. In truth, the glory of the command is a common inheritance for each and for both, which cannot, ought not, and needs not, to be partitioned; and, since the fraternal amenities which a golden page of history describes to have subsisted between Eugene and Marlborough, no two commanders have appeared that have set an example to their profession of relations with each other so generous and kindly as those which Johnston established with his equally chivalrous and patriotic associate.

It has been a trite and voluminous complaint that the victory of Manassas was not made more decisive, and that the Confederate army should have rested on the field which it had cleared of the enemy. We have already discovered the opportunity of aggressive action in the afternoon of the day of the battle. That opportunity was lost, in the first instance, by miscarriage of orders sent to the extreme right by Gens. Johnston and Beauregard; and, secondly, by the failure of Gen. Bonham, from an honourable but mistaken view of duty, to execute the orders sent him by Gen. Johnston. If this blow had been struck, four instead of three of the Federal divisions would have been shattered, and the brigades on the Confederate right would have been put so far on the way to Washington. But it has been popularly and persistently asked why, when this prospect of enveloping the enemy's force, that still stood at Centreville, was disappointed, the Confederate Generals did not yet pursue his broken forces towards the Potomac. An explanation of this omission of pursuit, which has been so lamented in every

Southern commentary on the battle, has been recently given by Gen. Johnston himself in a letter printed in the newspapers. In this late publication, with the advantage of retrospect, Gen. Johnston contends that the pursuit of the fugitive enemy towards Alexandria and Washington would have been fruitless, and would have encountered insuperable obstacles. No more could have been hoped from the battle, he declares, than the preservation of the Confederacy, and the arrest of the Federal advance towards Richmond. "A movement upon Washington was out of the question. We could not have carried the intrenchments by assault, and had none of the means to besiege them. Our assault would have been repulsed, and the enemy, then become the victorious party, would have resumed their march to Richmond. But if we had captured the intrenchments, a river, a mile wide, lay between them and Washington, commanded by the guns of a Federal fleet. If we had taken Alexandria, which stands on low and level ground, those guns would have driven us out in a few hours, at the same time killing our friends, the inhabitants. We could not cross the Potomac, and therefore it was impracticable to 'conquer the hostile capital' or emancipate oppressed Maryland."

Ingenious as is this explanation, candour compels us to declare that it is deficient, and at important variance with the official reports of the enemy himself. The account of Gen. McClellan of the state of affairs about Washington, on the heels of the retreat from Bull Run, differs materially from the picture drawn by Gen. Johnston. He declares that "in no quarter were the dispositions for defense such as to offer a vigorous resistance to a respectable body of the enemy;" that the earthworks on the Virginia side were of the slightest and most trivial character; and that there was nothing to prevent the Confederates from occupying the heights, and shelling the city from across the Potomac. But even had it been impossible for the Confederates to follow the routed army into Washington, that was no reason why they should not have followed and harassed it as far as they could.

The fact is, the omission of pursuit, or its dilatory and irresolute character, was a fault, and yet one rather to be ascribed to the condition of the army than the judgment or temper of the commander. Gen. Johnston was not especially responsible for it. His troops

were almost as much bewildered and demoralized* as those of the enemy, and they had won a victory only by a narrow chance, and only after the scale of battle had hung for a whole day. Neither army knew the damage it had inflicted on the other. Gen. Beauregard bears witness to the disorganization which prevailed in his command at the close of the day; and Gen. Johnston adds: "According to my information of the disposition of the army, the troops believed that their victory had established the independence of the South—that all their country required of them had been accomplished, the war ended, and their military obligations fulfilled. They, therefore, left the army in crowds, to return to their homes. Such was the report of the Generals, colonels, staff-officers, and railroad officials. *The exultation of victory cost us more than the Federal army lost by defeat.*"

It was in this view that the victory of Manassas, whatever it exhibited of Confederate valour or skill, was a deplorable event for the South—a brilliant frontispiece to a variable and disastrous story. In stemming the torrent of swollen hopes flowing from it; in reducing the popular expectation; and in winning the second prize of *safety* in renewed competition with the enemy, we shall hereafter find Johnston more characteristic and admirable than when his genius adorned the bloody field.

* One of the best colonels in Jackson's brigade, Col. James F. Preston, in showing how unfit for pursuit was that part of the army which had been engaged in the action, said, that he had himself endeavoured, with his superiour's permission, to follow the flying enemy, but he found, before he had proceeded a mile, that his regiment had dwindled to fifty men, and he was obliged to return.

CHAPTER XXXII.

An early conceit of the Confederate Government.—Unpopularity of Gen. Johnston.—He indicates the value of *concentration*, and proposes an aggressive movement across the Potomac.—Overruled by President Davis.—Attempt to bring McClellan to battle.—Blockade of the Potomac River.—True theory of the Battle of Leesburg, or Ball's Bluff.—Gen. Johnston meditates a retreat from North Virginia.—A notable Council of War in Richmond.—Gen. Johnston's advice overruled by President Davis and Gen. Lee.—Transfer of Johnston's Army to Yorktown.—Why he abandoned the Peninsula.—Gen. Johnston's share in Jackson's Valley Campaign.—Battle of Seven Pines.—How its results were limited.—Gen. Johnston wounded.—He loses command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It was the early conceit of the Confederate Government to defend its entire frontier, and to declare that no foot of Southern territory should be occupied by the invader. This declaration was not the mere bravado of the popular orator about the "sacred soil." It was the deliberate inspiration of the Government itself; the military *animus* of President Davis that determined the almost fatal policy of dispersion, and strung the armies of the Confederacy on every imaginable line of defence. Against this policy Gen. Johnston set his face in the early months of the war, and never failed to rebuke the conceit which inspired it, and to chasten the foolish expectations of the populace. His severe military judgment, his sedate calculations, were not popular; and it was only when the people of the Confederacy had been sobered by the experiences of the war that they recognized the wisdom and excellent generalship of the leader whose counsels they had at first condemned as tame, whose precision they had regarded as timidity, and whose opposition to President Davis' policy of frontier defence they had treated with suspicion and innuendo.

But Gen. Johnston's opposition to this policy was founded on clear and firm principles of military science, which neither the President nor the people then well understood. He knew the value of the *concentration* of forces in war; that such concentration was, indeed, the condition of vigorous war, the necessary means of striking the enemy with effect, and making decisive fields.

It is remarkable that shortly after the battle of Manassas, when President Davis was on a visit to the headquarters of the army, Gen. Johnston submitted a plan illustrating the value of concentration, and proposing it as a preliminary for an aggressive campaign. He was sustained in his views by Gens. Beauregard and G. W. Smith. These Generals urged the immediate concentration in that quarter of the greater part of the forces dispersed along the sea-coast at Pensacola, Savannah, Norfolk, Yorktown, and Fredericksburg, with which, added to the troops already in hand, a campaign across the Potomac should be initiated before Gen. McClellan had completed the organization of his grand army. This, they believed, might be done without risk to the positions weakened by the measure—though, in fact, the principles of the art of war prescribed that places of such relative military unimportance should be sacrificed or hazarded for the sake of the vital advantage anticipated. A very considerable army could have been thus assembled—larger, perhaps, than either of those which subsequently Gen. Lee was able to lead across the border under much less favorable military conditions. But the President could not be induced to sanction the measure, or to give up his own settled policy of dispersion, his waste of defensive resources in the attempted defense of every threatened position.

The counsels of Gen. Johnston for a concentration of forces, and a movement into the enemy's territory, being thus rebuffed, it only remained for him to develop and improve, as far as possible, the immediate field he occupied. As soon as the condition of his commissariat and appliances for transportation would permit, he threw forward his forces successively to Fairfax Court-House, Munson's Hill, and Mason's Hill—to cover as much as possible of the country. Here the Confederate flag was flaunted in full view of the capital of the Union. From these advanced positions he withdrew to Centreville early in the fall, for convenience of supplies, and fortified that position with some care. Much attention had been paid before to Manassas, and more continued afterwards to be paid by himself to blockading the Potomac river with batteries and strong earthworks, planted at different positions along its right bank as far down as Acquia Creek. One of the principal of these batteries was at the mouth of the Occoquan, whence a straight line down through Centre-

ville strikes the Potomac river at the bend beyond Drainesville, which line is the diameter of a circle of which the bend of the Potomac around by Washington is nearly the arc, and of which Centreville is nearly the centre. From this latter position he could strike in flank any column of the enemy attempting to advance by the line of the Alexandria and Gordonsville Railroad, whether it should take the northern route, by way of Edward's Ferry, or the southern, from the mouth of the Occoquan towards Manassas.

He was well advised of the formidable preparations which McClellan was making at Washington for a second onward movement, and of the magnitude of the army which he was then amassing, organizing, instructing, and reducing to discipline. As time progressed he became more and more apprehensive that his adversary would relinquish the design of advancing upon Richmond by the Manassas route, and substitute the line from Fredericksburg, or from some still more eastern base on the waters of the Chesapeake—a change of programme becoming more and more practicable with the rapidly increasing proportions of the Federal navy. He therefore the more diligently laboured on the batteries of the Potomac, in order, if an advance were made at all from any part of the line of that river, he might force its being made from near his own front; and in order, if McClellan's army should be embarked at Annapolis, it should be for the line of the Rappahannock, or of the York, or for some other destination so remote from Washington as to afford himself time for changing his own base, and confronting McClellan ere he could disembark at any point in front of Richmond which might be selected as most eligible. This work was pushed with so much energy and skill, that, by the first of October, 1861, the flag-officer of the Potomac Federal flotilla officially reported the navigation to be effectually closed. Thus was the Federal capital besieged as to its water approaches; and the Government was under the humiliating necessity of deriving all the supplies needful for the immense army that it was organizing and amassing there, as well as for the civil population, by the costly means of a limited and precarious overland transportation.

Nor was Gen. Johnston negligent, during this period, of the important duty of thoroughly organizing his own army. Warned by the assiduity of his adversary in this regard, he devoted

much anxious and laborious attention to this vital subject ; and, though his troops consisted almost wholly of twelve months' volunteers, officered by the vicious system and demoralizing method of election, it may be safely asserted that he soon succeeded in making them, if not as efficient as regulars, yet a more thoroughly disciplined and efficient army of volunteers than had ever been seen before. The truth ought not to be invidious; and therefore it should give no offense to state the fact, that the discipline of the Confederate army was never afterwards so good as it was during the months of 1861 succeeding the conflict of Manassas. During the same important months, McClellan was creating by thorough organization and instructions that army of the United States which subsequently conquered the Mississippi Valley, conquered Lee, and conquered the Confederacy; and General Meade more than once remarked with truth, "that if there had been no McClellan, there would have been no Grant." The same remark can be applied to Johnston; who had the more difficult task of using volunteers as material. The officers whose names afterwards became most renowned in the Confederacy, learned the art and trade of war from this able captain. McClellan did not command at many victories; but the officers and soldiers whom he had trained, and educated, and formed into an army, all continued until the end to ascribe to him a large share of the success that attended them on every theatre of the war. So it is with the officers and soldiers who were educated in warfare by Johnston. He was much removed from command; but his genius remained with the veterans he had formed, and those who best knew his service award to him a share in all the glories that attended in its resplendent career the Army of Northern Virginia.

Johnston succeeded in his purpose of preventing any attempted advance from the line of the lower Potomac. He expected the intended advance to be made by the way of Edward's Ferry and Leesburg on his left; and posted General Evans in that quarter with a force of 2,300 men. He intentionally made it too small for effectual resistance against an advance in force. But he desired that a large portion of the Federal army making the movement should succeed in effecting a crossing of the Potomac; and intended, when as many should have crossed as he

should think proper to permit, to throw his army upon them in flank and rear, making an easy prey of those who should have passed on the march, and seizing positions to prevent reinforcements from the other side of the river.

Accordingly, when the affair of Ball's Bluff took place, on the 21st October, just after a strong reconnoissance by McCall on Drainesville the day before, General Johnston was well prepared to believe, what is now denied by writers on the Federal side, that the crossing of the river by Stone's command on that occasion was the initiation of an advance in force upon Manassas and Richmond;—and this impression derived strength from the known presence of McClellan in person, at the time, in that vicinity. Truth to say, Gen. Johnston found the inactivity of his adversary as difficult of divination as President Lincoln did himself. He supposed that McClellan then had, as it turns out that he did have, at least seventy-five thousand men available for another advance upon Richmond, after sparing full as many more for the protection of the capital. So, expecting an early movement in force, and himself believing that the route by Edward's Ferry, Leesburg and Ball's Bluff was the most advisable one for the enemy to select, he was full ready to expect an early advance on that line. It is true, as he knew very well, that the opinion then prevailed and was inculcated in Washington, that the advance would be made by the Occoquan; but he was for that reason the more confident that the real design was to move by his left. He therefore had purposely placed in the neighbourhood of the Bluff so small a force as to encourage the belief in his adversary that he could be surprised on that side; and when Gen. Evans made the gallant defence which inflicted so heavy a loss upon McClellan and so great a mortification upon the whole North—a defence which effected a complete check of the expected movement—Gen. Johnston could not help remarking to a confidential friend who was with him, that he had made a capital mistake in placing so gallant an officer and determined a fighter as Gen. Evans in a position which he did not desire to be seriously defended at the beginning of McClellan's movement; for he considered that the splendid conduct of Evans and his brigade had forestalled the

Confederacy of another brilliant victory, more decisive than that which had been won just three months before.

Disappointed of an advance on the part of McClellan, and forbidden, by the great strength of that General in his front, from engaging himself in offensive measures, Gen. Johnston was obliged to remain for some time as inactive, in all outward appearance, as his adversary. The inactivity was not his own, but that of his triply-stronger opponent. His effective strength during this period scarcely reached fifty thousand men of all arms, though his muster-roll numbers were generally thirty-three per cent. greater. As already intimated, both Generals were bending their foremost attention to the instruction and perfection of their armies, content to amuse the public with light affairs in the field; so that this period, though exhibiting no important ostensible events, was made busy with preparations that were destined to exert a profound influence upon all the succeeding operations of the war.

Thus affairs went on in North Virginia until late in the winter of 1862; chequered only by subordinate affairs at arms, more appropriate for detailed mention by the circumstantial historian, than in these pages. Having withdrawn from Centreville to Manassas, Gen. Johnston had become aware, by midwinter, that an advance by the Piedmont route of Virginia was no longer intended at Washington. The batteries on the Potomac had therefore lost their principal importance. His own position, even at Manassas, was found too far advanced for convenience of supplies, and his opponent's force was growing, fearfully disproportioned to his own. As it became more probable that the advance upon Richmond would be made from the lower waters of the Chesapeake, it became more important that his own army should be placed in supporting distance of that in the Peninsula. He therefore began quietly to remove the cannon that could be spared, and to fill their places with blackened logs shaped into simulation. The enemy had advanced to Centreville, but quite failed to discover his proceedings. His plan was to place his army, when all valuable property had been removed from Manassas, on the line of the Rapidan, in position to move as events might determine. These preparations began as early as the middle of February, 1862. By March it had become positively known that Yorktown was McClellan's destination;

and Gen. Johnston went personally to the Peninsula to observe the ground, and to confer with Gen. Magruder.

On his return through Richmond, he held a council of war with the principal officers of the government, at which were present, by his request, Gen. Longstreet, and probably Gen. G. W. Smith. In that council he earnestly advocated the policy of a general concentration of forces. He thought the Army of Northern Virginia ought not to be taken to the Peninsula, but placed in position to be able, at the proper moment, to throw itself before Richmond. He recommended that every available regiment of the Confederacy within reach of Richmond should be ordered to that vicinity without delay. And he was of opinion that McClellan should not be seriously opposed in his landing at Yorktown and progress up the Peninsula, but that he should be allowed to separate himself by a considerable distance from his shipping, and then strike a decisive blow with all the power of the Confederacy. His counsels did not prevail, both Mr. Davis and Gen. Lee dissenting; and, accordingly, he received orders which left him no choice but to march his army from the Rapidan to Yorktown. Thus again was the policy of *concentration* discarded—only to be forced at last upon the government by the pressure of events.

The evacuation of Manassas, which had been effected on the 8th March, had been executed in a masterly manner. The enemy's first intelligence of the event was the smoke which arose from the burning huts of the soldiers. All the material, baggage and stores properly appertaining to the army had been removed. Property was indeed left, but it was of the sort that had been accumulated either without Gen. Johnston's knowledge or consent, or was in the form of irregular and volunteer donations of the people to the soldiers. A large meat-curing establishment, which had been erected by the government in the vicinity, was left, with a considerable supply of the meat which it contained; and this, with some of the stores that had been sent by States and friends to the soldiers, and much baggage of the soldiers (the privates then had trunks), was abandoned, but everything was removed that belonged to the jurisdiction of the Chief Quartermaster of the army. Even these classes of property would have been carried away but for a deficiency of railroad transportation.

The breaking up at Manassas, after so long an occupation, was of advantage. After it, the army was thoroughly mobilized, and became like the athlete when stripped for combat.

The Army of Northern Virginia went to the rear of the Rapidan; Gen. Ewell's division being sent to the aid of Jackson, who commanded another portion of it in the Valley. McClellan was soon engaged in transporting his army of 150,000 men to the Peninsula. He arrived at Fortress Monroe in person on the 2d April; on hearing of which event Gen. Johnston marched his army into the Peninsula and took position in Magruder's lines. Here he expected an attack from the formidable army which vast fleets were landing in his front; but no attack was made. McClellan began to ditch, and resolved to carry the works of Magruder by "regular approaches." McClellan's army, on the spot and within call, numbered three or four to one more than that of Johnston. The latter had been directed to take command of the armies of the Peninsula, and of the seaboard at Norfolk. The march into the Peninsula, he was instructed, was for the purpose of affording time to Gen. Huger to dismantle the fortifications of the latter place, destroy the naval establishment, and evacuate the seaboard.

On the night of the 3d May, Johnston abandoned Magruder's lines in consequence of ascertaining that batteries for about one hundred 200-pounder Parrott guns and thirty heavy mortars were ready to be opened upon them;—batteries which commanded Yorktown, but were out of reach of Magruder's inferior guns. Gen. Huger had now also effected all that had been contemplated at Norfolk. The evacuation of Yorktown was thorough, all valuable property being removed. The disappointment of the enemy's engineers in being cheated of an interesting and successful cannonade on an unusually grand scale, was excessive.

Except the incidents of the action of the Confederate rearguard at Williamsburg, and the affair of Barhamsville, the retreat of Johnston towards Richmond was uninterrupted. The leisurely deliberation with which he was allowed to march his army to the Confederate capital was the subject of severe animadversion upon McClellan; the Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War remarking censoriously—"The distance between Williamsburg and the line of operations on the Chicka-

hominny was from forty to fifty miles, and the army was about two weeks in moving that distance."

When Gen. Johnston arrived before Richmond, that city, as we have seen, was threatened from several directions. McClellan was before it with a force of all arms, not far short of 150,000 strong; McDowell was at Fredericksburg with an army of 30,000; Banks in the lower Valley with 16,000; and Fremont making way into the upper Valley with 15,000 men. The entire force of Johnston, near and distant, including Jackson and Ewell, did not much exceed 60,000 fit for duty; of whom rather more than 50,000 were immediately with him. It was of the utmost importance that a diversion should be created by which the auxiliary armies not yet with McClellan should be occupied and detained at a distance. For this purpose Johnston had some time before given an order to Gen. Jackson to employ his discretion as to the manner of best accomplishing the object, but to keep the Washington authorities in such alarm by his operations in the Valley for the safety of their capital, as to fix as considerable a number as possible of Federal troops within call of that city, and prevent their coming to McClellan. It has been abundantly stated elsewhere with what consummate skill and success this service was performed by Jackson; but Johnston's share in the glories of this campaign, as its author, although popularly overlooked, is none the less to be recognized in the just text of history. These glories are ample enough for distribution, and, after the sovereign chaplet is gathered for Jackson, "the Sword of the Confederacy," there is enough to adorn the genius of Johnston that also shone in the splendid story, and claims a portion of its honours.

An opportunity soon occurred, notwithstanding the excessive caution of McClellan, for Johnston himself to strike an important blow. In choosing the Pamunkey river as his base of action against Richmond, McClellan had thrown himself upon a field of operations which was divided from his base by the Chickahominy, a river of peculiarly difficult passage for military purposes, being flanked by wide marshes covered with thick small-growth. In bringing his army before the lines which defended the city, he had by the 30th May thrown two of his corps—those of Keyes and Heintzelman—over upon the right bank of the river, while his three remaining corps were still on the left bank.

For the passage of one of these corps, that of Sumner, two bridges had been constructed; and there was no practicable means by which the other two corps could effect the crossing except by a détour of twenty-three miles.

The opportunity thus presented was not lost by Johnston. He issued orders on the 30th for a battle on the next day. Huger was to assail the enemy on his left flank; Longstreet and D. H. Hill in front, and G. W. Smith on the right flank. But Longstreet and Hill were not to move until Huger should have got into position; and G. W. Smith's movements, after getting into position, were to be contingent upon Longstreet's. A heavy rain fell on the night of the 30th, which Johnston regarded as highly favourable, as tending to assure the impracticability of reinforcements being sent to the enemy from across the river; though, by swelling the smaller streams and softening the earth, it materially impeded the movement of his own columns.

On the 31st the attack was accordingly made; but made after a delay of several hours. Gen. Huger was prevented by high water from reaching the position assigned him; and Longstreet and Hill, after waiting several hours for his arrival as their signal for action, moved upon the enemy's position without it. Though the flank movement failed to be made, the front one was as successful as gallant, and the enemy's positions were carried with heavy loss to them. The delay of the attack in front had postponed Smith's movement upon the enemy's right flank until the afternoon. It was then made, but was robbed of its results by the arrival from beyond the river of a part of Sumner's corps, that had crossed on one of the bridges already mentioned; the other having been swept away by the swollen waters of the Chickahominy. Thus a victory was won, but the two corps were not destroyed, and so the object of the engagement failed. The behaviour of the Confederate troops was excellent. McClellan reported his loss at somewhat less than 6,000, but it was nearer ten thousand. The Confederate loss was four thousand; but among the dangerously wounded was Gen. Johnston himself, who was struck by the fragment of a shell upon the chest, which broke several ribs, severely contused the lungs, and disabled him for more than twelve months.

The action of the 31st was known as the Battle of Seven

Pines, and was the last which Gen. Johnston was permitted to fight on the soil of his native State. Himself it cost dearly. It cost him his health and bodily strength for more than a year, during part of which time he took upon himself the labour of responsible service. It cost him what he prized far more than health, for he lost the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, to the formation of which he had devoted the most earnest labours of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Gen. Johnston's designs against McClellan.—Why he considered his wound fortunate for the Confederacy.—Anecdote of a dinner-party in Richmond.—Gen. Johnston's mission to the West.—True nature of his appointment and powers.—Rather a Local Secretary of War than a Commanding-General.—Interesting conference between Gen. Johnston and Secretary Randolph.—He proposes to make one military department of the whole Mississippi Valley.—Gen. Johnston's visit to Bragg's Army.—The defence of Vicksburg.—Antecedents of Gen. Pemberton.—Detailed account of the correspondence and relations between Gens. Johnston and Pemberton.—Gen. Johnston's orders twice disobeyed.—His last order, "Hold out," as involving the fate of the Confederacy.—Surrender of Vicksburg, and its train of consequences to the close of the war.

It had been Gen. Johnston's intention to follow up the advantage gained on the 31st May by continuous attack upon the position of McClellan's army on the right bank of the Chickahominy, giving him no time to intrench. From the experiment made, it had been found that the Confederate troops were in admirable temper for aggressive measures; and that the enemy, just arrived amid strange scenes and in an exposed position, were in a mood very favourable for being beaten. It would scarcely have been practicable for the Federal General-in-chief to send reinforcements across the swollen Chickahominy as rapidly as they would have been required. But dispatch was of the essence of success to Johnston's plans; and his untimely fall brought the campaign which he had so vigorously initiated to an abrupt termination. In the few days of delay incident to a change in the chief command, McClellan had consolidated his army, and placed it beyond danger from assault in detail. He set himself again about his "regular approaches," in which he was not molested, and from which he was not driven, until a month later, when those brilliant offensive operations occurred, under Lee and his Lieutenants, which will forever shed lustre upon the arms of the Confederacy.

These notable operations were rendered practicable by a

rapid concentration of troops in Richmond from all parts of the country; which was effected during the month of June, and which began immediately after the Battle of Seven Pines. A friend who came to Richmond on receiving intelligence of Johnston's injury, and who attended him at his bedside, told him of the activity he had observed on his way, in the movement of troops towards Richmond. Johnston's countenance immediately lighted up with pleasure. "Then," said he, "my wound was fortunate; it is the concentration which I earnestly recommended, but had not the influence to effect. Lee has made them do for him what they would not do for me."

It was notorious in the Confederacy that President Davis had conceived a strong dislike of Gen. Johnston. The sturdy independence of the latter, his utter disdain of all personal intermediations, were not to the President's taste; the vigour and mathematical precision of his language had more than once got the better of Mr. Davis' high-flown rhetoric and wounded his vanity; and his severe reprehension of official pragmatism and weakness in Richmond had drawn upon him all the malicious and intriguing spirit then resident in the Confederate capital. Congressman Foote, in a recent publication, has noticed an interesting social event which took place in Richmond just before the battle of Seven Pines. "I chanced," relates this curious and communicative individual, "to be invited to a dinner-party, where some twenty of the most prominent members of the two houses of the Confederate Congress were congregated, including the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, and others of equal rank. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was also an invited guest. While the banquet was proceeding, Mr. Benjamin's gross acts of official misconduct becoming the subject of conversation, one of the company turned to Gen. Johnston, and inquired whether he thought it even *possible* that the Confederate cause could succeed with Mr. Benjamin as war minister. To this inquiry, Gen. Johnston, after a little pause, emphatically responded in the *negative*. This high authority was immediately cited in both houses of Congress against Mr. Benjamin, and was in the end fatal to his hopes of remaining in the Department of War."

The unfortunate wound of Gen. Johnston withdrew him for

a long time from public notice. His confinement was tedious and full of suffering. His affliction was a frightful bruise, involving the fracture of several ribs, producing an obstinate adhesion of the lungs to the side, and a constant tendency to pleurisy. His symptoms required the most active treatment with bleedings, blisterings and depletions of the system. Long after he had apparently recovered, and felt himself restored to normal health, exposure or exertion would produce a recurrence of unpleasant symptoms in the weakened parts. It was not until late in the year that he could venture to report himself for duty, which he did with distrust. Even as late as March in the following year, he had to decline the personal command of Gen. Bragg's Army of Tennessee, from frail health; and as late as May 7, just before going from Tullahoma to Mississippi, he wrote, "I have been unfit for field service, and find that I cannot bear rapid motion—especially that of a horse."

In the latter part of 1863, when Gen. Bragg had retreated from Kentucky, much popular dissatisfaction was felt with that officer. There was also a general feeling that the Confederate affairs had been wretchedly managed throughout the West; and there was a wide-spread desire that some officer of ability and reputation should be assigned to that important theatre, who might restore the fortunes of the Confederacy from the dilapidation into which they were falling. Public opinion soon became so pronounced in favour of the assignment of Gen. Johnston to the West, that it could no longer be deferred.

His appointment was not agreeable to Mr. Davis, but was made under the coercion of public opinion. Orders were given to Gen. Johnston, on assigning him to that field, of a peculiar and unusual character. He was deputed on a mission, not assigned to a command. As to the Army of Tennessee, he was instructed to look into the condition of affairs there, and to relieve Bragg if the public service should require it. As to the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and that of Alabama, embracing the army at Mobile, his mission likewise was supervisory. In his own language, expressed shortly afterwards, in a private letter not until now published, "Never was a General in a more unsatisfactory position than that assigned to me. A sort of supervisory command of three departments, each too

weak to take care of itself; of course, therefore, they cannot help each other, being all pressed or threatened by greatly superior numbers. Each department has its peculiar commander. The object of the government was, to have some one at hand to unite the forces in Mississippi and Tennessee in whichever might be first attacked. To transfer any body of troops of useful number would require at least a month, yet the government seems to have intended to operate in Napoleon's manner, without considering the difference between the extent of front upon which he manœuvred and the distance from Tullahoma to Vicksburg. Yet the President had a lesson in December which should have taught something. When Pemberton was falling back in Mississippi, he transferred three brigades to his army from Bragg's. They arrived in Mississippi after Grant had been compelled to fall back by our cavalry operating in his rear. But while they were on the way, Rosecrans attacked Bragg at Murfreesboro. So, these troops left Tennessee too soon, and reached Mississippi too late; a sort of thing that may always happen when it is expected that armies a month apart shall reinforce each other on emergencies."

Gen. Johnston was thus put in the West, not with a command, but simply as an officer superior in rank to each of those respectively commanding, in order to do, on an emergency, just what should be done before the happening of the emergency. True, he had authority to assume the command of Bragg's army, but it was to be done under circumstances so invidious as not to be thought of. Up to that time Gen. Bragg had simply been unfortunate, and had done his duty according to the best of his ability. It was unusual for one General to pass condemnation upon another by relieving him of command and assuming that command himself. It was to be both judge and executioner. Johnston was incapable of performing a part so unchivalrous, ungenerous, and invidious, and of such hurtful precedent and evil tendency. When he reached Bragg's army he reported creditably of him, and disdained to rob him of his command.

Thus his new appointment was a mission, and not a military command. There were three armies in an equal number of departments in his new jurisdiction: one at Mobile, under Gen. Maury; another at Murfreesboro', under Gen. Bragg; and the

third about Vicksburg, under Gen. Pemberton. He was nominally the superiour officer, as the Secretary of War was the chief of all the Generals; but his real control was naught. He could not withdraw the armies from the points they defended, and consolidate them; he could only reinforce one of them by detachments from another. They were each commanded by the respective Generals placed over them by the President; and as every reader of the newspapers saw each morning, they reported their actions, not through Gen. Johnston, but directly to Richmond. Being each favourites to whom the President was partial, they could each disobey Johnston's orders with impunity, as was sadly and conspicuously proven by that disobeyal of Pemberton which resulted in shutting up his army in Vicksburg and losing twenty-three thousand men to the Confederacy. Johnston went to the West somewhat in the character of a local Secretary of War.

Before receiving the formal order assigning him to that anomalous service, he was invited to a conference with the then Secretary of War, Mr. Randolph, in his chambers.* He here freely developed his opinions on the situation of the West. He thought the entire Mississippi Valley should be one department, under one command. The Valley was a unit; nor did the river affect its unity. The measures for its defence ought to comprehend the whole Valley and both sides of the river. It ought to be under one command and one head. The proper defense of Vicksburg would require the coöperation of troops on both sides of the river; and this could not be efficient unless both armies were under the direct orders of one superiour officer. These should

* The interview with Secretary Randolph occurred about the middle of November, 1862. The orders assigning Gen. Johnston to the West were dated on the 24th November, 1862. In his letter acknowledging the reception of these two orders, he recommended that Gen. Holmes' troops in the Trans-Mississippi should be ordered to the Department of Mississippi. Secretary Randolph had issued such an order, and President Davis, on hearing of it, had written a note to Mr. Randolph, directing a suspension or revocation of it. Secretary Randolph soon resigned; it is believed on account of the disagreement. Gen. Cooper, Adjutant-General, had reported the effective force under Gen. Holmes at over fifty thousand men. Grant was then invading North Mississippi, and there were no Federal troops of importance known to be in Holmes' department but the garrison at Helena. The orders of Gen. Johnston for the West, as signed by Secretary Seddon (Secretary Randolph having resigned before they were issued), directed him to *make his headquarters at Chattanooga.*

proceed from a General in the field, and near to the scene of action. He thought that, by concentration, the offensive should be assumed in Tennessee. In these views Secretary Randolph expressed himself as fully concurring; but, unfortunately, the services of that sterling officer were in a few days lost to the Confederacy by his resignation and retirement from the War Department. Immediately after this conference, Johnston proceeded on his Western mission.

After visiting Bragg's army, and advising the retention of that General in command, he proceeded to Alabama and Mississippi for the purpose of looking personally into the condition of the service; spending at first most of his time at Jackson. The subject here invites to a description of the country which he was to supervise, the armies which he was to look after, and the complicated dangers of which he was to admonish. But that task belongs to regular history, and exceeds the province of a memoir; which concerns itself more immediately with the man, and the impress he made upon his times. With the details of military operations he had little to do. Nor were there any very important occurrences that marked the interim of winter and early spring between his arrival in the West and his assumption of command in the field before Jackson in the succeeding May, under the painful circumstances about to be reviewed.

While in Mobile, on the 12th March, 1863, he received an order to repair at once to Tullahoma, in Middle Tennessee, thence to order Gen. Bragg to Richmond, and to take command of that army. He immediately proceeded to Tullahoma. His own state of health proved to be such as to unfit him for field-service, and for this and other reasons, Gen. Bragg could not be spared. These facts he reported in Richmond.

From the time of his arrival at Tullahoma, until the 14th April, the reports of Gen. Pemberton from Vicksburg, all by telegraph, indicated quietude in that direction, and a belief that the efforts of the enemy were directed against Gen. Bragg rather than himself. He seemed to share the then prevailing popular impression, that the operations of Gen. Grant against Vicksburg, which had been unsuccessful at Milliken's Bend, above the city, had been suspended. By April 15, this impression had become so fixed that Pemberton telegraphed to Johnston:—"I am

satisfied Rosecrans will be reinforced from Grant's army. Shall I order troops to Tullahoma?" By the 17th, Grant had reappeared in another quarter, had changed his position from above Vicksburg, and gone below, where he had recommenced operations. Big Black River, a deep sluggish river, flanked by marshes, runs in the rear of Vicksburg, and empties into the Mississippi below it at Grand Gulf. Off from Grand Gulf, in a south-east direction, on a bayou, is Port Gibson, at more than a day's march distance from the Mississippi. On the 29th, advices came from Pemberton that Grant was at Hard Times, on the west, with an apparent purpose of crossing to Bruinsburg, on the east bank of the Mississippi. On the 1st May, Pemberton advised by telegraph, that "a furious battle was going on since daylight, just below Port Gibson." He continued, "I should have large reinforcements. Enemy's movements threaten Jackson, and if successful [will] cut off Vicksburg and Port Hudson." Gen. Johnston at once urged him to *concentrate* and to attack Grant immediately on his landing. On the next day the order was repeated in the following memorable words: "If Grant crosses, unite *all your troops* to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned to win it." Gen. Johnston remained at Tullahoma long enough to correspond by telegraph with the government at Richmond, informing them that reinforcements could not be spared from Bragg "without giving up Tennessee," and urging as many brigades to be spared from the East as possible. Hearing by the 5th nothing of the battle at Port Gibson, from Pemberton, he asked by telegraph, "what is the result, and where is Grant's army?" but received no reply, and knew nothing of what was transpiring until he reached Jackson, on May 13; whither he repaired with all speed immediately on receiving orders to that effect from Richmond, dated on the 9th May. In a private letter written at Tullahoma on May 7—the same letter from which an extract has been given on a preceding page, and which should now be referred to as deriving a greater significance from the circumstances which surrounded him—he wrote: "Mississippi is invaded by an army fifty per cent. greater than ours, and our General can't comprehend that by attempting to defend all valuable points at once, he exposes his troops to be beaten everywhere. I have urged him to concentrate to fight Grant; but

with no hope that he will regard a suggestion of mine." It turned out that the invasion was by an army more than two hundred per cent. greater than the opposing one. It is now time to understand who Lieut.-Gen. John C. Pemberton was, whom Gen. Grant had thus so misled and surprised.

He was a native of Pennsylvania, and, in the old service, had been a captain without distinction; had graduated an engineer; had become commissary; and for some time had acted as aide-de-camp. Until his appearance in Mississippi, it is stated that he had never commanded troops in action; not a regiment, not a company, not a man. Some time after the fall of Fort Sumter, he resigned and came to the South; was made a colonel, and became chief of Gen. Huger's artillery at Norfolk. He found no opportunity in the stationary campaign near that city to demonstrate a military superiority; but he was soon a Brigadier; then a Major-General; then in command of an army, and of an independent post no less important than that of Charleston. Here he had no fighting to do, but was so unfortunate as to become disagreeable to the country he was in. Nevertheless, he was selected for one of the seven great commissions authorized by the Confederate Congress, and made a Lieutenant-General over the head of Gustavus W. Smith, who had been esteemed in the old army the superior of Gen. McClellan; over D. H. Hill, the hero of Boonsboro; over A. P. Hill, the Blucher of Sharpsburg, whose name rose like a star in the bulletin from every battlefield, until it went out with the lost cause at the final battles before Petersburg; over all the brilliant young Southern men who had really done the fighting of the war. Nor was that all, nor the worst. To the astonishment of beholders, he was placed over the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and in the command at Vicksburg. Much was felt, but nothing was said about it at the time. The most serious matters were then passed over without discussion, because of the obligation which all men felt to bear and forbear, as much as safety would permit, until the war was over. Up to the affairs before Vicksburg, he had inspired no confidence in the population of Mississippi, or in the troops of his department. It has been shown that Gen. Johnston gave orders to him in no hope that they would be either understood or obeyed.

Gen. Johnston had been peremptorily ordered to Tullahoma in March, in consequence of unpleasant relations which subsisted between Gen. Bragg and several of his principal officers. From this position he did not receive orders transferring him to Mississippi, until the 9th May, when affairs there had grown desperate. It is to be regretted that he had not been sent sooner. When a bad chess-player has already lost a game, the greatest master cannot always take his pieces and redeem it. The reinforcements he solicited from the East could not be spared from within reach of Virginia; the disastrous invasion which culminated at Gettysburg being then in preparation.

It had been his opinion, from the beginning, that the offensive should be assumed in Tennessee, which he regarded as the "shield of the South;" and by May, at latest, he had become convinced that Vicksburg had lost its chief value, from the fact that steamers had already run the gauntlet of the most formidable batteries on the Mississippi, and had virtually opened that river to the enemy's naval operations. He had some time before remonstrated earnestly against the transfer of the three brigades which have been mentioned, from Tennessee to Mississippi; and he went now to the latter State, determined, since the government so insisted, to defend Vicksburg, but to do so by operating in the open field; and, at all events, to save its army, if it should prove out of his power to save both army and town. The secondary object became impracticable from the greatly preponderating army of Gen. Grant, which proved to be little short, all told, of 80,000 men. The primary object failed, in consequence of a fatal disobedience of orders on the part of Gen. Pemberton.

Gen. Johnston learned on his arrival at Jackson, on May 13, that Gen. Grant had beaten Gen. Bowen, after a gallant resistance, at Port Gibson; had occupied Grand Gulf, and was marching upon the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad. He found six thousand men at Jackson, and learned that five thousand others would join him the next day. Gen. Pemberton's force was at Edward's Ferry, east of the Big Black, nearer to Vicksburg than to Jackson; the General himself was west of the Big Black, at Bovina, closer still to Vicksburg. Four divisions of the enemy, under Sherman, were at Clinton, ten miles west of Jackson, between Pemberton and the Confederate forces at Jack-

son; and other large forces of the enemy were south-west of Clinton, about Raymond, and in the direction of Bruinsburg. This situation of affairs had already rendered the case of Vicksburg desperate; and the evident policy was either to attack Sherman, front and rear, and crush him, or to combine the two fragments of the Confederate army at some point north of the line of railroad, the enemy's army and base being on the south of it.

Gen. Johnston, therefore, on the night of his reaching Jackson, in the same dispatch in which he informed Pemberton of his arrival, ordered him to come upon Sherman's rear at once, promising that he would himself cooperate in front; and adding: "To beat such a detachment would be of immense value. The troops here could cooperate. All the strength you can quickly assemble should be brought. Time is all important." He set himself immediately about removing the public stores from Jackson, which he had effected by two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. The enemy on that day, the 14th, advanced on Jackson, from Clinton and from Raymond, which latter place is south-west of Jackson, on the road from Grand Gulf. At the hour named, it had become necessary for Gen. Johnston, with the commands of Bragg, Gens. Gregg and Maxcy, eleven thousand strong, to move out of Jackson, which he did by a northward road, and encamped six miles from the town. Reinforcements were then making their way towards him from the east, which he hoped would be able to prevent the enemy in Jackson from drawing supplies from that direction; while his own force would cut off supplies from the direction of Panola to the north. Of these facts he informed Gen. Pemberton by a dispatch dated on the afternoon of the 14th, in which, after alluding to his hope of driving the enemy out of Jackson, by cutting off his supplies from the east and north, he asked:—"Can he supply himself from the Mississippi? Can you not cut him off from it? And above all, should he be compelled to fall back for want of supplies, beat him? As soon as the reinforcements are all up, they must be united to the rest of the army. I am anxious to see a force assembled that may be able to inflict a heavy blow upon the enemy. * * * *. Gen. Gregg will move towards Canton to-morrow. If prisoners tell the truth, the forces at Jackson must be half of Grant's army. It would decide the

campaign to beat it, which can be done only *by concentrating*, especially when the remainder of the eastern troops arrive; they are to be twelve or thirteen thousand." In the same dispatch he directed that the "forces to supply Vicksburg" should be so disposed that they *might unite*, if opportunity to fight should present itself. With the eleven thousand already with Johnston, the number which could have been concentrated would have been nearly 30,000; the movement westward was for the purpose of favouring a junction with the twelve thousand additional troops coming from the East. This important dispatch was not answered, not having been received until more than forty-eight hours after its inditement; Gen. Pemberton having, by a disobedience of the preceding order, got entangled into an unintended engagement with the enemy, which prevented the possibility of such a combination of forces as Johnston had devised, and which compelled his retirement within the lines of Vicksburg. On the 15th Johnston marched ten and a half miles to Calhoun station, where he at length received a communication from Pemberton, which if it did not altogether surprise, filled him with distress. He immediately ordered him to move directly to Clinton.

General Pemberton's letter was dated on the 14th, at 5.40 P.M., and read as follows:—"I shall move, as early to-morrow morning as possible, a column of seventeen thousand to Dillon's [which was in the direction of Raymond]. The object is to cut off enemy's communications, and force him to attack me, as I do not consider my force sufficient to justify an attack on the enemy in position, or to attempt to cut my way to Jackson." This was written at Edward's Dépôt, ten hours after his receiving Johnston's order to move upon Clinton as quickly as possible; which had been given with a view to a combination of their two forces, which could have been effected on the 15th. Instead of such a combination, that day was to witness a march of 17,000 men in a different direction, involving a fatal dispersion of forces, followed by a train of irremediable disasters. What made this disobedial of orders more aggravating was, that it had been committed after calling a council of war, composed of all his Generals present; a majority of whom had advised obedience. How prescient had been the remark of Johnston, in his unofficial let-

ter from Tullahoma,—“I have urged him to concentrate to fight Grant, with no hope that he will regard a suggestion of mine!”

Gen. Grant, having heard of Pemberton's movement, directed against him the two corps of McClernand and McPherson, and ordered Sherman to evacuate Jackson and take a similar direction. By the night of the 16th, Pemberton was still on the road to Raymond, heavily beset by vastly superior forces of the enemy. In the morning he had received Gen. Johnston's second order to move directly to Clinton; and at six P.M. he received Johnston's order of the afternoon of the 14th, directing a concentration of troops northward of the railroad. The order received in the morning he disobeyed. On receiving the older one in the evening, Pemberton issued an order for a countermarch, and informed Johnston of the fact, as also that heavy skirmishing was then going on in his front. But he had gone too far; he was unable to retrace his steps; the enemy had cut him off from Johnston; he was already involved in the necessity of fighting a battle the next day. This was fought in a bend of Baker's Creek; and he suffered a heavy loss in brave men and able officers, among whom was Gen. Tilghman. Gen. Loring was cut off and made his way to Johnston, after losing his artillery. The rest were forced back to the Big Black, and took a strong position on the east bank, in a bend of the river. But the troops had become too much disheartened by these appalling blunders to make a fight. They left their position at the first onset from the enemy and went within the lines of Vicksburg, leaving eighteen field-pieces to the victors. Pemberton reports that the retreat “became a matter of *sauve qui peut*.” It was on the afternoon of the 17th May, that they reached the shelter of the Vicksburg earthworks. On the same day, Gen. Johnston was marching fifteen miles westward hoping to find them, but uncertain where they were.

The fate of Vicksburg was then sealed. It was a trap to have been avoided, and not sought. But with singular infatuation, Gen. Pemberton had persisted in regarding it as his final shelter from all disasters. Gen. Johnston afterwards, in an official report, wrote truly: “Had the battle of Baker's Creek not been fought, Gen. Pemberton's belief that Vicksburg was his base, rendered his ruin inevitable. He would still have been besieged,

and therefore captured. The larger force he would have carried into the lines would have added to and hastened the catastrophe. His disasters were due, not merely to his entangling himself with the advancing columns of a superiour and unobserved enemy, but to his evident determination to be besieged in Vicksburg, instead of manœuvring to prevent a siege."

In reply to the communication in which Gen. Pemberton informed him of his intended withdrawal within the lines of Vicksburg, Gen. Johnston wrote at once, on May 17: "If Haynes' Bluff be untenable, Vicksburg is of no value, and cannot be held. If, therefore, you are invested in Vicksburg, you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, you must, if possible, save the troops. If it is not too late, *evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies, and march to the north-east.*" But Gen. Pemberton went back into Vicksburg.

These events and records leave no doubt of the judgment proper to be rendered upon them. There is no room for controversy on the subject, although until after Gen. Johnston's official narration of them was published, which was not permitted until the following year, much was indulged in. The friends of Gen. Pemberton, following that officer himself, laid much stress upon the language employed in Gen. Johnston's dispatch of May 14, alluding to the enemy's supplies while at Jackson, and asking if Gen. Pemberton "could not cut him off" from the Mississippi—a dispatch which had not been received until the second day after the fatal movement towards Dillon's had been made, but which was claimed to have suggested the very movement which Gen. Pemberton had resolved upon before receiving it. But Gen. Johnston repels this pretension, by saying, in his report: "When the enemy was at Jackson, the letter [of the 14th] suggested a movement for the sole purpose of dislodging him, and so stated. Gen. Pemberton's march, with whatever purpose made, was begun after the enemy had abandoned Jackson, and was almost in his presence. My order of the 15th, at which time I should have joined Gen. Pemberton to take immediate command of the main army, but that I was till too weak to attempt such a ride, which was received by him early on the morning of the 16th, required him to abandon that movement. Had he obeyed it, the battle of Baker's Creek would have been escaped."

The trapping of Gen. Pemberton in Vicksburg had been the inevitable result of two disobediences of orders—the order of the 13th to attack Sherman in front at Clinton, and the order of the 15th to move directly to Clinton, whence Sherman had removed to Jackson the day before. The loss of Vicksburg, which had ceased to be a position of peculiar military value, was thus rendered unavoidable. We are now to witness another disobedience of orders, which resulted in the loss of the army of Vicksburg.

“Convinced,” says Gen. Johnston, “of the impossibility of collecting a sufficient force to break the investment of Vicksburg, should it be completed; appreciating the difficulty of extricating the garrison, and persuaded that Vicksburg and Port Hudson had lost most of their value by the repeated passage of armed vessels and transports, I ordered the evacuation of both places. Gen. Gordon did not receive this order before the investment of Port Hudson, if at all. Gen. Pemberton set aside this order, under the advice of a council of war; and though he had in Vicksburg eight thousand fresh troops, not demoralized by defeat, decided that it was impossible to withdraw the army from the position with such morale and material as to be of further service to the Confederacy, but ‘to hold Vicksburg as long as possible, with the firm hope that the Government may yet be able to assist me in keeping this obstruction to the enemy’s free navigation of the Mississippi River.’ Vicksburg,” he went on to say, “was greatly imperilled when my instructions from Tullahoma to concentrate were neglected. It was lost when my orders of the 13th and 15th May were disobeyed. To this loss were added the labour, privations, and certain capture of a gallant army, when my orders for its evacuation were set aside.”

The investment of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, with an army double the size of the Vicksburg garrison and of all under Gen. Johnston’s immediate command combined, was speedily completed. By a letter from Gen. Pemberton, dated the 17th, at Vicksburg, and received on the 18th, Gen. Johnston was informed that he had ordered Haynes’ Bluff to be abandoned, and that he had retired within the intrenchments of Vicksburg. He added reproachfully, “I greatly regret that I felt compelled to make an advance beyond the Big Black, which has proved so disastrous in its results,” as if his army was not already at Edward’s Depot,

seven or eight miles east of the Big Black, expecting a battle there as early as the 12th, a day before Gen. Johnston's arrival at Jackson.

There was nothing now left to be done but to extricate the garrison; or, failing the attempt, to hold the position so long that disease and fever should work such havoc among the besieging host, as to make its capture cost him more than victory was worth. But Gen. Johnston's greatest desire was to concert some plan by which, his own army assisting, the garrison might be enabled to effect its escape. Coöperation was also hoped for, and, through Richmond, ordered, from the troops in the Trans-Mississippi department.

A stringent siege and vigorous series of assaults were inaugurated against Vicksburg by the besieging army. They were repulsed with as much facility as gallantry. They were accompanied with such terrible loss to the assailants, and were so innocuous to the assailed and their fortifications, that they soon demonstrated to the learned and unlearned in military affairs, that Vicksburg was one of those places so fashioned by nature and art as not to be taken by assault. The Federal General, having satisfied himself of the inefficacy of all other methods, soon determined that a long siege, a circumvallation and complete blockade, were the only means by which the town could be touched. He erected extensive batteries, built a military road, and protected his external lines from the operations of Gen. Johnston by a gigantic ditch and abattis, which were themselves protected by the difficult bottoms and channel of the Big Black River.

Gen. Johnston, expecting a compliance with his orders for the evacuation of Vicksburg, dated on the 17th, moved with his force to Vernon, for the purpose of effecting a junction with Pemberton, but there received a reply, stating that a different course had been resolved on. To this information he replied: "I am trying to gather a force which may attempt to relieve you. Hold out." And then, by easy marches, he moved in the direction of Jackson and Canton, in order to reestablish his communications, expecting reinforcements from the eastward.

The force now under his command was an unprovided body of troops, assembled hurriedly from different directions, under

the pressure of the occasion, without the numbers, or consistency, or any of the furniture of an army. His business was first to create, out of the scanty material in hand, an army which should be capable of acting offensively against another three times its number, strongly intrenched, furnished with the most abundant and approved appliances of modern warfare, and posted in the rear of a considerable river. By the 4th June, the little force which he was organizing into an army had grown to the dimensions of twenty-four thousand infantry and artillery, and two thousand cavalry. But it was still deficient in artillery, in ammunition for all arms, and in field transportation. It was peculiarly unadapted for operations against a superior force already intrenched, in an unassailable position.

With this army, which was not materially increased afterwards, Gen. Johnston hoped to be able to give such assistance as to create an opportunity for the escape of the garrison; and he simultaneously informed both the Department at Richmond and Gen. Pemberton that this was his only hope and only plan. Meantime, Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg, had been captured by troops from the Trans-Mississippi army; and Gen. Kirby Smith, commanding on that side, had instructed Gen. Richard Taylor, at Richmond, Louisiana, to endeavour to open communications with Vicksburg, with eight thousand men. On the 22d June Gen. Johnston got advices from Gen. Pemberton, dated on the 15th, stating that he could hold out twenty days longer; to which he replied, informing him of Gen. Taylor's intended movement, and adding that he would in a day or two make a diversion in his favour, though it would be with only two-thirds of the force which Gen. Pemberton had stated to be the least with which it ought to be attempted. On the 29th of June, field transportation and supplies having been at length obtained, Gen. Johnston marched westward, and on the 1st July encamped near the Big Black. While here, arduous and careful reconnoissances were made, first on the north of the railroad, and these proving unsuccessful, then on the south of it, with a view to an attack. On the 3d, intelligence was sent to Gen. Pemberton of his intention to attack on the 7th; but on the 5th the tidings were received of the memorable surrender which had taken place on the day before!

As the officer in command had manifested so persistent a purpose to hold Vicksburg, and to sacrifice so many considerations to that one object, these tidings gave Gen. Johnston a painful surprise. The capitulation, in the event of a failure of the garrison to cut its way out, was of course an event inevitable. It was so thought to be by himself and the public. It was not supposed that a position, so wedged in between navigable rivers, could withstand to the end a power combined from every available resource of the enemy. It was the abruptness of the surrender that was complained of; and the dissatisfaction was heightened by the selection that was made of the day for the performance of that solemnity. The public did not desire a useless postponement of an event inevitable. Much was to be gained by chaining Gen. Grant down to the siege for as long a time as possible, in the midsummer of a most critical campaign. It would occupy, for the time being, an army of the enemy estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000 strong. It would hold that army pent up in an unhealthy locality, where the climate would soon have put it in a condition unfit for offensive operations for the residue of the campaign. It would give time to the authorities of the Confederacy to organize an army under Johnston fully adequate to the vital purpose of the defense of the Gulf States. It would prevent reinforcements from being sent to Rosecrans, and save Tennessee, that "shield of the South," as the event proved. It would afford time for Johnston to educate to his hand another constellation of officers, whose names should be a counterpart to those of Ewell, Jackson, the Hills, Stuart, Rodes, and others, whom he had left in Virginia. The importance of time to Gen. Johnston's condition could not be calculated. It was in this point of view that a protracted resistance at Vicksburg, even at the expense of hardship and privation to its brave garrison, had become a matter of the gravest importance. It could avail, indeed, nothing for Vicksburg, but it would save the Gulf States. Gen. Johnston did not often waste words. But in that order, "*Hold out,*" was embraced the fate of the Confederacy.

The tidings of the fall of Vicksburg gave not only distress and disappointment to the Southern people, but it gave offence; and to the circumstance that it was arranged to occur on the 4th of July, was added the announcement, soon after, that immense supplies of

ammunition, clothing, bacon, sugar, molasses, salt, were found in the place by the enemy.

The natural corollaries of the surrender were numerous and mournful:—the attack on and defense of Jackson, and withdrawal of Johnston to Meridian; the brilliant but fruitless battle of Chickamauga; the misfortune of Missionary Ridge; the reinforcement and transfer of Sherman to Dalton; the Confederate retreat into Georgia; the fall of Atlanta; the desolations of Georgia and the Carolinas; the surrender at Chapel Hill; finally, a lost Confederacy.

The succeeding pages of this memoir will be no more than a review of the consequences of a surrender which was at first unnecessary, and which, when made necessary, was then premature.

In the report in which Gen. Johnston reviewed the occurrences which have been now detailed, he said: "I have been compelled to enter into many details, and to make some animadversions upon the conduct of Gen. Pemberton. The one was no pleasant task, the other a most painful duty. Both have been forced upon me by the official report of Gen. Pemberton, made to the War Department instead of to me, to whom it was due. A proper regard for the good opinion of my government has compelled me to throw aside that delicacy which I would gladly have observed towards a brother officer, suffering much undeserved obloquy, and to show that in his short campaign Gen. Pemberton made not a single movement in obedience to my orders, and regarded none of my instructions; and, finally, did not embrace the only opportunity to save his army—that given by my order to abandon Vicksburg."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Important supplement to the story of Vicksburg.—President Davis' part in the disaster.—Radical difference of military views of the President and of Gen. Johnston.—The disaster of Missionary Ridge.—Gen. Johnston takes command of the Army of Tennessee.—His successful reorganization of it.—Comparison of forces with the enemy.—Gen. Johnston's reasons for withdrawing from Dalton.—Sherman's plan of campaign.—The retreat towards Atlanta and its incidents.—Gen. Johnston removed from command.—“All hell followed.”—A sharp dispatch to Richmond.—Injustice of the government to Gen. Johnston.

WE must supplement the story of Vicksburg by an important explanation. It has not been the design of the preceding pages to impeach the integrity of Gen. Pemberton's intentions. In a report, supplemental to the principal one, which he made of these transactions, he vouched a paper which fully justified his conduct, and explained his motives. On the 7th May, the very day on which Gen. Johnston was writing from Tullahoma, by a remarkable intuition, that he had “no hope that Gen. Pemberton would regard a suggestion” from him, President Davis telegraphed Gen. Pemberton in these words:—“Want of transportation of supplies must compel the enemy to seek a junction with their fleet after a few days' absence from it. To hold both Vicksburg and Port Hudson is necessary to a connection with Trans-Mississippi. You may expect whatever it is in my power to do.”* This order had doubtless been given to Gen. Pemberton for the purpose of superseding that which Gen. Johnston had sent him six days before, from Tullahoma, directing him “to concentrate and attack Grant immediately;” of which Gen. Johnston had advised the War Department.

Here was a command superiour to that of Gen. Johnston, which Gen. Pemberton was obliged to obey. He did so, in the spirit and in the letter. Whatever may have been the blunders that his inexperience in the field might have led him to commit, it cannot be said that he failed in fidelity to his trust; or that

* Confederate Reports on Siege of Vicksburg, &c., p. 209.

his disobedience to the orders of his immediate superiour was not excused by the order which had come to him from the superiour of both. There was a difference of opinion—an honest difference of opinion—between Mr. Davis and Gen. Johnston, as to the best policy to be pursued; a difference which not merely related to the case of Vicksburg, but applied to the whole conduct of the war. Mr. Davis was for defending a multitude of positions and outposts;—a policy which involved a dispersion of strength. Gen. Johnston was for a system of field operations, executed by consolidated armies, and maximum aggregations of troops. Mr. Davis, just at the period in question, was in favour of suffering a siege at Vicksburg and Port Hudson; standing at bay at Tullahoma; and sending an army of invasion into Maryland. Gen. Johnston was in favour of withdrawing the armies from the two Mississippi fortresses into open field; assuming the offensive at Tullahoma, a point far within the Confederacy; and resting content, after driving the invader from Virginia, to halt on her borders. It was Gen. Pemberton's misfortune to have to choose between conflicting orders; and yet, by failing to pursue either with decision, he not only lost both Vicksburg and its army, but lost them both too soon.

After the fall of Vicksburg, the army of Gen. Grant was again before Jackson. Here Gen. Johnston had posted himself in an attitude of defence, behind such imperfect intrenchments as had been improvised, where he was expecting an immediate attack. But the enemy began to intrench and plant batteries, at which deliberate work they spent three days. On the 12th of July a sharp engagement occurred, and heavy cannonading, which was gallantly sustained by Johnston's army. By the 13th, the enemy had extended his intrenched lines until both flanks reached Pearl river, and had nearly encircled the city; he was, moreover, receiving ammunition for a heavy bombardment. On that night, therefore, Johnston evacuated the place, carrying off all his sick and wounded and all public property. Nothing of this did the enemy discover until the next day.

Johnston withdrew slowly to Meridian, followed part of the way by the enemy, who soon after withdrew from interior Mississippi, to reappear on another field, where Johnston was again to confront them.

A controversy of some sharpness ensued between the friends of the Richmond administration and those of Gen. Johnston in regard to the operations antecedent to Vicksburg. The question was nothing more, when stripped of partisan surplusage and personal feeling, than a comparison of the policy recommended in Gen. Johnston's order of the 1st May, from Tullahoma, directing Gen. Pemberton "to concentrate and fight Grant" on first crossing the Mississippi, with the order of Mr. Davis of May 7, from Richmond, advising Gen. Pemberton, in effect, to let Grant alone, and wait a siege in Vicksburg and Port Hudson. But whatever might have been the issues in controversy, the public soon found occasion to render a verdict between the disputants.

The defeat of Gen. Bragg at Missionary Ridge, on the borders of North Georgia, occurred while Gen. Johnston was yet in Mississippi, which country was not then menaced by the enemy. Grant had superseded Rosecrans in Tennessee, and was soon after to be promoted to the general command of the Federal armies. The principal part of the army which had invested Vicksburg had been transferred to Missionary Ridge; Tennessee, and the grazing districts bordering upon it, was the principal meat-producing region of the Confederacy. To occupy this State permanently was fatally to embarrass the Confederate commissariat; and was, moreover, to obtain a stand-point from which a blow could be most readily dealt upon the vital parts of the South. A huge Federal army had appeared in front of Dalton, and immense preparations were making for a vigorous campaign against Atlanta.

Gen. Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge, where he had suffered great loss, had occurred on the 25th November, and the inimical relations which had grown up between himself and his principal officers, and the extreme disfavour into which he had fallen with the public, had rendered a change in the chief command of the Army of Tennessee absolutely necessary. He had, therefore, been relieved at Dalton and transferred to Richmond, where he was placed near the Confederate President, in the capacity, in short, of military secretary, adviser, and Aulic strategist. There was but one sentiment among the people of the West and Southwest as to the person who should succeed Gen. Bragg at Dalton. Gen. Johnston had secured, notwithstanding

the embarrassments which he had encountered, the full confidence of the people; and although the President himself, as well as Gen. Bragg, was inimical to him, it had become necessary that he should be assigned to the Army of Tennessee. He received orders on the 18th December, 1863, to that effect, and assumed command at Dalton nine days afterwards. He found the army, while excellent in material, yet wretchedly demoralized by its recent defeat, and by its prolonged dissatisfaction with his predecessor in command.

He immediately addressed himself to the task of creating an army from the fine material before him. At most, there were but three months which could be employed in this necessary work, and he devoted himself with energy and assiduity to the task. Of his success in this behalf, an intelligent writer, who visited Dalton in April, 1864, wrote:

“Gen. Johnston is unquestionably a great captain in the science of war. In ninety days he has so transformed this army that I can find no word to express the extent of the transformation but the word regeneration. It is a regenerated army. He found it, ninety days ago, disheartened, despairing, and on the verge of dissolution. By judicious measures he has restored confidence, reestablished discipline, and exalted the heart of his army.”

In his official report of the campaign, written after its conclusion, referring to the condition of his army at the close of the retreat, Gen. Johnston wrote, with evident pride and satisfaction: “These troops, who had been for seventy-four days in the immediate presence of the enemy, labouring and fighting daily, enduring toil, exposure, and danger with equal cheerfulness, more confident and high-spirited than when the Federal army presented itself near Dalton, were then inferior to none who ever served the Confederacy.”

The effective strength of the Army of Tennessee when Gen. Johnston assumed command of it in December, was 36,826 infantry and artillery, and 5,613 cavalry. On May 1, it was 40,900 infantry and artillery, and 4,000 cavalry. On his relinquishing the command in July, it was 41,000 infantry and artillery, and 10,000 cavalry. During the intervening period, one brigade of infantry was added to and two taken away from the command. The losses by casualty during the campaign nearly

equalled the accretions which occurred from the return of absentees to duty. His principal accessions of strength were of cavalry; but this arm was always inferior in strength to that of the opposing force; too inferior to allow of detachments in sufficient number for effective operations on the enemy's rear.

The force opposed to him was the army which Grant had commanded at Missionary Ridge, estimated to be 80,000 strong, which was reinforced at different times by two corps, one division, and several thousand recruits—equal, in the aggregate, to 30,000 men, and making a grand total of 110,000 men. At the outset of the campaign its strength was 98,797, including 15,000 cavalry, and was in each arm more than double the strength of Johnston's army.

With this force of 45,000 against 98,000, Gen. Johnston was strongly urged from Richmond, by both Mr. Davis and Gen. Bragg, to inaugurate an offensive campaign. This he was sufficiently anxious to do, but he felt no less keenly the folly of attempting it without numbers adequate to success. With a disproportion of force, compared with that of the enemy, of less than one to two, he could only have assumed the offensive in the manner afterwards adopted by Gen. Hood; that is to say, by avoiding the enemy's front, leaving the country open to his forward progress, and himself marching around to some indefinite point in his rear. In truth, he could only have assumed the offensive by resorting to a species of flight.

His own view of the question was thus stated: "At Dalton, the great numerical superiority of the enemy made the chances of battle much against us, and even if beaten, they had a safe refuge behind the fortified pass of Ringgold and in the fortress of Chattanooga. Our refuge, in case of defeat, was in Atlanta, one hundred miles off, with three rivers intervening. Therefore, victory for us could not have been decisive, while defeat would have been utterly disastrous. Between Dalton and the Chattahoochee we could have given battle only by attacking the enemy intrenched, or so near intrenchments that the only result of success to us would have been his falling back into them; while defeat would have been our ruin."

During the winter, while perfecting the organization and discipline of his army, he withdrew the larger portion of it from

Dalton, to Rome, in Georgia; and in February, a corps of his army was sent to Mississippi to aid in the repulsion of Gen. Sherman, who was making the experiment of a "movable column" midway through that State. The detached corps, however, after awhile returned, upon the retirement of the column that had drawn it, to their quarters. So that, at no time, was the relative strength of Johnston, compared with that of the enemy, materially greater than it had been at the beginning; and he was, therefore, never in strength to justify an assumption of the offensive. To have done so, would have been to discard all the ideas of rational generalship, and to gamble in the lotteries of war.

In the first days of May, 1864, the enemy, by concerted arrangements for the East and the West, began to move simultaneously on Richmond and Atlanta, Gen. Grant having gone to Virginia, and Gen. Sherman having assumed command of the assemblage of Federal "armies" that had been consolidated before Dalton. By the 5th, Gen. Sherman had begun to push forward with vigour. His plan of campaign was the avoidance of pitched battles, and the substitution of flank movements, intrenching always in these, whether necessary for defense, or for driving his adversary back. In a topography distinguished by bold ranges of mountains, parallel with the line of march, this system of operations was more practicable than it would have been found to be in a country of open campaign, as the assailing detachments of the retreating army were thus required to venture upon more circuitous and more hazardous détours for the purpose of assault. The sort of fighting which resulted from such strategy was incessant skirmishing, interspersed with spirited actions between detachments, seldom rising into a general engagement.

Gen Johnston had, of course, no choice but to conduct a wary retreat, and to inflict a succession of skilful blows upon the columns of his adversary when incautiously exposed or whilst unprotected by intrenchments. The calculation in which he indulged has been expressed by himself:

"In the course pursued, our troops always fighting under cover, had very trifling losses, compared with those they inflicted; so that the enemy's numerical superiority was reduced daily and rapidly, and we could reasonably have expected to cope with the Federal army on equal ground by the time the Chattahoochee

was passed. Defeat on this side of the river would have been its destruction. We, if beaten, had a place of refuge in Atlanta, too strong to be assaulted, and too extensive to be invested."

His retreat was along the line of the railroad leading from Dalton to Atlanta, a distance of just 100 miles, which crosses three considerable rivers, running at nearly equal intervals apart; namely, the Oostanaula, the Etowah, and the Chattahoochee. Calhoun, Adairsville, and Cassville are between the Oostanaula and Etowah; New Hope Church, Altoona, Dallas, and the Kenasaw and Lost Mountains are between the Etowah and Chattahoochee. Atlanta is behind the Chattahoochee, at a distance of about fourteen miles, and south of Peach Tree Creek.

The campaign, though one of the most spirited that has ever been recorded in the annals of scientific warfare, was marked by very few general engagements. The first occasion on which such an one might have happened is thus described by Gen. Johnston; and the details of this affair, as well as of one or two others, will be given, chiefly in order to introduce the reader to an acquaintance with the more distinguished of the characters who served under Gen. Johnston. It occurred on the 19th and 20th May, near Cassville, which is half-way between Dalton and Atlanta. Gen. Johnston writes of it officially:

"When half the Federal army was near Kingston, the two corps at Cassville were ordered to advance against the troops that had followed them from Adairsville, Hood leading on the right. When this corps had advanced some two miles, one of his staff-officers reported to Lieut.-Gen. Hood that the enemy was approaching on the Canton road, in rear of the right of our original position. He drew back his troops and formed them across that road. When it was discovered that the officer was mistaken, the opportunity had passed by, by the near approach of the Federal army. Expecting to be attacked, I drew up the troops in what seemed to me an excellent position—a bold ridge immediately in rear of Cassville, with an open valley before it. The fire of the enemy's artillery commenced soon after the troops were formed, and continued until night. Soon after dark, Lieut.-Gens. Polk and Hood, together, expressed to me decidedly the opinion formed upon the observation of the afternoon, that the Federal artillery would render their positions untenable the next

day, and urged me to abandon the ground immediately and cross the Etowah. Lieut.-Gen. Hardee, whose position I thought weakest, was confident that he could hold it. The other two officers, however, were so earnest and unwilling to depend on the ability of their corps to defend the ground, that I yielded, and the army crossed the Etowah on the 20th, a step which I have regretted ever since."

An obstinate engagement was fought in open field near the New Hope Church, which ran through the 25th and three succeeding days of May. Gen. Johnston thus speaks of it:

"An hour before sunset Stewart's division, at New Hope Church, was fiercely attacked by Hooker's corps, which it repulsed after a hot engagement of two hours. Skirmishing was kept up on the 26th and 27th. At half-past five, P.M., on the 27th, Howard's corps assailed Cleburne's division, and was driven back about dark with great slaughter. In these two actions our troops were not intrenched. Our loss in each was about 450 in killed and wounded. On the 27th the enemy's dead, except those borne off, were counted 600. We, therefore, estimated their loss at 3,000 at least. It was probably greater on the 25th, as we had a larger force engaged then, both of artillery and infantry.

"The usual skirmishing was kept up on the 28th. Lieut.-Gen. Hood was instructed to put his corps in position during the night to attack the enemy's left flank at dawn the next morning, the rest of the army to join in the action successively from right to left.

"On the 29th Lieut.-Gen. Hood, finding the Federal left covered by a division which had intrenched itself in the night, thought it inexpedient to attack, so reported, and asked for instructions. As the resulting delay made the attack inexpedient, even if it had not been so before, by preventing the surprise—upon which success, in a great degree, depended—he was recalled."

But the most severely contested engagement occurred on the 27th June, Gen. Johnston's army being posted on Kenasaw and Lost Mountains, a few miles north-west of the Chattahoochee. He thus describes the hottest part of the fight:

"On the 27th, after a furious cannonade of several hours, the enemy made a general advance, but was everywhere repulsed

with heavy loss. The assaults were most vigorous on Cheatham's and Cleburne's divisions, of Hardee's corps, and French's and Featherstone's, of Loring's. Lieut.-Gen. Hardee reports that Cheatham's division lost in killed, wounded, and missing, 195. The enemy opposed to it, by the statement of a staff-officer subsequently captured, 2,000; the loss of Cleburne's division eleven, that of the enemy on his front, 1,000; and Maj.-Gen. Loring reported 236 of his corps killed, wounded, and missing; and the loss of the enemy, by their own estimates, at between 2,500 and 3,000, which he thinks very small."

General Sherman admitted that this assault was a failure. But this General continued to advance by means of intrenchments, until Johnston, on the night of the 9th July, crossed the Chattahoochee River, and began to prepare for the final battles by which he had, from the beginning of his retreat, intended to save Atlanta. The main body of the enemy crossed on the 17th. Sherman's progress had been at the rate of eighty-six miles in seventy-three days, or rather more than a mile a day. The retreat had been the masterpiece of Johnston's life, and one of the most skilful and successful that had ever been executed. He had brought along everything; every gun, every wagon, every camp-kettle. The enemy's losses, if the reports of the Northern press were accurate, had been about 45,000 men; his own, less than 11,000. He devoted an active and laborious week to the defences of Atlanta. Seven of the heaviest rifled cannon had been obtained from Mobile, and through personal solicitations addressed by him to Gen. Maury, were now planted on its ramparts. An immense number of negroes were employed in its earthworks. He was doing the business thoroughly, after his usual manner, as he in a few days communicated it to Gen. Hood. His plan was—first to attack the Federal army while crossing Peach Tree Creek. If successful, great results might be hoped for, as the enemy would have both the creek and the river to intercept his retreat. Second, if unsuccessful, to keep back the enemy by intrenching, to give time for the assembling of the State troops promised by Governor Brown; to garrison Atlanta with those troops, and when the Federal army approached the town attack it on the most exposed flank with all the Confederate troops.

On the 17th, while engaged in giving instructions to his chief engineer concerning the fortifications of Atlanta, he was handed the following dispatch :

RICHMOND, Va., July 17, 1864.

To Gen. J. E. Johnston :

Lieut.-Gen. J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General, under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you, that as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to Gen. Hood.

S. COOPER, A. and I. Gen.

The order arrested Gen. Johnston in a work which was enlisting all the energies of his nature. He was preparing to consummate, at the time and place designed, a purpose which had been the end and aim of two months of toil and strategy. The surprise, therefore, was severe, and the disappointment extreme. But these were due to the pride he took in his profession, and the solicitude he felt for his country. Aside from the professional disappointment, the extraordinary document gave him more grief for the South than for himself. The service had for some time been rendered as distasteful as the displeasure of his superiors could make it, and to be "relieved" from it was relief indeed. But, for the Confederacy, it filled him with forebodings, because, possessing as he did the affectionate devotion of his troops, and the unbounded confidence of his officers (with but one exception, if indeed that was an exception), the measure was taken at an untimely moment and critical place. He knew what was expected of his successor, and he knew that the expectation involved destruction, both to that ill-starred army and to the Confederacy. The measure did indeed prove to be "the beginning of the end." Then began the final and general ruin. It was like the opening of the fourth seal, and the appearance of the pale horse in the Apocalypse—"all hell followed."

He immediately called for Gen. Hood, and communicated to him the plans he had been pursuing. The information of his

removal was cautiously communicated to the Generals of the higher grade. They promptly united in a request to the Government for a revocation of the order. But Gen. Johnston took leave of them at once ; and veteran commanders, who had never blanched before the enemy, now gave way to emotions which do honour at times even to warriors. It was thought best to withhold the announcement of the intelligence from the army until Gen. Johnston had left its vicinity.

On the next day Gen. Johnston sent the following dispatch to Richmond, which closed his service in the field, until public opinion and the voice of Congress demanded his restoration again to command, when he was once more to appear, but at a time when he could only bear a part in the formalities of the final dissolution. The dispatch was as follows :

NEAR ATLANTA, July 18, 1864.

Gen. S. Cooper :

Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed. Command of the Army and Department of Tennessee has been transferred to Gen. Hood. As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger, compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's, compared with that of Northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and has penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

Besides the cause assigned for his removal in the official telegram of Gen. Cooper, it was alleged in the Government newspapers in Richmond that Gen. Johnston had disregarded the instructions and wishes of President Davis. But there had been no instructions except those for assuming the offensive, given while at Dalton in the preceding winter, and these it had been impracticable at any time to execute. Other than those, there had been no expression of the President's wishes, except just before the army had reached the Chattahoochee, which was a warning to Johnston against fighting with a river at his back, as well as against crossing it.

It was also semi-officially charged that he had intended giving up Atlanta—a charge which the vigorous measures he was engaged in for strengthening the place, and the fact that his own family and effects were there under permanent arrangements, disproved.

As to the reason which had been officially alleged, it was palpably insufficient, as coming from the government at Richmond, near which Gen. Lee had, in a manner equally masterly, executed a defensive movement under the same necessity. On this subject, Gen. Johnston wrote unofficially, a few weeks later:—"After his experience in the Wilderness, Gen. Lee adopted as thorough a defensive as mine, and added by it to his great fame. The only other difference between our operations, was due to Gen. Grant's bull-headedness and Sherman's extreme caution, which carried the armies in Virginia to Petersburg in less than half the time in which Sherman reached Atlanta. From our relative losses, I might have expected to be very soon stronger than Sherman. His army beaten on the east of the Chattahoochee, might have been destroyed." The same government which made this objection had virtually promoted Gen. Bragg, who had retreated from central Kentucky into North Georgia, with a force far less disproportioned to that of his adversary than Gen. Johnston's.

The effect of the intelligence of Johnston's removal was as depressing upon the Confederate army before Atlanta as it was exhilarating upon that of the enemy. Sherman, no longer observing the "extreme caution" which had been the highest proof he could have given of his appreciation of Johnston's ability, now became bold and audacious. And, verily, the Furies were at that time let loose upon Georgia and the ill-fated Carolinas.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The fall of Atlanta and what it involved.—Gen. Johnston foretells Sherman's "march to the sea."—The *Væ Victis*.—Gen. Johnston restored to command.—The North Carolina campaign.—Sherman's stipulations for a surrender.—Interference from Washington.—Qualities of Gen. Johnston as a great commander.—His military peculiarities.—Compared to George Washington.—His patriotic and noble silence under censure.—His person and deportment.—Literary accomplishments.—His advice to the Southern people on their duties after the surrender.

THE fall of Atlanta through the unskilful action of Gen. Hood was one of the worst calamities of the war. How so invaluable a prize was lost on the part of the Confederacy, has been ineffaceably stereotyped on the pages of history. A General of great activity had advanced upon the place, by observing an unwearied caution coupled with sleepless diligence, and moving with a force doubly stronger than that defending it. With equal skill and caution, and with a success in retreat unsurpassed in history, he had been resisted. But a controlling power at a distance, in an evil moment, ordered the abandonment, by the weaker army, of the wary, skilful, and safe policy of defence, for the assumption of an audacious and reckless series of aggressive measures.

The dispirited army of Hood lay, after the fall of Atlanta, for a month on the road to Macon. Visited there by President Davis, towards the end of September, preparations soon after began to be made for some permanent movement. By the last day of the month, this new strategy had become developed. Hood crossed the Chattahoochee, and was marching on the line of Sherman's communications. Sherman followed until the 5th of October, far enough to signal the garrison at Allatoona to hold out against the approaching danger. On the 6th of October, Gen. Johnston, living privately at Macon, and not having heard what Sherman was doing, wrote unofficially to Richmond: "It is said that our army is on Sherman's route to Chattanooga. This movement has uncovered the route through Macon, by which the army of

Virginia is supplied, and the shops at which ammunition is prepared and arms are repaired for the Army of Tennessee. If Sherman understands that either Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola or Mobile is as good a point for him as Chattanooga, he will not regard Hood's movement."

Gen. Hood and his erratic offensive soon came to grief. His army, after severe defeats in Tennessee, soon ceased to be, as an army, among the things of earth. Gen. Sherman, instead of restoring, destroyed his communications with Chattanooga, and returned to Atlanta. The country was open to him "from the centre all round to the sea." He could march forth at his pleasure. Having concentrated his troops at Atlanta, he was ready, by the 15th November, to set forward, in whatever direction he pleased. One week before, on the 8th of the month, Gen. Johnston, about to leave Macon, wrote thence unofficially to Richmond: "I could not tell the public what I would have done if left in command. I do not hesitate to tell you, though, that if I had been left in command of that army, it is very unlikely that Atlanta would have been abandoned. At all events, ten or twelve thousand soldiers, whose lives have been thrown away, would have been saved. Nor would I have left Sherman, with a force about equal to my own, in the heart of Georgia, to make such an excursion as our army is now engaged in. If Sherman understands his game, he can now cut off Gen. Lee's supplies, which pass through this place, and break up all our establishments for the repair of arms and preparation of ammunition; and this without risk, without the chance of being compelled to fight—a necessity which he can avoid by marching to Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, or Mobile. At this season the country can furnish his army an abundance of food and forage. Sherman, in his extreme caution, may not venture upon such a course. Should he do so, he will win.

"His army has been greatly reduced since his occupation of Atlanta. It was formed in 1861 for three years. The terms of most of the regiments have expired, and a very large number refused to reënlist. I expected them to be discharged during the summer, as their times expired. Sherman, however, made an arrangement with them for their service until the capture of Atlanta."

But Sherman's "extreme caution" had been thrown off with the removal of Johnston; and he now resolved on turning his face to the seaboard. What inducements he offered to secure the reënlistment of his men, may be inferred from the license which they indulged in the long marches of the months that followed. Hood had re-created Sherman's army by exposing the private wealth of three States, as the tempting booty for reënlistment. Then came the *væ victis*; for it had been made a matter of contract.

By the middle of the succeeding February, Mr. Seddon had left the War Department at Richmond; Gen. Breckinridge had taken his place; Gen. Lee had been made General-in-chief of all the Confederate forces; Sherman had subdued Georgia and South Carolina, and sacked and burned Columbia; Gen. Beauregard, commanding in those States, had failed, from inadequacy of troops, to check the formidable invasion; Gen. Bragg, falling into hopeless unpopularity at Richmond, had been assigned to the Department of North Carolina, and had been in charge at Wilmington when that city fell under the operations of Commodore Porter and Gen. Terry, successfully directed against Fort Fisher.

And now, yielding to the boldly-pronounced wishes of Congress, and the universal demands of the people, no less than to the dictates of his own spontaneous judgment, Gen. Lee called Gen. Johnston forth from retirement, and placed him in command of all the troops that could be collected from the two Carolinas to the Mississippi. Gen. Johnston immediately took measures for concentrating the detached forces which had been at Charleston under Hardee, in the vicinity of Charlotte with Beauregard, in Wilmington under Bragg, and in other quarters under whatever commanders; and moving them in the direction of Fayetteville, North Carolina. On the other hand, the enemy were endeavouring to concentrate in the same quarter, by the union of Sherman from Columbia, Terry from Wilmington, and Schofield, who was approaching from Newbern, through Goldsboro. By the 18th March, Johnston had so far succeeded as to get together a body of fourteen thousand troops, at Bentonville, North Carolina, and to plant himself in the path of Sherman, who was marching from Fayetteville north-eastward towards

Goldsboro. Here he was attacked by two corps of the advancing army, 40,000 strong. Hoping only to cripple the assailing column, he fought from three o'clock in the afternoon until dark, and drew off in the night, after burying his dead, carrying away his own wounded, and some of the enemy's. Two days afterwards, the converging columns of the Federal army had combined, and assumed a vigorous offensive against Johnston. There was severe fighting until the 22d, Johnston withdrawing all the while slowly towards Smithfield, in the direction of Raleigh and Hillsboro. Sherman then left his point and concentrated his army, nearly 100,000 strong, near Goldsboro. There he left it to pay a brief visit to Gen. Grant at City Point. Gen. Johnston addressed himself to the task of recruiting and organizing his army, which, when near Raleigh, on the 1st April, numbered 18,578 in the total present for duty, of which 14,179 were effective. Many were without arms.

By the 13th April Sherman, having returned from City Point, approached within fourteen miles of Raleigh with his army. On the next day he occupied that city, Johnston retiring towards Hillsboro. Having received news of Gen. Lee's surrender at Appomattox, which had occurred six days before, Gen. Johnston addressed a communication to Gen. Sherman on the 15th April, asking for a conference looking to a cessation of hostilities. On the 18th, the two Generals met at a farmhouse near Chapel Hill University, and agreed upon a convention. The object avowed by Johnston was, "to spare the blood of his gallant little army, to prevent further suffering of the people by the devastation and ruin inevitable from the marches of invading armies, and to avoid the crime of waging a hopeless war."

The stipulations which he secured were in the highest degree favourable to his army and country; so favourable that they were promptly rejected by the Washington Government when the terms were made known to it by Gen. Sherman. The two armies were to remain *in statu quo* until notice of forty-eight hours should be given by either General to the other. This state of things to remain while the following proceedings should be had, if not objected to by either of their governments:

1. The Confederate armies to be disbanded, each officer and man engaging to abide the action of their State governments and

the Federal Government ; their arms and munitions to be left at the State capitals, and reported to Washington. 2. The existing State governments to be recognized, upon their officers taking the oath of fidelity to the United States. 3. The Federal courts to be reëstablished in the South, with all their original powers. 4. The people of the States to be guarantied their political rights and franchises, with rights of person and property. 5. The Federal Government not to disturb the people of the States for past acts of war, so long as they should remain in peace and quiet, and obey existing laws. 6. The war, in general, to cease ; a general amnesty to be proclaimed by the Federal executive, on condition of a disbandment and deposit of arms by the Confederate troops, and their return to peaceful pursuits.

These terms were rejected at Washington, and Gen. Grant was sent to North Carolina, where the same terms were proffered to Gen. Johnston that had been accorded to Gen. Lee ; and these he of course accepted. Here ceased the public life of this veteran soldier and master of war. We have so far let his acts portray his character, and have indulged in very few and brief commentaries upon them.

It has been well said that the great captain is the man who thoroughly understands his position, and the temper and character of his own troops ; who clearly perceives the qualities of the enemy, and capacity of the commander opposed to him ; who knows how to husband his own resources, and to destroy those of his enemy ; who accurately judges when to fight and when to retreat ; who is capable of discriminating between what is essential to insure eventual success, and what is of only factitious importance ; and who has the moral courage to forego a temporary blow, bringing only an evanescent advantage, for an ultimate, substantial, and permanent success.

In this sense, Gen. Johnston was a great commander. He cared nothing for positions whenever they had lost their value as places of safety and security for armies. When they became dangerous depositories of troops he could no longer tolerate the idea of holding them. When urged to hold Harper's Ferry rather than excite popular clamour by choosing a better position, he braved the outcry, to place his army on vantage-ground. He withdrew from Yorktown, much to the chagrin of the populace,

but far more to the regret and disappointment of Gen. McClellan. When the question arose between saving the position at Vicksburg and hazarding its great garrison, he ordered that the army should be saved. During the campaign before Atlanta, there was a popular desire, and an official clamour, for an advance; but the question again occurring between throwing away his army, and yielding a district of country, he again made the preservation of the former his cardinal thought. He has been accused of obstinacy; but this is a virtue of priceless value, when it sets out in the way of what is wise and right; it becomes a shocking fault and crime when it takes the direction of mistake and folly. It was characteristic of Johnston clearly to perceive what was proper to be done, and he did not know how to play courtier either to people or President. Against popular clamour, against executive favour, against all the considerations which ordinarily swerve men into concessions of principle to the ends of policy, he persistently, obstinately, nay, often indignantly, stood to his own just, wise, sterling, deep-rooted convictions. It is difficult to determine whether he possessed more of the qualities of Fabius, Marlborough, Washington, or Greene.

A recent popular writer has pointed out a strong military likeness between Joseph E. Johnston and George Washington. Each was remarkable, in the conduct of war, for the little value attached to military *positions* in comparison with the forces that defended them, and in this respect each showed the appreciation of a great commander. Each regarded masses and general results rather than isolated bodies and mere temporary effects, and in this breadth of view achieved the greatest success of their arms. For the great General sees but little advantage in picking off detached forces of the enemy, or in precipitating small bodies of men against each other, but rather seeks to husband his forces until the auspicious moment of attack arrives. When that moment did arrive Johnston had a supreme activity. He was a more vigorous fighter than Washington. Having attained certain positions, and accomplished certain results, he pressed forward against the vital point with a vigour and resolution that carried everything before them; and when his blood was up, he fought with matchless rapidity, and struck right and left with the blows of a giant.

There is a yet more remarkable parallel between Johnston and Washington in the perfect and sublime silence of each under the misrepresentations of the populace and the intrigues of partisans. It fell to the lot of each of these patriots to be misunderstood and accused in their times; to be most unjustly criticised, when explanations might have readily relieved them, but such explanations involved injurious disclosures to the enemy, and were inconsistent with the good of the public service. Silence in such circumstances is the most difficult and highest magnanimity. In 1776, when the public was violently misjudging Gen. Washington, and friends appeared to be falling from his side, Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, wrote to the noble and distressed commander: "I can easily form some idea of the difficulties under which you labour, particularly of one for which the public can make no allowance, because your prudence and fidelity to the cause will not suffer you to reveal it to the public—an instance of magnanimity superiour, perhaps, to any that can be shown in battle." So Gen. Johnston endured in silence misrepresentation and calumny that a few words spoken for self might have dispersed. He practised throughout the war a supreme reticence for the public good. When he was almost cruelly removed at Atlanta, after a campaign that, the afterthought of his countrymen now pronounces the most successful of his military life, he uttered not a word of public complaint. He made no unmanly appeals for sympathy to the soldiers who idolized him, nor to the friends who reposed the most implicit confidence in him. Thinking not of self, but of the salvation of his country, he called for his successor, who had been his own subordinate, explained fully to him the condition of things, the relative positions of the two armies, their strength, etc., and then unfolded to him what had been his own plans and intentions. Every effort was made to enable his successor to win those laurels which had been denied to him.

Not a few military critics have considered Johnston superiour to Lee in the highest qualities of generalship; and perhaps the best judgment of the enemy has designated his as the master military mind of the Confederacy.* He may have lacked Lee's

* A Northern historiographer of the war—Shanks—more candid than his class,

rotundity of character, its even development of qualities, but he had a wider vision, and perhaps a better military instinct or sagacity. Everything about him; his bearing, style of dress, and even his most careless attitudes, betokened the high-toned and spirited soldier who loves his profession. His person and deportment were severely military, and it was common for the soldiers to compare him to the game-cock, trimmed and spurred for the fight. His erect carriage, his florid complexion, his neatly-trimmed gray hair and closely-cut beard, divided into side-whiskers, moustache, and goatee, gave him a precise and vigorous appearance. He had a thorough knowledge of all arms, a bold and fertile conception, and a constitution of body which enabled him to bear up against fatigues which would have prostrated the strength of other men. In general intellect and scholarly accomplishments he was undoubtedly the superior of the five Generals in the Confederate army. In his reports is to be found some of the most vigorous English in the literature of the South. He wrote "*imperatoria brevitatē*."* His language was remarkably precise, and sometimes attained a degree of eloquence which showed that, in the turmoil of the camp, he was not unmindful of the graces of literature.

thus discourses of Johnston's Atlanta campaign and the qualities of the commander:

"A more laborious campaign than that of Atlanta was never undertaken, and it is difficult to say which soldier deserves the most credit for the movement—Sherman or Joe Johnston. The retreats of the latter were not less admirable than the flank marches of the former. Johnston showed as clean heels, as Sherman did a fully guarded front. His camps were left barren; Sherman found only smoking camp-fires, but no spoils were left behind him. It was looked upon by the officers of Sherman's army as the 'cleanest retreat of the war;' and it is very evident now that had Johnston remained in command, and been allowed to continue his Fabian policy, Sherman could never have made his march to the sea, and the capture of Atlanta would have been a Cadmean victory to him. Johnston proved himself a very superior soldier—in fact, the superior General of the Southern armies. If it could be said of any of the rebels, it could be said of Johnston, that, in fact, he was

"The noblest Roman of them all:
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did what they did in envy of great Cæsar.
 He only, in a generous, honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them."

* A remark of Tacitus on Piso's address to his troops.

It is remarkable that in proportion as the military men of the Confederacy were active and brilliant fighters in the war, they have given pacific and conservative counsels since its close. Those soldiers and officers who did most to uphold the Southern cause in arms, appear to be foremost to recommend prompt and cheerful acquiescence in the results of the issues which were decided on the field of battle. Thus Gen. Johnston, who, as many of his countrymen believe, will, when the whole history of the war comes to be fairly studied and written, prove to have been the ablest Confederate commander, writes, the date being August 17, 1865: "We of the South referred the question at issue between us and the United States to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision has been made, and it is against us. We must acquiesce in that decision, accept it as final, and recognize the fact that Virginia is again one of the United States. Our duties and our interests coincide. We shall consult the one and perform the other by doing all we can to promote the welfare of our neighbours and to restore prosperity to the country. We should at once commence the duties of peaceful citizens by entering upon some useful pursuit, qualifying ourselves to vote, if possible; and at the polls our votes should be cast for conservative men—men who understand and will maintain the interests of Virginia as one of the United States. This is the course which I have recommended to all those with whom I have conversed on the subject, and that which I have adopted for myself as far as practicable."

LIEUT.-GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

His early military services.—Affair of Blackburn's Ford.—Battle of Williamsburg.—Gallantry at Gaines' Mills.—Incident of march to Second Manassas.—Separate command in South Virginia.—Desperate fighting at Gettysburg.—*Sobriquet* of "The Bull-dog."—Decisive part in the battle of Chickamauga.—Quarrel with Gen. Bragg.—Campaign in East Tennessee.—Its errors.—A sharp correspondence with the Federal General Foster.—Gen. Longstreet rebuked by President Davis.—He is wounded in the Wilderness.—Military character and aptitude of the man.—Fraternal relations with Gen. Lee.—His personal appearance.

GEN. LONGSTREET was born in South Carolina, in 1820, and entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842. He was brevetted second-lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, and in March, 1845, he was transferred to the Eighth Regiment. He served with distinction in the Mexican war. After the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, he was brevetted captain, "for gallant and meritorious conduct," and was, three weeks after, brevetted major for "gallantry" at the battle of El Molino del Rey. He displayed great courage at the assault of Chapultepec, and was named in Gen. Scott's official report among those who had distinguished themselves on this brilliant and perilous occasion.

At the beginning of the war between the sundered sections of the Union, he was paymaster in the United States Army, with the rank of major; but he resigned his commission and was at once appointed Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. He made an early appearance in the history of the war; the first conspicuous action of his command being in the affair of Bull Run, which preceded the general battle of Manassas, and took

place on the 18th July, 1861, when Tyler, of the Federal army, attempted to force a passage of the stream. Here with only twelve hundred bayonets, afterwards reinforced by two regiments and some artillery, Longstreet held the enemy in check, until the engagement degenerated into one of artillery, in which there were but few casualties on either side. In his official report of the day Gen. Beauregard wrote: "Brig.-Gen. Longstreet, who commanded immediately the troops engaged at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th, equalled my confident expectations, and I may fitly say, that by his presence in the right place, at the right moment, among his men, by the exhibition of characteristic coolness, and by his words of encouragement to the men of his command, he infused a confidence and spirit that contributed largely to the success of our arms on that day."

In the subsequent battle of Manassas, Longstreet's brigade was not actively engaged, but remained making a demonstration at Blackburn's Ford to engross the enemy's reserves and forces. The plan of battle prepared by the Commanding General had contemplated a movement on the enemy's rear and front at Centreville, which would have engaged Longstreet; but the orders to this effect miscarried, and the battle was fought on the Confederate side, fortuitously, and as circumstances developed it.

In the Peninsular campaign Longstreet, who had been promoted Major-General, was intrusted with defending the rear of Johnston's army as it retreated towards Richmond. He fought the battle of Williamsburg, in which he not only secured Johnston's retreat, but won a brilliant victory. But little account was ever made in Southern newspapers of this victory, and yet it had some brilliant points. Longstreet engaged nine brigades of the Federal army, conquered two miles of ground, captured nine pieces of artillery, inflicted a loss upon the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, which McClellan himself officially counted as more than two thousand, and moved off the next day leaving the greater portion of Heintzelman's corps stunned behind him, and such a lesson to McClellan as to cause him to abandon the pursuit.

In the battles around Richmond, Longstreet fought brilliantly and effectively at Gaines' Mills and at Frazier's Farm. At the former place, commanded by Gen. Lee to make a diversion in fa-

vour of attacking columns on other parts of the field, he took the responsibility of changing the feint into an attack under disadvantages of position which he thus describes:—"In front of me, the enemy occupied the wooded slope of Turkey Hill, the crest of which is fifty or sixty feet higher than the plain over which my troops must pass to make an attack. The plain is about a quarter of a mile wide; the further side of it was occupied by sharpshooters. Above these, and on the slope of the hill, was a line of infantry behind trees, felled so as to form a good breastwork. The crest of the hill, some forty feet above the last line, was strengthened by rifle trenches, and occupied by infantry and artillery. In addition to this, the plain was enfiladed by batteries on the other side of the Chickahominy. *I was, in fact, in the position from which the enemy wished us to attack him.*" The attack was successful; and as Jackson came upon the ground about the same time, one of his divisions coming in on the left of Longstreet, it occupied the entire field, and drove the enemy in irretrievable rout. "No battle-field," wrote Gen. Longstreet, "could boast of more gallantry and devotion."

In the campaign of Northern Virginia Longstreet had a conspicuous part, and his march through Thoroughfare Gap to unite with Jackson on the plains of Manassas, was the critical event of that field, where Pope was overthrown, and the State of Virginia cleared of invading armies.

Of this march an incident is related indicative of the state of war. While Longstreet was hurrying forward to Jackson's relief, several brigades in advance, on different roads, were observed to halt, thereby stopping all further progress of the corps. Very angry at this, Longstreet trotted to the front, and was informed that a courier had brought orders from Gen. Lee to that effect! "From Gen. Lee?" said he, his eyes glowing with rage. "Where is that courier?" he asked. "There he goes now, General, galloping down the road." "Keep your eyes on him, overtake him, and bring him here." This was soon accomplished. "By whose orders did you halt my brigade?" asked the Brigadier in advance. "As I have already told you, by Gen. Lee's! I have orders for Longstreet, and must be off to the rear!" "Here is Longstreet," said that General, moving forward. "Where are your orders?" The spy was caught! He stammered, turned

pale, and his quivering lip condemned him. "Give this man ten minutes, and hang him! Let the columns push forward immediately." The order was obeyed, and the brigades in the rear passed the lifeless body of the man dangling from a tree by the roadside. He confessed before his death that he had been acting as a spy for the enemy for ten months.

After the battle of Fredericksburg we find Longstreet detached from Gen. Lee, and undertaking an important separate command in South Virginia. In February, 1863, he was made a Lieutenant-General, and took up his headquarters at Petersburg, to watch the south-side approaches to Richmond, and the movements of the enemy on the North Carolina coast. The campaign was a barren one. A demonstration was made upon Suffolk, but was abandoned after some desultory fighting; and Longstreet rejoined the Army of Northern Virginia on its ill-starred march into Pennsylvania.

His vigorous part in the battle of Gettysburg has already been related. Gen. Longstreet was opposed to this battle, foreboded the worst from an attack on the enemy in his strong and formidable position, and has since very freely criticised the dispositions of his commander-in-chief, especially on the third day when Gen. Lee made the last attempt on the enemy's centre with not more than fifteen thousand men. He thought that the army should have been more concentrated for this supreme effort, and that it should have been made with at least thirty thousand men. When Pickett's column was mangled and driven back there was some fear on the Confederate side that the enemy would advance and pursue the advantage; an apprehension, however, not shared by Longstreet, who appears to have been anxious for the counter-attack, and to have contemplated an opportunity to give the enemy a retaliatory blow. "I had," says he, "Hood and McLaws, who had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; I should have liked nothing better than to have been attacked, and have no doubt I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

Col. Fremantle, of the British service, who was a spectator of the battle of Gettysburg, and has given a vivid account of it, was near Longstreet at the moment when Pickett's troops retreated across the valley. Seated on the top of a fence, at the

edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm, the commander was accosted by Col. Fremantle, who said to him, in reference to the grand yet fearful scene before them, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything!" Longstreet replied, laughing, "The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed: look there!" The Confederates were slowly and sulkily returning towards his position in small broken parties, under a heavy fire of artillery. "I could now," says Fremantle, "thoroughly appreciate the term *bull-dog*, which I had heard applied to him by his soldiers. Difficulties seemed to make no other impression upon him than to make him a little more savage."

Some time after this battle, when the theatre of the war was pushed back to Virginia, Longstreet was transferred, with five brigades, to reinforce the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Bragg. In the battle of Chickamauga he commanded the left wing of the Confederates; and it was always claimed by his friends that he won the field for Bragg and made the decisive action of the day. While this claim is scarcely to be accepted to its full extent, it is undoubtedly true that Longstreet held his ground when the right wing of Polk gave way, and until it recovered to join in the general advance that swept the field and finally routed the enemy.

After the battle of Chickamauga a violent quarrel sprang up between Gens. Bragg and Longstreet, and the War Department at Richmond was burdened with a correspondence full of recriminations. It is not our part to determine the merits of this controversy; it involves questions of military rather than personal interest. It was stated by Gen. Longstreet that Chickamauga was one of the most complete victories of the war, but had not been "followed up." The day after the battle Gen. Bragg asked Longstreet's advice, which was promptly given: "that he should immediately strike Burnside a blow; or, if Burnside escaped, then to march on Rosecrans' communications in the rear of Nashville." Gen. Bragg was at first thought to be in favour of such a campaign. But the right wing had not marched more than eight or ten miles the next day before it was halted, and ordered to march towards Chattanooga, after giving the enemy two and a half days to strengthen the fortifications. Bragg's army remained in front

of the enemy's defences, with orders not to assault him. The only thing the Commanding General had well done, said Longstreet, was to order the attack on the 19th September; everything else had been wrong. He suggested that Gen. Lee might be sent there, while the Army of Northern Virginia remained on the defensive, to prosecute offensive measures against Rosecrans. Bragg's army, in short, was represented to be without organization or mobility, and the government was invoked to interpose speedily to save it from disaster.

It was probably this serious disconcert between Gens. Bragg and Longstreet, in which the Government was equally tender to both, and weakly equivocal, that prompted to some extent the unfortunate detachment of the latter commander for eccentric operations in East Tennessee, which accomplished nothing, deranged the whole Western campaign, and fatally weakened the mountain frontier of Georgia, where should have been the decisive trial of strength. Longstreet's expedition to Knoxville was a false and disastrous enterprise. Failing to take the town by assault, and too weak to risk the operations of siege on account of obvious and rapid reinforcements of the enemy, Longstreet had no other recourse than to retreat into Northeastern Tennessee, and shut himself up for the whole winter in a wild and difficult country, where his command was completely isolated, and as useless to the Confederacy as if it had not existed. There was a large number of barefooted men in his command, and their sufferings may be imagined in the depths of winter, when the weather was extremely cold, and the mountains covered with snow.

While his little army was thus contained in the mountains of East Tennessee, the Federal authorities contrived to get into circulation a great number of handbills, for the purpose of inducing the distressed soldiers to desert. Gen. Longstreet wrote a very handsome letter to Gen. Foster, who had command of the Federal forces in that section, to the effect that it would be more in accordance with the rules of propriety and custom for the Federal Government to communicate any views it entertained through him, instead of throwing handbills among the soldiers. To this very respectful and dignified letter Gen. Foster returned a reply replete with insult and jest. In answer, Gen. Longstreet

said: "You cannot pretend to have answered my letter in the spirit of frankness due to a soldier, and yet it is hard to believe that an officer commanding an army of veteran soldiers, on whose shoulders rest in no small degree the destiny of empires, could so far forget the height of this great argument of arms, and so betray the dignity of his high station, as to fall into a contest of jests and jibes. I have read your order announcing the favourable terms on which deserters will be received. Step by step you have gone on in violation of the laws of honourable warfare. Our farms have been destroyed, our women and children have been robbed, and our homes have been pillaged and burned. You have laid your plans, and worked diligently to produce wholesale murder by servile insurrection. And now, the most ignoble of all, you propose to degrade the human race by inducing soldiers to dishonour and forswear themselves. Soldiers who have met you on so many honourable fields, who have breasted the storm of battle in defense of their honour, their families, and their homes, for three long years, have a right to expect more honour, even in their adversaries."

These severe but entirely just words might have occasioned a sense of shame in a manly breast; but they were decidedly thrown away on Foster, who was one of those Federal commanders who illustrated the extreme Northern school of abolition, and whose consciences were never disturbed by any expedient, no matter how violent or dishonourable, in the prosecution of the war.

The failure of the assault on Knoxville was ascribed by Gen. Longstreet to certain delays on the part of Maj.-Gen. McLaws in making the attack, and was the occasion of an unpleasant quarrel in which it must be confessed Gen. Longstreet showed evidence of undue temper. The charges against McLaws were not sustained. On the papers in this case, which created great scandal in the army, President Davis indorsed: "Gen. Longstreet has seriously offended against good order and military discipline in rearresting an officer (Gen. McLaws) who had been released by the War Department, without any new offence having been alleged." The rebuke was a severe one, and it was thought about this time that Gen. Longstreet had shown such unfortunate evidences of temper that it would be advisable to

relieve him. He himself had asked to be relieved, and had expressed impatience that he should be held subject to the orders of Gen. Johnston, who had now taken command of the army of Tennessee, and whose headquarters were certainly at an inconvenient distance from the district which Longstreet had eccentrically invaded, and where he was practically isolated, so far as reinforcements were concerned. Happily, however, the restoration of railroad communications with Virginia, in the early months of 1864, called him to a new and urgent field, and he was enabled to rejoin his old commander, Gen. Lee, in season for the great campaign of that year, which decided the long-veiled fate of Richmond.

A statement has already been made in another part of this work of the wounding of Gen. Longstreet, by the misdirected fire of his own men, in the second day's fight of the Wilderness, just at the time he was organizing a general attack on the enemy's works. It was a most untimely accident. Gen. Longstreet was always persuaded that he would have inflicted a decisive blow—in his own words, have “had another Bull Run on the enemy”—but for the fall from his wound, and the consequent delay and miscarriage of his plan, which contemplated, while he attacked in front, a movement on the Brock road to cut off the enemy. The fire which wounded him was from the flanking party, which mistook the cavalcade of the commander for a body of Federal cavalry. Gen. Longstreet was near enough the men to shout to them to cease firing. He was shot through the neck and shoulder.

His wound, though not dangerous, was very severe, kept him from the field nearly six months, and produced a paralysis of the nerves of his right arm. About the close of October, 1864, he resumed command of his corps, having “marked with pride and pleasure the success which had attended their heroic efforts.” In the last days of Richmond, his command was generally on the north side of the James; but he crossed to Petersburg in time to take part in the last battle there, checking the enemy by a timely reinforcement, and enabling Gen. Lee to hold an interior line closely covering the town. He joined in the final retreat, and was included in the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

This brief record of Gen. Longstreet's experience of the war

is yet not so brief or general as to be without indications of the military character and aptitude of the man. His only trials of separate commands—the expedition against Suffolk and that against Knoxville, had poor results; and his reputation was so entirely that of the subordinate, so overshadowed by Lee's great name, that he may be said to have made but little separate conspicuous figure in the war. But as Lee's lieutenant he was trusted, faithful, diligent, a hardy campaigner, a fierce obstinate fighter, an officer who devoted his whole mind to the war, and, indeed, seldom gave excursion to his thoughts beyond the vocation of arms. He had great and peculiar control over his men, from a habit of plain, practical advice, which made his general orders very unique, and distinguished them from the tawdry, rhetorical displays too common in the war. Instead of attempting fine writing, he gave his men practical hints about the use of arms and modes of attack, and appealed to the common sense of the soldier. On the eve of the battles around Richmond, he wrote in general orders to his troops: "Remember, though the fiery noise of the battle is indeed most terrifying, and seems to threaten universal ruin, it is not so destructive as it seems, and few soldiers after all are slain. This the Commanding General desires particularly to impress upon the fresh and unexperienced troops who now constitute a part of this command. Let officers and men, even under the most formidable fire, preserve a quiet demeanour and self-possessed temper. Keep cool, obey orders, and aim low. Remember, while you are doing this, and driving the enemy before you, your comrades may be relied on to support you on either side, and are in turn relying upon you. Stand well to your duty."

In making the assault on the enemy's fort at Knoxville, he sought to impress his officers and men with "the importance of making a rush when they once start to take such a position. If the troops, once started, rush forward till the point is carried, the loss will be trifling; whereas, if they hesitate, the enemy gets courage, or, being behind a comparatively sheltered position, will fight the harder. Beside, if the assaulting party once loses courage and falters, he will not find courage, probably, to make a renewed effort. The men should be cautioned before they start at

such work, and told what they are to do, and the importance and great safety of doing it with a rush."

Gen. Longstreet had a genuine and inimitable *sang-froid* in battle. It did as much to encourage his men as many passionate displays of fervour, and was especially effective in keeping them steady in the most desperate circumstances.

* The personal appearance of Gen. Longstreet was not engaging. It was decidedly sombre; his bluish-grey eye was intelligent, but cold; a very heavy brown beard was allowed to grow untrimmed; he seldom spoke unnecessarily; his weather-stained clothes, splashed boots, and heavy black felt hat gave a certain fierceness of aspect to the man. His temper was high and combative, and he was quick to imagine slights to his importance. But his relations with Gen. Lee, who seems to have been most felicitous in accommodating the peculiarities of all his lieutenants, were not only pleasant and cordial, but affectionate to an almost brotherly degree; an example of beautiful friendship in the war that was frequently remarked by the public.

Since the war Gen. Longstreet has engaged in commercial pursuits in New Orleans. The name of the firm is "Longstreet, Owens & Co."

LIEUT.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Unique figure of Stuart in the war.—His first cavalry command in the Valley of Virginia.—Adventure with Capt. Perkins.—Complimented by Gen. Johnston.—The action of Dranesville.—“The Ride around McClellan.”—Adventure at Verdierville.—Capture of Gen. Pope’s coat and papers.—Expedition into Pennsylvania.—At Fredericksburg.—At Chancellorsville.—His characteristic intercourse with Stonewall Jackson.—Splendid review at Brandy Station.—The scene changed into bloodiest battle.—Gen. Stuart’s serious omission in the Gettysburg campaign.—Adventure in the flanking movement in North Virginia.—Hairbreadth escapes of the commander.—He is shot down at Yellow Tavern.—His last moments.—Criticism of his military character.

PERHAPS the best-remembered figure of the war in Virginia from its uniqueness and brilliancy was that of Stuart and his brave troopers scouring the country; making magnificent surprises of the enemy, always startling the public with sudden apparitions, and bounding the most distant parts of the chief theatre of war with a luminous track of romance and adventure. Nearly everybody in Northern Virginia had at some time or other seen the commander, and obtained the impression of a face and figure not easily forgotten. The drooping hat, caught up with a star and decorated with an ebon plume; the tall cavalry boots decked with golden spurs; the “fighting jacket;” the magnificent charger, mud-splashed from head to foot, were all familiar objects—the popular marks of the famous cavalier. He had a face to be remembered. Beneath a lofty forehead were brilliant blue eyes, which, when lighted up, were piercing and full of deep expression. A heavy beard covered the lower part of his face; a huge moustache gave some fierceness to the expression, but curled at the least provocation with contagious laughter; a

ruddy complexion and dancing eyes told of high health and the exuberant vitality of the man. He had a gay careless manner which greeted with indifference "the thunder or the sunshine." Full of ready jest; always in for a frolic; fond of practical jokes; attended in camp by the thrum of the banjo; often waking up the little country towns on his march for impromptu balls and merry-makings; as ready for an opossum-hunt as for a battle; with all sorts of odds and ends in his train, including a French cook, Sweeny, jr., of the banjo, and a Prussian adjutant; the idol of the country belles who "followed his feather," and among whom he distributed complimentary commissions as his "lieutenants," there was an appearance of lightness in the young man, not yet turned his thirtieth year; and in the midst of so much of what we must call downright frivolity, one would have scarcely recognized the cavalry commander who filled the whole country with the fame of his sword and was the eyes and ears of Gen. Lee's army. It is a unique figure and character, in which we introduce one of the most brilliant and exceptional men of the war.

James E. B. Stuart was born in Patrick County, Virginia; graduated at West Point in 1854; and saw his first active military service in the wilds of New Mexico, where he had abundant opportunity of indulging his inclination in riding and fighting; and no doubt got much of the roving, dashing, adventurous habit apparent in his future career. In the John Brown affair at Harper's Ferry, he was acting as Lee's aide, and it was his sword that brought the outlaw to the ground. On accepting the service of the Confederate States, in the war of which John Brown was messenger and prophet, Stuart was sent with the rank of lieutenant-colonel to command a small body of cavalry in the valley of Virginia, then within the department of Gen. J. E. Johnston. In this campaign, in which Johnston foiled Patterson and succeeded in transferring his army to Manassas, Stuart did most important service, watching the enemy with lynx-eyed vigilance, moving to and fro on his front, picketing the Potomac from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghanies, and hanging on his march as he advanced towards Winchester. On one occasion he surprised a whole company of Patterson's green soldiers in rather amusing circumstances. With a handful of horsemen he came upon a company of skirmishers gathered in about a

farm-house, the tired volunteers having stacked their arms in the fence corners, and betaken themselves to drinking milk and other pleasant and nonchalant occupations. Stuart rode boldly up to the house, exciting such little suspicion, that a civil soldier, having no idea of an enemy in the vicinity, and supposing that he was obliging a Federal officer, jumped forward and let down the bars that admitted the horsemen into the yard. The next moment there was a yell, a flourish of drawn pistols, and the astonished milk-drinking skirmishers found themselves prisoners of war, and were carried off in sight of the main army.

At another time a Capt. Perkins, of Patterson's army, commanding a battery of light artillery, was riding carelessly about half a mile in advance of his battery. He was suddenly accosted by three officers, one of whom exclaimed in a familiar voice and manner: "Hallo, Perk, I'm glad to see you; what are you doing here?" The captain, recognizing in the speaker his old West Point chum, J. E. B. Stuart, returned the salute heartily, recalling his college sobriquet: "Why, Beauty, how are you? I didn't know you were with us." "Nor did I know you were on our side," replied Stuart. "What command have you?"

"There's my command coming over the hill," replied Perkins, pointing complacently to the well-equipped battery that was approaching with Federal colours displayed. "Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Stuart, wheeling suddenly and plunging into the forest. "Good-bye, Perk."

The adventurous Confederate might have taken another prisoner here, as there were two aides with him, and Perkins was alone; but it had been a mutual mistake, and Stuart, in his generous and high humour, forbore to take advantage of an old comrade's inadvertency.

After the battle of Manassas, in which he was mentioned by Gen. Beauregard for "enterprise and ability," Stuart was made a Brigadier-General, and did hard work on the Fairfax line. He continued in Northern Virginia under Gen. Johnston, who had remarked him in the Valley campaign, and then designated him as "the indefatigable Stuart." Such, indeed, was the confidence he secured that when, at a much later period of the war, Gen. Johnston was transferred from Virginia to the Department of the West, the distinguished commander was induced to exclaim:

“How can I eat, or sleep, or rest in peace, without Stuart on the outpost!” But by this time Stuart, ascending in reputation, had obtained a division, then a corps, and was indispensable in the great campaigns of Lee, whose right-hand man he became.

In December, 1861, while on the lines of the Potomac, Stuart met with a serious disaster in an affair called by exaggeration the battle of Dranesville, where the Federals gained their first success since Rich Mountain. He had set out with a large foraging force of about 2,500 men, escorting nearly 300 wagons. He was successful in securing forage, and about midday of the 20th December, arrived near Dranesville. On the same day, a foraging force of the enemy had marched to the same neighbourhood. It consisted of Gen. Ord's brigade—four full regiments of “Bucktail rifles,” and some artillery—in all, at least 3,500 men. A rocket shot up by the enemy gave to the Confederates the first intimation of their presence. They were deployed in heavy clouds of skirmishers in the woods. To give his wagon-train time to retreat in safety, Gen. Stuart instantly prepared for battle. He was taken at disadvantage; the enemy, in superior force, occupied a strong position, and was sheltered by the woods; the Confederate artillery could gain no position except by advancing right up the road. The consequence was that Stuart's command was thrown into disorder; and after an irregular fight, he ordered a retreat, having, however, saved his wagon-train, and the enemy making no attempt to pursue him. His loss in killed and wounded was about 200 men.

The adventure which gave Stuart his first instalment of brilliant reputation was his famous “ride around McClellan,” on the Richmond lines. He had already done excellent service in the preceding campaigns, operating in front of the enemy towards Arlington Heights, and covering the rear of Johnston's army when it fell back from Centreville. He had now become the chief cavalry leader of the war. On the 13th, 14th, and 15th June, 1861, with portions of the First, Fourth, and Ninth Virginia cavalry, a part of the Jeff Davis Legion, with whom were the Boykin Rangers and a section of the Stuart horse artillery, the daring commander made a reconnoissance between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers, and succeeded in passing around the rear of the whole of the Federal army, routing the

enemy in a series of skirmishes, taking a number of prisoners, and destroying and capturing stores to a large amount. He lost but one man on the perilous circuit. On his return he came upon the Chickahominy below all the bridges, and where deep water flowed. He found it impossible to cross his command. It was a desperate suspense. The enemy had blocked up all the main roads, and had thousands scouring the country, eager to entrap the daring cavalier. He was but two miles from McClellan's headquarters. In the darkness of night cavalryman after cavalryman essayed to swim the river. Not more than fifty succeeded in getting over, and as they stood on the opposite bank, a strange but friendly voice whispered in the dark: "The old bridge is a few yards higher up; it can be mended." The men on the other side caught at the new hope, and soon found the wrecked bridge. It was severe work; tree after tree was felled; earth, and twigs, and branches were carried and piled up on the main props; old logs were rolled and patched across the stream; and after long and weary labour the bridge was built, and the silent procession of cavalry, artillery, prisoners, and spoils, safely and quietly passed on the frail, impromptu support, scarcely any sounds being heard but the rush of waters beneath. Once across, and as the rising sun crimsoned the tree tops, the command, seeking the shade of the woods, plunged through the last lines of the enemy, dashed into the open ground, and, speeding along the Charles City road, were soon in sight of the Confederate pickets.

The audacity of this enterprise delighted the people of Richmond, and they were especially pleased with the annoyance it caused the enemy. It was said that McClellan had got "his rear well spanked," and that the castigation was a proper prelude to his more severe punishment in the coming battle. There is no doubt the expedition was designed by Gen. Lee to discover all the positions of McClellan preparatory to the decisive battle, and that the information it obtained was more important than the *éclat* reckoned by the popular applause.

In referring some time afterwards to the perils of the expedition, especially when it confronted the swollen waters of the Chickahominy, fifteen feet deep, with an aroused enemy in the rear, one of Stuart's officers said: "It was a tight place, General. I expected the column to be attacked at any moment, and we

might have been destroyed without the possibility of retreat!" "One thing was left," replied Stuart. "What?" "To die game!"

After the battles of Richmond, when Jackson was about to make his famous advance on Manassas, Stuart was required to place his cavalry on his flanks. Leaving his pleasant headquarters in the grassy yard of the old Hanover Court-House, he hastened to put his column in motion for the head-waters of the Rappahannock. On Jackson's march to Manassas, Stuart was on the right of the Confederate column, with a cordon of pickets, and a network of scouting parties, scouring the whole region. To penetrate his chain of vedettes in any important movement was next to impossible, a task which the enemy often attempted without effect.

But Gen. Stuart was not as careful of his personal safety as he might and should have been, and in this respect he was constantly running the narrowest risks. One of these personal adventures happened on this expedition, and he barely escaped with his life. Attended by only a portion of his staff, he had ridden to Verdierville, a small settlement on the road from Orange Court-House to Chancellorsville, where he expected to be joined by Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry. Awaiting this portion of his command Gen. Stuart, attended by his few companions, passed the night in the village, the commander sleeping in the porch of one of the houses. About this time the country was very much infested by prowling detachments of Federal cavalry. In the early morning, Stuart, who had just awakened from his sleep, descried a body of cavalry coming up the road. He supposed it to be the head of Fitzhugh Lee's column, but, not without momentary uneasiness, he called to Capt. Mosby (afterwards so famous as a partisan, and who kept some of the upper counties of Virginia so clear of the enemy that they were designated "Mosby's Confederacy") to observe the approaching horsemen. Mosby had just walked to the gate of the inclosure, when a volley of bullets whistled over his head, and gave all the information that was desired. By the time the cavalrymen had galloped to the fence a few swift steps had brought Stuart to the side of his favourite mare "Skylark," grazing in the yard, and, seizing the halter, without bridle or saddle, on the bare back of

the horse, he leaped the inclosure, cleared the open ground under a shower of bullets, and, digging the spurs into the sides of the noble animal, shot towards the forest with the speed of an arrow, and was soon lost in the cover of the woods. He left behind him, on the porch where he had rested, the cape of his overcoat; and, lying near it, a brown hat, looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a floating black feather, was evidence to the Federal cavalymen of the strange and noble game that had escaped them.

Just one week after this adventure, when Pope was hastily retiring before Lee's column, Gen. Stuart made an expedition to the enemy's rear, and struck the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Catlett's Station. It was a complete surprise of the enemy in a dark and stormy night. Without light enough to see their hands before them, the attacking column plunged forward at full speed through ditches and ravines, overrunning the enemy's baggage train, burning his wagons, and creating an indescribable confusion. As chance would have it, Stuart came upon Pope's headquarters just in time to find that that General had fled from the scene, in such hurry and disorder, however, as to leave his plans and papers, and among other things, his uniform coat, which Stuart at once seized in restitution for the cape and hat he had lost at Verdiersville. It was more than a fair equivalent for the adventure at the latter place. The captured papers were sent to Lee, and the coat reserved for exhibition in Richmond as a trophy of the raid. It was placed in a shop-window there, with a label attached to it, on which Stuart wrote: "Taken from the man who said he never expected to see anything but the backs of rebels."

After the exhausting campaign of the summer of 1862, terminating on the field of Sharpsburg, both armies rested for a brief period. Gen. Stuart had inaugurated a policy of raids in these intervals between the great contestants; and as it was advisable to beat up the quarters of the enemy, he was sent in October, with 1,800 men, and four pieces of artillery, to essay a second ride around McClellan. At daylight on the 10th October he crossed the Potomac, between Williamsport and Hancock, proceeded by a rapid march to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, which he reached at dark on the same day, captured the place

and destroyed the machine shops and railroad buildings, containing large numbers of arms and other public stores. From Chambersburg Gen. Stuart decided, after mature consideration, to strike for the vicinity of Leesburg, as the best route of return, particularly as the enemy's presence would have rendered the direction of Cumberland, full of mountain gorges, exceedingly hazardous. The route selected was through an open country. Of course the wily commander left nothing undone to prevent the inhabitants from detecting his real route and object. He started directly towards Gettysburg, but, having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown for six or eight miles, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburg, where, as his troopers passed, they were hailed by the inhabitants with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy.

Taking the route towards Frederick, Gen. Stuart intercepted some dispatches directed to Washington, which satisfied him that his whereabouts was still a problem to the enemy. He now took the bold resolution of passing entirely around the Federal army, and cutting his way through to the ford near Leesburg. Moving with the utmost rapidity, he reached Hyattstown, below Frederick, at daylight on the morning of the 12th, and pushing on towards Poolesville, found that the road in that direction was barred by Gen. Stoneman with about 5,000 troops, and that railroad trains were standing ready, with steam up, and loaded with infantry, to move instantly to the point where he attempted to cross. Making a circuit through the woods, and guarding well his flanks and rear, Stuart avoided the town, and, pushing boldly forward, met the head of the enemy's force going towards Poolesville, at a point near White's ford. Quick as thought, Stuart's sharpshooters sprang to the ground, while the charging cavalry cut through the enemy's lines; and with Pelham's guns on a high crest screening the movement, Stuart made a bold and rapid stroke for the ford. The passage of the river was effected with all the precision of passing a defile on drill. All the results of the expedition were accomplished, without the loss of a single man killed. The march, in respect of rapidity, is perhaps without a parallel in the record of the war. The distance from Chambersburg to Leesburg, ninety miles, was accomplished with only one hour's halt, in thirty-six hours, including a forced pas-

sage of the Potomac. In his official narration of his success, Gen. Stuart wrote: "We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States. The valuable information obtained in this reconnoissance, as to the distribution of the enemy's force, was communicated orally to the Commanding General, and need not be here repeated. A number of public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captive and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens, whom the enemy had torn from their homes, and confined in dungeons in the North. The results of this expedition, in a moral and political point of view, can hardly be estimated, and the consternation among property-holders in Pennsylvania was beyond description. * * * * Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honour, and the glory."

In the battle of Fredericksburg, Stuart's command was more conspicuous than it had ever before been on a single field. Acting in conjunction with Jackson, his horse artillery was called into play; and it was at one time designed by Gen. Jackson, strengthened by this rapid and effective arm in his front, to make a final attempt to dislodge the enemy into the river. About the close of the day, when one of Gen. Lee's aides rode up to ascertain how things were going on in this direction, Stuart replied: "Tell Gen. Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have; and I am going to crowd them with artillery." The attack designed by Jackson was not made; but Stuart did not retire his guns until dark, when no response could be elicited from the enemy's artillery, and the Confederates remained masters of the bloody field.*

* Fredericksburg was the ghastliest field of the war. One of Stuart's staff, who traversed the ground with the burial parties, has given a picture of it that has not been excelled in its vivid realization of the horrors of war. The reader, accustomed to brilliant views of war, interwoven with noble and chivalric deeds, will pause here to lift the embroidery and see what it covers:

"On a space of ground not over two acres we counted 680 dead bodies; and more than 1,200 altogether were found on the small plain between the heights and Fredericksburg, those nearest the town having mostly been killed by our artillery, which had played with dreadful effect upon the enemy's dense columns. More than one-half of these dead had belonged to Meagher's brave Irish brigade, which

In the battle of Chancellorsville, Stuart coöperated again with Jackson, his active horsemen concealing the flank movement on the enemy. When Jackson was shot down in the Wilderness, and A. P. Hill wounded about the same time, the command of the corps devolved upon Rodes, as the senior division commander upon the field; but he modestly concurred that Maj.-Gen. Stuart should be sent for, and requested to assume the direction of affairs until the pleasure of Gen. Lee should be known. When Gen. Jackson, wounded and removed from the field, heard that Stuart had taken command, he said: "Tell him to act upon his own judgment, and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him." The next day Stuart fought over the ground won by Jackson, extending his line so as to approximate the Confederate troops on the south-east of Chancellorsville, and hurling the infantry impetuously against the enemy. An eye-witness of the attack says that he "could not get rid of the idea that Henry of Navarre had come back, except that Stuart's 'plume' was black! Everywhere, like Navarre, he was in front, and the men

was nearly annihilated during the several attacks. A number of the houses which we entered presented a horrid spectacle—dead and wounded intermingled in thick masses. The latter, in a deplorable state from want of food and care, were cursing their own cause, friends, and commander-in-chief, for the sufferings they endured. As we walked slowly along, Capt. Phillips suddenly pressed my arm, and, pointing to the body of a soldier whose head was so frightfully wounded that part of the brain was protruding, broke out with, "Great God, that man is still living!" And so he was. Hearing our steps the unfortunate sufferer opened his glassy eyes and looked at us with so pitiable an expression that I could not for long after recall it without shuddering. A surgeon being close at hand, was at once called to the spot to render what assistance was yet possible; but he pronounced the man in a dying condition, and observed that it was totally opposed to all medical experience, and could only be considered in the light of a miracle, that a human being with such a wound should have lived through nearly sixty hours of exposure and starvation."

* * * * *

"I was painfully shocked at the inevitably rough manner in which the Yankee soldiers treated the dead bodies of their comrades. Not far from Marye's Heights existed a hole of considerable dimensions, which had once been an ice-house; and in order to spare time and labour, this had been selected by the Federal officers to serve as a large common grave, not less than 800 of their men being buried in it. The bodies of these poor fellows, stripped nearly naked, were gathered in huge mounds around the pit, and tumbled neck and heels into it; the dull 'thud' of corpse falling on corpse coming up from the depths of the hole until the solid mass of human flesh reached near the surface, when a covering of logs, chalk, and mud, closed the mouth of this vast and awful tomb."

'followed the feather.' At the risk, however, of spoiling this romantic picture, and passing from the sublime to what some persons may call the ridiculous, an additional fact may be stated, namely: That Gen. Stuart, attacking with Jackson's veteran corps, and carrying line after line of works, moved at the head of his men, singing 'Old Joe Hooker, will you come out of the Wilderness.'"

When Stuart heard of Jackson's death tears gushed into his eyes. The friendship of these two commanders, so contrasted in the meditative air of the one, his serious, diffident temper in society, and the gay *insouciant* manner of the other, had been contracted in the first periods of the war, dated from the early campaigns of the Valley, and remained warm and constant to the last. It is said that Stuart was the only one of Jackson's companions in arms who ever ventured to joke the austere commander, and that Jackson, although reddening and confused at approaches of familiarity, and inapt to take a joke, always bore Stuart's facetious and high spirits in good part, and sometimes laughed, without restraint, at his own expense. One of Stuart's staff-officers, Col. Heros von Borecke, a Prussian, relates that in attempting the English language to convey a compliment to Gen. Jackson, while intending to say, "It warms my heart when he talks to me," he had employed the expression, "It makes my heart burn," etc. Stuart, while calling upon Jackson with a number of visitors, rendered the compliment by making the Prussian chevalier say most absurdly that "it gave him the *heartburn* to hear Jackson talk," and set the whole company into a roar of laughter. Dr. Dabney, the biographer of Jackson, referring to a period when the army was in winter quarters, after the battle of Fredericksburg, says: "While Stuart poured out his 'quips and cranks,' not seldom at Jackson's expense, the latter sat by, sometimes unprepared with any repartee, sometimes blushing, but always enjoying the jest with a quiet and sunny laugh. The ornaments which the former proprietor of Moss Neck had left upon the walls of the General's quarters gave Stuart many a topic for badinage. Affecting to believe that they were of Gen. Jackson's selection, he pointed now to the portrait of some famous racer, and now to the print of some dog celebrated for his hunting feats, as queer revelations of the private

tastes of the great Presbyterian. It was in the midst of such a scene as this, one day, that dinner was announced, and the two Generals passed to the mess-table. It so happened that Jackson had just received, as a present from a patriotic lady, some butter, upon the adornment of which the fair donor had exhausted her housewife's skill, and that the print impressed upon its surface was a gallant cock. The servants, in honour of Gen. Stuart's presence, had chosen this to grace the centre of the board. As his eye fell upon it, he paused, and with mock gravity pointed to it, saying, 'See there, gentlemen! If there is not the crowning evidence of our host's sporting tastes. He even puts his favourite game-cock upon his butter!' The dinner of course began with inextinguishable laughter, in which Gen. Jackson joined with as much enjoyment as any."

When Gen. Lee prepared for the Pennsylvania campaign, in the summer of 1863, all parts of his army were thoroughly re-organized, including the cavalry. This arm had been strengthened by several brigades from the South, and was now formed into a separate corps of three divisions, commanded by Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and William H. F. Lee, the last a son of the Commander-in-chief; Stuart taking rank as Lieutenant-General, and commanding the corps, constituting the largest and most brilliant body of horsemen that had yet been assembled on the Confederate side at any time of the war. It numbered more than twelve thousand sabres, and the famous horse-artillery had been increased to twenty-four guns. When this force was reviewed, and appeared drawn out in line a mile and a half long, in the open plain near Brandy Station, it was a magnificent spectacle; and the thousands of people who attended it looked with pride upon the glittering array that marched gaily through fields of sweet clover in the warm sun and balmy air of the month of June. The brilliant and romantic effect of this review well suited Stuart's temper, his love of display, and his fondness of female admiration. He was this day in his glory. Numerous visitors had been invited from Richmond; special cars with the battle-flag floating from the locomotive bore the official and distinguished persons who had agreed to honour the occasion with their presence; the general trains on the railroad brought in crowds of guests who were forwarded to their destinations in

ambulances and wagons prepared for the purpose; the little village of Culpeper Court-House was thronged with ladies from the neighbourhood, and, from the porches and verandas of the houses, flowers were showered down upon groups of officers who traversed the streets. The review took place in open and picturesque ground. Gen. Stuart took his position on a slight eminence, whither many hundreds of ladies had gathered, and on a splendid charger, decked with bouquets, reviewed the whole corps as it passed in squadrons. Then came a sham charge by regiments, the artillery advancing at the same time at a gallop, and opening a rapid fire upon an imaginary enemy. The joyous and garish day wound up with a ball; and gay companies, that could not be elsewhere accommodated, danced in the open air on the turf, by the light of wood fires, and completed the animation of the scene.

Little thought was there then that in a few days this scene was to be reversed and changed into bloodiest battle, and that numbers of those who had gaily attended the review were to be stretched cold and lifeless on the same ground!

While Gen. Hooker, in command of the Federal army in front of Fredericksburg, was bewildered as to the main movement of Lee, he determined to send his whole cavalry corps (15,000 sabres) to break up Stuart's camp at Culpeper Court-House, and to discover, if possible, the intent of his adversary in the disposition of his forces. In the dawn of the 9th June, the alarm was given that the enemy was crossing at Beverley's Ford; and before Stuart, surprised, could get his forces well in hand, a dense mass of Federal horsemen had driven Jones' brigade a couple of miles. No sooner had he checked the enemy in this direction, by bringing up the brigades of William Lee and Wade Hampton, than he found his rear attacked by two brigades of the enemy which, crossing at Kelley's Ford, had taken a circuitous route along an unguarded bridle-path, and, advancing to Brandy Station, had taken possession of the plateau where the Confederate headquarters had been. Here a determined combat ensued, in which, for the first time in the war, on any considerable scale, cavalry fought in legitimate cavalry style. The men no longer dismounted and used their carbines; it was a fight with sabres, boot to boot. A few moments were sufficient to decide a contest

so close. As the scene of the short *mêlée* cleared, the ground was seen covered with dead and wounded; a Federal battery, every horse of which had been killed, stood abandoned; and far away a confused mass of fugitives hurried towards the river, with the shells of vengeful artillery bursting over their heads. The success of Stuart was four hundred prisoners, and three pieces of artillery. It was, we repeat, the only legitimate combat of cavalry in the war, on the scale of a battle, and in the novel trial Stuart, although much to blame for the surprise he suffered, and the disadvantage at which he was taken, bore off the palm.

We have already stated in the narrative of Gettysburg the serious omission of Gen. Stuart in that campaign, in which in fact his whole magnificent force of cavalry was neutralized by the interposition between it and Gen. Lee of the enemy's main army. When Stuart, unable to impede the enemy's passage of the Potomac, deflected eastward and crossed the river at Seneca, it was to move from his proper place on the enemy's left to watch his movements, and to take a position where it was necessary to make a circuit of the entire Federal army to rejoin Gen. Lee. These circuits had been occasions of great newspaper sensations; they were admirable enough as independent movements; but in this instance, while Stuart was performing his accustomed feat, Gen. Lee was left without information of the enemy and was surprised by the battle of Gettysburg. The sensation of the circuit was prodigious after the fashion of raids. Great consternation was occasioned; Stuart's troopers were known to have approached within twenty-five miles of Washington; the Washington and Baltimore Railroad was broken up, and for a few hours the Federal capital was isolated, not only from the army on which it depended for defence, but from communication with the North; stragglers and supply trains were captured; and thus the march around the Federal army was made, Stuart reaching Carlisle on 2d July, not until the battle of Gettysburg had been opened, and the benefit of his information of the enemy's movements had been wholly lost to Gen. Lee. He had played only a brilliant episode when he should have performed a necessary and constituent part of the drama.

The last of Stuart's peculiar adventures in running the gauntlet of the enemy occurred in the campaign of manœuvres which

terminated the third year of the war in Virginia. When in October of that year Gen. Lee made a flank movement, by which he hoped to get a position between the enemy and Washington, and force him to deliver battle, General Stuart took two brigades and several batteries and set out for Catlett's Station, to harass the enemy's flank and rear. Having passed Auburn, he at once discovered that he was between the advancing columns of the enemy. Enormous lines of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and baggage wagons were passing on both sides of him, and to have attacked them would have resulted in heavy loss. Nothing was left for Stuart but to conceal his force in the pine thickets; and orders were accordingly issued that no sound should be uttered throughout the command. He was completely hemmed in; and the heavy tramp of the enemy's infantry and the rumble of his artillery sounded plainly in the ears of the concealed soldiers. The accidental report of a fire-arm would have disclosed their position, and, in view of the overwhelming force of the enemy, nothing awaited them but destruction or surrender. The latter was not to be thought of. Three scouts were disguised in the Federal uniform, and instructed to cross the enemy's line of march, report the situation to Gen. Lee, and request him to attack the enemy's left flank at the next daybreak, when Stuart, breaking cover, would attack in the opposite direction, and complete the confusion. The adventure succeeded. At dawn Rodes opened on the enemy as suggested; and Stuart, hurling the thunders of his artillery from an opposite direction, in the very pitch of the confusion, limbered up his guns, and dashed with cavalry and artillery through the hostile ranks, giving them a complete surprise, and inflicting upon them a loss of several hundred in killed and wounded.

Having proceeded to Manassas and thence to Gainesville, Stuart, with a portion of his command, was falling back from the latter place, when Gen. Kilpatrick came down from Bull Run, determined, as he said, to make short work of "the rebel raid." The Federal commander was described as "furious as a wild boar." He declared to a citizen, at whose house he stopped, that "Stuart had been boasting of driving him from Culpeper, and now he was going to drive Stuart." He was about to sit down to an excellent dinner as he made the observation, when,

suddenly, the sound of artillery attracted his attention. Gen. Stuart had played him one of those tricks which are dangerous. He had arranged with Fitzhugh Lee, whose division was still towards Manassas, to come up on the enemy's flank and rear, as he pursued, and when he was ready, Stuart would face about and attack. Everything took place as it was planned. The signal-gun roared, and Gen. Stuart, who, until then, had been retiring before the enemy towards New-Baltimore, faced around and charged. At the same moment Fitzhugh Lee came up on the enemy's flank, and what was called the "Buckland Races" took place, Kilpatrick and his dispersed command flying for their lives. To add to the misery of the fugitive General, he lost his race-horse "Lively," a thorough-bred mare, which flew the track on this occasion, and became the prize of some of Mosby's men.

The perils to his person which Gen. Stuart encountered in a long series of adventures were sufficient to give one of less imagination a certain idea of immunity from danger, and he was heard frequently to say he was afraid of no bullet "aimed at him." His hairbreadth escapes were numerous and remarkable. His clothing had been frequently cut by bullets in various battles, and one of his staff-officers gives an amusing account of Stuart's extreme distress at the loss of half of his magnificent moustache, which on one occasion, in a spattering fire in the woods, a minié ball had clipped off as neatly as the scissors of a barber. But at last came the fatal bullet, the winged messenger of Death.

It was in the early days of the memorable May of 1864, when the two great armies were locked in deadly struggle on the lines of Northern Virginia, that Richmond was thrown into a state of especial and immediate alarm by the rapid advance against it of the Federal cavalry under Gen. Sheridan, who had managed to march around the Confederate lines. The indefatigable Stuart, however, had followed in track of the enemy; and while the people of Richmond momentarily expected that the outer lines of the city fortifications would become the scene of desperate conflict, the sound of light guns was heard, and the following cheerful, characteristic dispatch, told of Stuart's whereabouts and reassured the alarmed capital:

HEADQUARTERS, ASHLAND, May 11, 1864, 6.30 A. M.

To Gen. Bragg:

GENERAL,—The enemy reached this point just before us, but were promptly whipped out, after a sharp fight, by Fitz Lee's advance, killing and capturing quite a number. Gen. Gordon is in the rear of the enemy. I intersect the road the enemy is marching on at Yellow Tavern, the head of the turnpike, six miles from Richmond. My men and horses are tired, hungry, and jaded, but *all right*. J. E. B. STUART.

The next day the prostrate, bleeding form of the commander was brought into Richmond, and the glad city subdued to tears as her brave defender died in the midst of the people who loved and honoured him. For six hours he had fought the enemy with 1,100 men, and completed at Yellow Tavern the defeat of Sheridan's eight thousand. In the ardour of pursuit he had become separated from his men, discharging his revolver at some dismounted Federal cavalry who were running away on the opposite side of a high fence; and he had just fired his last shot when one of the fugitives turned upon him, and, steadying his aim by the fence, gave him a ball in the stomach that traversed the whole body. Thinking himself mortally wounded, Gen. Stuart turned his horse, rode back half a mile to the rear, and fell exhausted from the loss of blood. He was taken in an ambulance to Richmond, and died there the next day.

The last moments of the illustrious warrior were of touching and noble interest. Beneath the gay manners of the cavalier, and in the secret chambers of his soul, there was a deep, abiding religious sentiment, which now shone forth, illuminating the hero's character, and giving dignity to the last moments of life. He repeatedly asked that the hymns of the Church should be repeated to him. He was neither afraid nor loth to die; and when President Davis, approaching his bedside, and taking his hand, asked, "General, how do you feel?" he replied: "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." As night approached, he asked his physician if he thought he would live through it; and being told that death was rapidly approaching, he nodded, and said: "I am resigned, if it be God's will; but I should like to see my

wife. But God's will be done." The unfortunate lady was in the country at the time. He then made his last dispositions, and calmly took leave of all around him. He directed that his golden spurs, the gift of some ladies of Baltimore, should be given to Mrs. Gen. R. E. Lee, as a memento of love and esteem for her husband. To his staff-officers he gave his horses and other mementoes. To his young son he left his sword. He finally prayed with the minister and friends around him; and, with the words, "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done," yielded his fleeting spirit to Him who gave it.

The still form of the hero was laid in a simple grave on the hill-side in Hollywood cemetery, in the midst of the roaring of the enemy's cannon at Drury's Bluff; and while the sound of battle smote the ears of the funeral cortége, men thought painfully that the voice which had so often startled the enemy with stirring battle-cry, was silent forever. Near the grave a short slight mound of earth told where rested a little daughter that had been the idol of the soldier's heart.*

The military character of Gen. Stuart may be briefly summed

* Heros von Borcke, a Prussian officer on Gen. Stuart's staff, in some interesting memoirs of the commander, thus relates how the strong man was moved by the death of the little daughter by whose grave he now slept, war's fitful fever over, and its glory laid in the dust:

"During the night of the 5th November, 1862, there came a telegram for Gen. Stuart, which, in accordance with his instructions, habitually observed by me, I opened with his other dispatches, and found to contain the most painful intelligence. It announced the death of little Flora, our chief's lovely and dearly-loved daughter, five years of age, the favourite of her father and of his military family. This sweet child had been dangerously ill for some time, and more than once had Mrs. Stuart summoned her husband to Flora's bedside; but she received only the response of the true soldier: 'My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of the father.' I went at once to acquaint my General with the terrible tidings, and when I had awakened him, perceiving, from the grave expression of my features, that something had gone wrong, he said, 'What is it, Major? Are the Yankees advancing?' I handed him the telegram without a word. He read it, and the tenderness of the father's heart overcoming the firmness of the warrior, he threw his arms around my neck and wept bitter tears upon my breast. My dear General never recovered from this cruel blow. Many a time afterwards, during our rides together, he would speak to me of his lost child. Light-blue flowers recalled her eyes to him; in the glancing sunbeams he caught the golden tinge of her hair; and whenever he saw a child with such eyes and hair, he could not help tenderly embracing it. He thought of her even on his death-bed, when, drawing me towards him, he whispered, 'My dear friend, I shall soon be with little Flora again.'"

up. He was the model of an excellent soldier, but deficient as an officer. He was splendid in action; he had a magnetic presence and a superb personal gallantry. But he knew but little of the art of war. There was much in his conduct that was volatile and lacked of sufficient seriousness. His character, indeed, is exceptional in balancing a disposition so gay with the real virtues of the man, and in presenting in manners so light the stern stuff of heroic souls. The bright blue eye that could beam with laughter looked into the very face of death without a quiver of the lid. Ambitious, fond of glory, and sensitive to blame or praise, he was yet endowed with a bold and independent spirit which enabled him to defy all enemies. Light-hearted from his very indifference to danger, he has been likened to some chevalier of olden days, riding to battle with his lady's glove upon his helm, humming a song, and determined to conquer or fall. No braver spirit, no simpler heart, ever expired in liberty's cause.

LIEUT.-GEN. AMBROSE P. HILL.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

His record in the United States Army.—His part in the battles around Richmond, 1862.—Conspicuous gallantry at Frazier's Farm.—He repulses six assaults in the second battle of Manassas.—Critical service at Sharpsburg.—Episode of Boteler's Ford.—Bristoe Station.—Failure of General Hill's health.—He resumes command in front of Petersburg.—Reams' Station.—Tragic death of the Commander.—His virtues and gallantry.

AMBROSE P. HILL was a native of Virginia, born in the county of Culpeper, on the 9th November, 1825. His father, Major Hill, was a leading politician and merchant of that county. In the year 1843, young Hill entered West Point as a cadet, and graduated on the 3d June, 1847, in the same class with Gen. Burnside. On the 1st July he was brevetted second-lieutenant of the First Artillery, and on the 22d August was made full second-lieutenant. On the 4th September, 1851, he was promoted first-lieutenant of the First Artillery, and afterwards to a captaincy.

A. P. Hill had sought the education of a soldier with a fixed determination. He had made arms not only his profession, but an enthusiastic study, to which he was prompted by the natural tastes and dispositions of his mind.

Upon the breaking out of the war between the North and South, he was chosen Colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; and at the first battle of Manassas, it will be recollected, this regiment, with the remainder of Gen. Johnston's command, arrived on the field just in time to secure and complete the great victory of that memorable day.

At the battle of Williamsburg, Gen. Hill had risen to the

rank of Brigadier-General; and in that fight he exhibited an extraordinary spirit and energy, which were recognized by all who observed his behaviour on that field, and drew the eyes of the public upon him.

But he made his greatest reputation by his conspicuous part in the seven days' battles around Richmond, in the summer of 1862. Having then been made Major-General, he occupied, with his division, the extreme left of the Confederate position in the neighbourhood of Meadow Bridge. He was put in command of one of the largest divisions of the Army of Richmond, his division being composed of the brigades of Anderson, Branch, Pender, Gregg, Field, and Archer. He rapidly brought his division to perfection in organization. It was made his duty to cross at Meadow Bridge, and make the first attack upon McClellan's forces. He performed this duty alone, without waiting for other movements; and, unassisted by a portion of his command (for Gens. Branch and Gregg did not come up until late in the evening), he sustained a terrible conflict with the enemy, encouraging his troops by examples of personal audacity, which kept him constantly exposed to the enemy's fire.

That position of the enemy gained, the division of Gen. Hill followed his subsequent movements, being placed first on the line of the advance, and bearing the brunt of the action to Frazier's Farm. Here occurred the memorable engagement in which his command, composed of his own and one division of Longstreet, fought a largely superiour force, and achieved a success which broke the spirit of the enemy, and completed the circuit of our victories.

In this series of battles the division of Hill lost 3,870 men, killed and wounded; drew the first blood at Mechanicsville; fought five hours at Gaines' Mills; travelled a circuitous route of forty miles; won the field at Frazier's against the greatest odds of the seven days' conflict; took fourteen pieces of artillery and two stands of colours—a record of endurance and valour that at once made the reputation of the division, and placed the star of its commander in the ascendant. Of the desperate circumstances in which the victory of Frazier's Farm was wrested from the enemy, Gen. Hill writes: "Two brigades of Longstreet's division had been roughly handled and had fallen back. Archer

was brought up and sent in, and, in his shirt-sleeves leading his gallant brigade, affairs were soon restored in that quarter. About dark the enemy were pressing us hard along our whole line, and my last reserve, Gen. J. R. Anderson, with his Georgia brigade, was directed to advance cautiously and be careful not to fire on our friends. His brigade was formed in line—two regiments on each side of the road—and, obeying my instructions to the letter, received the fire of the enemy at seventy paces before engaging them. Heavy reinforcements to the enemy were brought up at this time, and it seemed that a tremendous effort was being made to turn the fortunes of the battle. The volume of fire that, approaching, rolled along the line was terrific. Seeing some troops of Wilcox's brigade who had rallied, with the assistance of Lieut. Chamberlaine and other members of my staff, they were rapidly formed, and, being directed to cheer long and loudly, moved again to the fight. This seemed to end the contest, for in less than five minutes all firing ceased and the enemy retired." The fact was that Gen. Hill had ridden to the rear, to Wilcox's brigade—which, however, had not retired under pressure of the enemy, but had been placed in position by its commander, under Longstreet's orders—and by personal appeals, so ardent that tears started to his eyes, he besought them to save the day, and to come up to the front to make a last effort to check the advance of the now confident enemy. Catching the spirit of the commander, the brave but jaded men moved up to the front, replying to the enemy's cheers with shouts and yells. At this demonstration, which the enemy no doubt supposed signified heavy reinforcements, he stopped his advance, and surrendered the torn and bloody field. It was a victory narrowly won, and marked the last effort of McClellan to recover a position short of James River.

Frazier's Farm ought, indeed, to have been the last fight against McClellan, and was so designed. Jackson on the enemy's rear, Huger on his right flank, Longstreet and Hill in front of him on the Long Bridge Road, and Holmes and Magruder pushing him on the Malvern Hill side—such were the dispositions of Gen. Lee. They constituted a perfect plan; they should have led to the capture and destruction of McClellan; but, unfortunately, the only Generals up to time were Longstreet and

Hill, and what was designed as decisive proved only a partial field, adorned, however, with a crowning exhibition of courage and devotion.

In the campaign of Northern Virginia, the division of A. P. Hill was sent to reinforce Stonewall Jackson, who had been dispatched to check the advance of Pope. With this illustrious commander it continued to operate during the remainder of his brilliant career; and among the last words of Jackson, in the delirium of death, was the habitual phrase: "A. P. Hill, prepare for action!" At the battle of Cedar Run, Hill gallantly maintained the prestige he had already won; his division strongly supporting Ewell's division and making a vigorous fight. In the subsequent operations, he bore a conspicuous part, marching with Jackson on his flank movement towards the Rappahannock and Manassas.

At the second battle of Manassas, he repeated something of the desperate drama of Frazier's Farm. In the first day of the action, the evident intention of the enemy was to turn the Confederate left and overwhelm Jackson's corps before Longstreet came up; and, to accomplish this, the most persistent and furious onsets were made, by column after column of infantry, accompanied by numerous batteries of artillery. Soon Hill's reserves were all in, and up to six o'clock, his division, assisted by the Louisiana brigade of Gen. Hays, commanded by Colonel Forno, with a heroic courage and obstinacy almost beyond parallel, had met and repulsed six distinct and separate assaults, a portion of the time the majority of the men being without a cartridge. The reply of the gallant Gregg to a message of the commander is worthy of notice, "Tell Gen. Hill that my ammunition is exhausted, but that I will hold my position with the bayonet." The enemy prepared for a last and determined attempt. Their serried masses, overwhelming superiority of numbers, and bold bearing, made the chance of victory to tremble in the balance; Hill's own division, exhausted by seven hours' unremitting fighting, hardly one round of ammunition per man remaining, and weakened in all things save its unconquerable spirit. Casting about for help, fortunately it was here reported to Gen. Hill that the brigades of Gens. Lawton and Early were near by, and, sending for them, they promptly moved to the

front at the most opportune moment, and the last charge of the enemy met the same disastrous fate that had befallen those preceding it.

The next day (August 30, 1862,) Hill's division was again engaged, and late in the evening it was ordered by Jackson to advance in echelon of brigades. This order was promptly carried out: Pender, Archer, Thomas, and Branch steadily advancing. These brigades held together, and drove everything before them, capturing two batteries, many prisoners, and resting at night on Bull Run.

At Sharpsburg we find a record of brilliant service on the part of A. P. Hill unsurpassed in the war. Having been delayed at the surrender of Harper's Ferry, he did not arrive upon the battle-field of Sharpsburg until half-past two in the afternoon, when he reported to Gen. Lee, and was ordered to take position on the right. His troops were not in a moment too soon. The enemy had already advanced in three lines, had broken through Jones' division, captured McIntosh's battery, and were in the full tide of success. With a yell of defiance, Archer charged them, retook McIntosh's guns, and drove them back pell-mell. Branch and Gregg, with their old veterans, sternly held their ground, and pouring in destructive volleys, the tide of the enemy surged back, and breaking in confusion, passed out of sight. During this attack Pender's brigade was moved from the right to the centre, but the enemy were driven back without actively engaging this brigade. The three brigades of the division actively engaged did not number over 2,000 men, and these, with the help of the splendid batteries, drove back Burnside's corps of 15,000 men.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, when Gen. Lee determined to withdraw from Maryland, Hill's division was directed to cover the retreat of the army; and in the performance of this duty enacted one of the most terrible episodes of the war. The story of Boteler's Ford is one at which the imagination shudders. It taught the enemy the danger of pressing a retreating army of veterans. On the 20th September, 1862, Lee's army was well across the Potomac, when it was ascertained that some brigades of the enemy had ventured to cross during the preceding night, and were making preparations to hold their position. Gen. Jack-

son at once ordered A. P. Hill to take his division and drive the enemy back. The Federals had lined the opposite hills with some seventy pieces of artillery; and the infantry, who had crossed, lined the crest of the high banks on the Virginia shore. Hill's lines advanced simultaneously and soon encountered the enemy. The advance was made in the face of a tremendous fire of artillery. The infantry opposition in front of Gregg's centre and right was but trifling and soon brushed away. The enemy, however, massed in front of Pender, and, extending, endeavoured to turn his left. Gen. Pender became hotly engaged, and informing Archer of his danger, he (Archer) moved by the left flank, and, forming on Pender's left, a simultaneous daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river. "Then," writes Gen. Hill, describing the action with graphic pen, "commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was *blue with the floating bodies of our foe*. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost 3,000 men killed and drowned from one brigade alone!" In this battle Gen. Hill did not use a piece of artillery; but, relying on the musket and bayonet, he punished the enemy beyond precedent, and repaid, in one triumphant hour, all the suffering and injuries of a campaign.

The subsequent career of Gen. Hill is so merged in the general record of the Army of Northern Virginia as scarcely to claim particular notice. In May, 1863, he was made Lieutenant-General, and commanded one of the three corps into which Gen. Lee's army was then divided. In the Pennsylvania campaign his was the first corps in action at Gettysburg. In Gen. Lee's flank movement of the same year to get between Meade and Washington city, A. P. Hill sustained the only reverse of his career, and experienced his first defeat; he having fallen upon a superiour force of the enemy at Bristoe Station, concealed by the railroad embankment, and in a vain effort to dislodge it losing several hundred killed and wounded, and five pieces of artillery. It is said that in the 27th North Carolina infantry, out of 464 officers and men who went into this battle, upwards of 300 were killed and wounded, in a less time than fifteen minutes. In the momentous campaign of 1864, Gen. Hill was again conspicuous, his corps, with that of Ewell, opening the action in the Wilder-

ness. A few days thereafter his feeble health gave way completely, and he was unable to remain on duty, when Gen. Early was assigned to the command of his corps. It was then composed of Heth's, Wilcox's and Mahone's (formerly Anderson's) divisions of infantry, and three battalions of artillery under Col. Walker; the infantry numbering about 13,000 muskets for duty.

After the scenes of Spottsylvania Court-House, Gen. Hill reported for duty, resumed command of his corps, and fought it to the last day in front of Petersburg. His next important service of this period was the battle of Ream's Station, where, on the 25th August, 1864, he attacked the enemy in his intrenchments, and at the second assault carried his entire line. Seven stands of colours, 2,000 prisoners, and nine pieces of artillery were taken; and the thanks of Gen. Lee were obtained for the gallant action. The command of Hill engaged in this assault was Cook's and McRea's North Carolina brigades, under Gen. Heth, and Lane's North Carolina brigade of Wilcox' division, under Gen. Connor, with Pegram's artillery.

In the last battle of Petersburg, Gen. A. P. Hill fell in the flower of his youth and at the summit of his fame, having achieved a name wholly identified with the Army of Northern Virginia, and terminating his career with melancholy fitness in the closing scenes of that army's existence. He had desired to obtain a nearer view of a portion of the enemy's line during the attack of the 2d April, 1864, and leaving his staff behind, in a place of safety, rode forward, accompanied by a single orderly, and soon came upon a squad of Federals, who had advanced along a ravine far beyond their lines. He immediately ordered them to surrender, which they were on the point of doing, under the supposition that a column of troops were at his heels. They soon discovered he was nearly unattended, and shot him through the heart. In the following night his body was hastily buried in the cemetery of Petersburg; and while the darkness was rifted with explosion after explosion of magazines taken up all along the line to Richmond, and while through pillars of fire the retreating army took its way into the great hollowness of the night, and while conflagrations and horrid sights streamed on the troubled air, a few men tarried around the dead form of the warrior and made him a grave in peaceful and consecrated ground.

Gen. Hill was of slender frame and delicate health, but of a handsome person and strangely fascinating manners. He had a quick and retentive intellect, a cordial and affectionate disposition, and sensibilities of rare refinement. Of his untiring devotion to the cause of the South, and able services in the field, it is unnecessary to speak. To his ceaseless care of his men, every veteran of his command will testify; and to his honour be it said, in every position he held, the health, comfort and safety of his brave comrades were considered as inferior only to the imperative call of the country. His own life was held no more sacred than a private's; and at Williamsburg, where he commanded so ably, and won a Major-General's wreath, he twice saved, by his own hand, an unknown private who was struggling in personal combat. During many campaigns, Gen. Hill was too feeble to continue on horseback, and was dragged from field to field, yet unwilling to be absent from the post of duty and danger. In the campaign of the last year of the war, this was the case, though his attending physicians were then urging his family to use their influence to save his services to his country, by inducing him to rest. But no entreaty could avail; the iron will of the brave man spared not his feeble frame. He had returned from a furlough *coerced* by his Commanding General, in the hope of recruiting his health, on Friday before the fatal Sunday on which he fell. In his death, the South lost a noble defender, and the State of Virginia not the least of her many military ornaments in the war.

LIEUT.-GEN. DANIEL H. HILL.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“Bethel” Hill a curiosity as well as celebrity of the war.—His Revolutionary ancestry.—Services in Mexico.—His adventures as a Professor and *litterateur*.—Curiosities of “Hill’s Algebra.”—The affair of Bethel and its exaggeration.—Gen. Hill’s account of McClellan’s retreat from Richmond.—His most memorable and heroic service at South Mountain Pass.—Gen. Hill’s criticism of the battle of Sharpsburg.—Heroic record of a North Carolina regiment.—Gen. Hill at Chickamauga.—Removed from command.—His literary exploits and eccentricities.

THE name of Daniel H. Hill—“Bethel” Hill, as he was sometimes called in the camp—a native of South Carolina, but an ardent citizen of North Carolina, a devoted lover of his adopted State, belongs to the curiosities as well as to the celebrities of the war. His personal eccentricities, his literary whims, and his adventures in the English language, furnished a stock of curiosity and amusement in the war. He had the somewhat equivocal reputation of a man who “had peculiar notions”; he was frequently charged with insubordination; but doubtful as were some of the parts of his military career, he was a grim and obstinate fighter, and on one occasion, as we shall see, he was engaged in one of the most brilliant and critical actions of the war, which saved the campaign in Maryland, made his reputation, and entitled him to at least one conspicuous record in history. Whatever the adverse criticism or unpleasant remark that may be made upon the commander, the splendid service is not to be forgotten, when he held McClellan’s whole army in check at South Mountain Pass, covered the capture of Harper’s Ferry, and saved Gen. Lee’s army from an attack that would have divided it, and perhaps have destroyed it in detail.

D. H. Hill was born about the year 1820, in York District, South Carolina, at a place called Hill's Iron Works, owned by Hill & Hayne—the latter of whom was brother of the revolutionary hero of Charleston fame. The British troops burned these works in a spirit of revenge, especially on account of the active participation in the Revolutionary war of the grandfather of the subject of our sketch, who was then a rebel colonel, and, besides other titles to fame, obtained the credit of having planned the famous battle of King's Mountain. D. H. Hill was the youngest of six sons. All of them obtained distinction in different careers, and furnish an uncommon example of social and professional success in an entire family. Graduating at West Point with honour, in 1842, D. H. Hill entered the United States Army, and remained in it until after the close of the Mexican War. He was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. He afterwards obtained another brevet, that of major, at the storming of Chapultepec; and here it is recorded of him that he was the second man on the American side that mounted the ramparts. In 1849 he resigned his position in the army to accept a professorship in Washington College, Virginia, where he filled for six years the chair of Mathematics and Military Tactics, a place honoured by the special endowment of George Washington, and called the "Cincinnati Chair." His failing health compelled a change of climate, and he accepted a professorship in Davidson College, North Carolina, where he continued several years. He left this position to become the President of the North Carolina Military Institute, located at Charlotte; and from this flourishing school was culled much of the generous youth that perished in the war.

The associations of Professor Hill at Washington College, Virginia, was the occasion of his advice being sought by the visitors of the adjoining Military Institute in filling the vacancy of one of the chairs of that school; and he strongly recommended "Stonewall" Jackson, and probably his influence secured his appointment over the claims of several more pretentious and persistent candidates. The relations of these two men were very affectionate and honourable. Their attachment commenced at West Point; they served together in Mexico in many and varied scenes of danger; they were brothers in feeling and affection long

before they married sisters, and contracted in reality a fraternal tie. They both married daughters of Rev. Dr. Morrison, son of a Revolutionary patriot, and himself one of the most gifted, accomplished, and talented men North Carolina ever produced.

Before winning historic renown in the recent war, D. H. Hill had some adventures as a literary author, and gave evidence that he had not devoted all his time and talents to military science. He was the author of two theological works—"The Sermon on the Mount," and "The Crucifixion." These works were published, six or seven years ago, by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and were well received in the Christian literary world. The character of the man was, however, better displayed, and his strong eccentricities cropped out in an attempt at some elementary educational works, "a Southern Series." In his design of instruction for the youth of Davidson College, an element of *Yankee-phobia* was curiously incorporated, and lessons of "Southern spirit" taught with a remarkable ingenuity. One would think it rather difficult to give mathematical instruction such a form as to imbue pupils with contempt and hatred for the North. But Hill attempted the work, and produced some curiosities of arithmetic not to be found in the ordinary text-books. He framed problems beginning in the following style:

"A *Yankee* mixes a certain quantity of wooden nutmegs, which cost him one-fourth cent apiece, with a quantity of real nutmegs, worth four cents apiece," etc.

"A *Northern* railroad is assessed \$120,000 damages for contusions and broken limbs caused by a collision of cars."

"The years in which the Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut send treasonable messages to their respective legislatures, is expressed by four digits."

"The field of battle of Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana volunteers ran away from the field of battle at the same time. &c. &c."

Hill commenced his career in the war as Colonel of the First North Carolina Regiment; and fought his first action at Big Bethel, which was magnified into a great affair by the newspapers, taken as a test of "relative manhood," and treated as a considerable victory, until larger actions of the war displaced it in public attention, and put it almost out of the memory of men.

The action, indeed, was of no significance. It is amusing, in the light of subsequent events, to read the grandiose official report of this action, in which, on the side of the Confederates, "one man and a mule were killed," and the two forces were never in contact, and to note the expressions of repulsing "desperate assaults," and pursuing "till the retreat became a rout," &c., when the fact was the Confederates, after the action, retired from the ground, and were satisfied to have checked Butler's column by their batteries. But the extravagant laudation of this affair took place when the whole country was in the fever of high expectations, and inclined to catch at any passing event as the true commencement of the great procession of hostilities; and the Confederate commander at Bethel undoubtedly felt the influence of the excitement, and may be pardoned somewhat for writing under its inspiration.

In the battles around Richmond, Hill, now promoted a Major-General, made a bloodier record, and lost 3,955 men. In these battles he was temporarily joined with Stonewall Jackson, and suffered greatly at Malvern Hill, where he attacked prematurely, and without the supports he had expected. In his quaint, and sometimes strong language, he wrote in his official report: "The Yankees retreated in the night, leaving their dead unburied, their wounded on the ground, three pieces of artillery abandoned, and thousands of superiour rifles thrown away. The wheat-fields at Shirley were all trampled down by the frightened herd. Numerous wagons and ambulances were found stuck in the mud, *typical of Yankee progress in the war.*" The seven days' battles he declared had "resulted in lifting the Young Napoleon from his intrenchments around the city, and setting him down on the banks of the James River, twenty-five miles further off."

The most memorable service of Gen. Hill, to which we have already referred, occurred in the Maryland campaign, and is written in ineffaceable characters of glory. He had been left at Petersburg when Gen. Lee moved into Northern Virginia, and joined the main army at Chantilly, a few days after the battles of second Manassas, when he was given command of McLaws' division and three brigades of his own division. In the movement into Maryland, when Jackson was diverted to the capture of Harper's Ferry,

Hill was ordered to guard the pass in the Blue Ridge, near Booneboro. On the 14th September, 1862, it was discovered that McClellan was attempting this pass with the bulk of his army, and Gen. Lee at once directed the larger portion of Longstreet's force to proceed to the scene of action. But before this reinforcement arrived, D. H. Hill had to bear the brunt of the enemy's attack, and for five hours he held his ground and clung to the critical position against odds which had not yet occurred in the war. It was perhaps well for him that McClellan and his subordinates were unaware of the small force which presented so bold a front. Franklin pressed forward on the left, Reno in the centre, and Hooker on the right; whilst the two corps under Sumner's command were moved up in support. The main brunt of the action fell on Franklin and Reno, but the battle was fought in a great measure with artillery, and took place under the eyes of Gens. McClellan and Burnside, who were in rear of the centre column. About three o'clock in the afternoon Longstreet reached the ground and threw his jaded troops into the action. It continued until nightfall, neither side obtaining any advantage. But Hill had accomplished all that was required—the delay of McClellan's army until Harper's Ferry could not be relieved. The position had been held until Jackson had completed the capture of this place; and as the Federals prepared to renew the attack on the following morning, they were disconcerted by the cessation of firing in that direction, proclaiming, as they well knew, the surrender of the place.

The battle of South Mountain, as far as the division of D. H. Hill is concerned, must be regarded as one of the most remarkable and creditable of the war. The division had marched all the way from Richmond, and the straggling had been enormous, in consequence of heavy marches, deficient commissariat, want of shoes, and inefficient officers. Owing to these causes, the division numbered less than five thousand men on the morning of the 14th September, and had five roads to guard, extending over a space of as many miles. This small force successfully resisted, without support, for five or six hours, the whole of McClellan's army, and when its supports were beaten, still held the roads, so that retreat was effected without the loss of a gun, a wagon, or an ambulance. During the night Hill retired towards Sharpsburg,

where Gen. Lee was collecting his forces and putting them in line for a decisive battle.*

Of the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. D. H. Hill has made a caustic criticism. He says: "It was a success, so far as the failure of the Yankees to carry the position they assailed. It would, however, have been a glorious victory for us, but for three causes. 1. The separation of our forces. Had McLaws and R. H. Anderson been there earlier in the morning the battle would not have lasted two hours, and would have been signally disastrous to the Yankees. 2. The bad handling of our artillery. This could not cope with the superior weight, calibre, range, and number of the Yankee guns. Hence it ought only to have been used against masses of infantry. On the contrary, our guns were made to reply to the Yankee guns, and were smashed up or withdrawn before they could be effectually turned against massive columns of attack. An artillery duel between the Washington artillery and the Yankee batteries across the Antietam, on the 16th, was the most melancholy farce in the war. 3. The enormous straggling. The battle was fought with less than thirty thousand men. Had all our stragglers been up, McClellan's army would have been crushed or annihilated. Doubtless the want of shoes, want of food and physical exhaustion had kept many brave men from being with the army. But thousands of thieving poltroons had kept away from sheer cowardice. The straggler is generally a thief and always a coward, lost to all sense of shame; he can only be kept in the ranks by a strict and sanguinary discipline."

To the behaviour of one of his North Carolina regiments—the Fourth—Gen. Hill paid an extraordinary tribute. He said: "This gallant regiment, which has never been surpassed by any troops

* And yet in this action, so shameful to McClellan, that commander had the hardihood to claim a victory, and to dispatch to Washington the following absurd stuff:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 15, 1862, 8 A.M.

To Henry W. Halleck, *Commander-in-Chief*:

I have just learned from General Hooker, in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly reliable, that the enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic; and General Lee stated last night, publicly, that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped. I am hurrying everything forward to press their retreat to the utmost.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

in the world, for gallantry, subordination and propriety, was commanded by the heroic Captain Marsh, and, after his fall, by the equally heroic Captain Latham, who shared the same fate. *All* the officers of this noble regiment, present at Sharpsburg, were killed or wounded."

In July, 1863, D. H. Hill was made a Lieutenant-General; but his promotion was shortly followed by a fall from executive favour that practically terminated his military career. In the fore-part of this year he had been operating with Longstreet in South Virginia, and for some time held the defences of Richmond; and thence he was sent to reinforce Bragg in the West, and to take an unfortunate part in the battle of Chickamauga, where the division of Cleburne and that of Breckinridge, having come up from the Mississippi, was assigned to his corps. In this action Hill was charged by Gen. Bragg with a contumacious disobedience of orders; he refusing to attack, in conjunction with Hindman, a corps of the enemy at the foot of one of the gaps of the mountains, which the Commanding General had designated for destruction, and again delaying to open the battle under Polk as wing commander. On the subject of these charges there has been much recrimination, and no little confusion in the statement of the facts. Of his failure to come to time in the second day's battle, Gen. Hill makes the following explanation in his official report: "About midnight, Lieut.-Col. Anderson, Adjt.-Gen., reported that my corps had been placed under command of Lieut.-Gen. Polk, as wing commander, and that the General wished to see me that night at Alexander's Bridge (three miles distant.) I was much exhausted, having been in the saddle from dawn to midnight, and resolved to rest till three o'clock. At that hour I went to Alexander's Bridge, but failing to find the courier whom Gen. Polk had placed there to conduct me to his tent, I rode forward to the line of battle, which I reached a little after daylight on the 20th. Gen. Breckinridge had not yet got into position, as Gen. Polk had permitted him to rest the night before on account of the wearied condition of the men. Repeated and urgent orders had been issued from the corps headquarters, in regard to keeping rations for three days constantly on hand. But owing to difficulties, and possibly to want of attention, some of the men had been without food the day before, and a division

had its rations for that day unissued, but cooked and on hand. Orders were given for their prompt issue.

“At 7.25 A. M., an order was shown me, just received from Lieut.-Gen. Polk and addressed to my division commanders, and directing them to advance at once upon the enemy. The reason given for the issue of the order directly to them was that he (Gen. Polk) had not been able to find the corps commander. I immediately replied to the note, saying that Brig.-Gen. Jackson's brigade, of his corps, was at right angles to my line, that my men were getting their rations, and that they could finish eating while we were adjusting the line of battle. Gen. Polk soon after came on the field, and made no objection to this delay.”

The merits of the controversy which cost Gen. Hill his command we do not propose to determine, although we think we may safely risk the general remark that the penalty of relief from his command was out of proportion to his offence. His past record entitled him to consideration; he had fought hard and done meritorious service; and it must have been exceedingly painful to find himself reduced to a figure commanding State and local forces, and utterly lost to public attention in the last periods of the war.

The literary exploits of Gen. Hill made him curiously noticed in the war, and we cannot fail to observe a hunt after rude and shallow eccentricities. In his official reports he carefully eschewed the ordinary style of such documents, and worried the War Department with conceits and puns to which they were little used in the literature of the war. The enemy he officially designated as “Yankees,” sometimes “infernal Yankees,” occasionally “the pirates and scoundrels.” Of an attempt of the Yankees to cross the river at Fredericksburg (1862), he wrote to the War Department: “Finding the fire too hot for them, they fled back to town, where they were sheltered from Carter's fire. Hardaway continued to pelt them; and to stop his fire (as is supposed) the ruffians commenced shelling the town, full of women and children. The town was partially destroyed, but a merciful God kindly protected the inoffensive inhabitants. *A dog was killed and a negro wounded*; no other living being was injured. Finding that Hardaway's fire did not slacken, the pirates fled down the river. From Yankee sources we learned that the

pirates lost six killed and twenty wounded. Whether they over-estimated or under-estimated their loss I do not know. *They sometimes lie on one side, and sometimes on another.*" Occasionally a pun was employed to put the enemy to ridicule—such as would have caused Dr. Johnson to button up his pockets in a hurry, and doubtless were but little relished by the severe and ascetic Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War. When he held Richmond against some demonstrations of Gen. Dix on the Peninsula, he once dispatched to the War Department that the enemy's "Army of the Pamunkey," or "*the Monkey Army*," was retiring. In another official correspondence he recommended that engineers be put to work, with orders to leave their "kid gloves behind." At other times the literary affectation of Gen. Hill broke out into strangely coined words—a jargon that had no place in the dictionaries. Stonewall Jackson was described as having a good deal of "*outcome*" in him; musicians were denied furloughs on the ground that "fighters were to be preferred to *tooters*;" and on one occasion the unclean conceit was expressed that soldiers should be allowed to go home for short periods and visit the women of the country for fear that "the stay-at-homes" would propagate a race of cowards!

These literary crudities and conceits are coarse and unpleasant enough. It is to be wished that such faults were brushed from a character which is said to contain much ingrained good, a real and hearty benevolence, which, backed by and attesting the manhood of North Carolina, achieved a Thermopylæ in the war, which had no small claim on the gratitude of the South, and asserted a place in tender and proud memories of the lost cause.

On the return of peace Gen. Hill betook himself to literary pursuits, and has since edited at Charlotte, in North Carolina, a magazine, designated, by a singular figure of rhetoric, "*The Land We Love*." In person the General is about the medium height and well proportioned. He has dark eyes and hair, which is becoming slightly tinged with gray. He has a serious military bearing, and carried through the war the reputation of a very rigid disciplinarian.

LIEUT.-GEN. RICHARD S. EWELL.

CHAPTER XL.

Gen. Ewell as the companion and friend of Stonewall Jackson.—His military life anterior to 1861.—Curious apparition at Fairfax Court-House.—His share in Jackson's Valley campaign.—Cross Keys.—Port Republic.—Compliment to "the Maryland Line."—Gen. Ewell wounded at Groveton.—He succeeds to Stonewall Jackson's command.—Enacts part of the old drama at Winchester.—Services in 1864.—He commands the Department of Henrico.—Burning of the city of Richmond.

THE companion-in-arms and trusted friend of Stonewall Jackson; the successor to the command of the dead hero, leading it from Chancellorsville to other brilliant fields of service; the maimed and worn hero of memorable battles, Richard S. Ewell, was one of the galaxy of stars that illuminated the history of Lee's army; one of that extraordinary company of Virginians who wrote their names and that of their State high in the most glorious records of the war.

In 1836 Ewell entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated on the 30th June, 1840, receiving an appointment as brevet second-lieutenant of cavalry on the 1st July. On the 10th September, 1845, he was made first-lieutenant, and with that rank went into the Mexican war, serving in Col. Mason's dragoons, and obtained promotion to a captaincy for gallant conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco. He afterwards served in New Mexico. When the State of Virginia seceded, he returned there, and offered his sword to the Confederate cause. A brother, one of the most amiable and intelligent scholars of the South, the honoured President of William and Mary College, and a classmate, we believe, of Gen. Lee at West Point, also assumed the military office, and saw some of the hardest service of the war on the staff of Gen. Johnston.

The first appearance of Richard S. Ewell in the war occurred in a surprise by the enemy of Fairfax Court-House, a village eighteen miles from Washington, and was attended by some ludicrous circumstances. In the night of the 31st May, 1861, a body of Federal cavalry dashed into the village and surprised the Warrenton Rifles there, who, badly armed, and with rifles without bayonets, had to encounter United States regulars, armed with sabres, carbines, and revolvers. The enemy galloped through the streets, and fired at the quarters of the troops, a random shot killing Capt. Marr, as he was selecting ground on which to form his troops. The darkness of the night added to the confusion, which was at its height, when a figure, only partly dressed, dashed forward, placing himself at the head of forty-three members of the Warrenton Rifles, who were already drawn up to receive the enemy. Having deployed the men behind a fence, he advanced towards the Federal cavalry, who were galloping back and firing right and left in the darkness. In a moment they were called upon to "Halt!" by the new leader of the Confederates, who was, in fact, none other than Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General Ewell. He had rushed from his bed without stopping to complete his attire; but, in the blackness of the night, his white shirt proved a sure mark. A ball wounded him in the shoulder, and disabled him; when Ex-Governor Smith ("Extra Billy"), who was also accidentally in the village, took the command and completed the discomfiture of the enemy, who fled by a cross-road to Alexandria.

At Manassas, 1861, Ewell commanded a brigade, which, however, was not actively engaged in that first important conflict of arms. His efficient and distinguished service commenced when he was sent to reinforce Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah; and to this campaign he made a most important contribution, fairly dividing its honours with his superiour. At Cross Keys, with Elzey's, Trimble's and Stewart's brigades—Taylor's brigade having been ordered to Port Republic—short of five thousand men, he engaged Fremont's army; and unaided by Jackson's presence, without any support whatever from him, and with the possibility of retreat barred by a river in his rear, he fought a most difficult battle, and achieved the twin decisive victory of the campaign. The general features of the ground on which he fought were a valley and rivulet in his front, woods on both flanks, and

a field of some hundreds of acres where the road crossed the centre of his line. In this well-selected position he repulsed the enemy with signal loss, and broke the combination to intercept Jackson's retreat. At the close of the action, the order of march of Gen. Fremont was found on a staff-officer who had been taken prisoner. It showed seven brigades of infantry, besides numerous cavalry. Ewell had had only three small brigades during the greater part of the action, and no cavalry at any time.*

At Port Republic Gen. Jackson finally carried the day by taking a commanding position crowned by the enemy's artillery; but previous to this assault there had been a crisis in which the enemy had nearly pierced the centre of Jackson's feeble line, and the timely arrival of Ewell made a saving diversion, his impetuous advance and fierce action recovering the field when it was to all appearances lost. When Gen. Ewell, crossing the South River, hurried to the front, he found Winder forced back, and two brigades of the enemy advancing through the Confederate centre. He at once launched against the flank of the attacking column two regiments—the 44th and 58th Virginia—and poured in a galling fire, driving the enemy back for the first time that day, and enabling Winder's scattered infantry to reform, while the batteries of Chew, Brockenborough, Courtenay and Rains reinstated the battle.

These services of Ewell in the Valley campaign were of the last importance, and it is easily seen how much Gen. Jackson was indebted to them, especially in the extrication of his army. In his official account of the campaign, Gen. Ewell makes a generous

* Mr. John Esten Cooke, in one of his admirable sketches of the war, thus writes of "Cross Keys" and its hero.

"It was one of the 'neatest' fights of the war. It may be said of the soldier who commanded the Southerners there that he thought that 'war meant *fight*, and that *fight* meant *kill*.' He threw forward his right, drove the enemy half a mile, brought up his left, was about to push forward, when, just at nightfall, Jackson sent him an order to withdraw, with the main body of his command, to Port Republic.

"Ewell obeyed, and put his column in motion, leaving only a small force to observe the enemy. He was the last to leave the field, and was seen helping the wounded to mount upon horseback. To those too badly hurt to be moved from the ground, he gave money for their necessities out of his own pocket.

"Health to you, General! wherever you may be. A heart of steel beat in your breast in old days, but at Cross Keys the groans of the wounded melted it."

remark, which should not be omitted here, as it contains a tribute to the Maryland soldiers in his command, who, there is reason to believe, never obtained their just dues of praise in the war. It is undeniable that they were often grudgingly mentioned by the officers from other States who commanded these noble expatriated men, who, defeated and embarrassed in the organization of a "Maryland Line," and mixed in other commands, had but little opportunity to illustrate the gallantry of their State. Gen. Ewell said: "The history of the Maryland regiment, gallantly commanded by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson during the campaign of the Valley, would be the history of every action from Front Royal to Cross Keys. On the 6th June, 1862, near Harrisonburg, the 58th Virginia regiment was engaged with the Pennsylvania "Bucktails," the fighting being close and bloody. Colonel Johnson came up with his regiment in the hottest period of the affair, and, by a dashing charge in flank, drove the enemy off with heavy loss, capturing the lieutenant-colonel (Kane) commanding. In commemoration of their gallant conduct, I ordered one of the captured bucktails to be appended as a trophy to their flag. The gallantry of the regiment on this occasion is worthy of acknowledgment from a higher source, more particularly as they avenged the death of the gallant Gen. Ashby, who fell at the same time. Two colour-bearers were shot down in succession, but each time the colours were caught before reaching the ground, and were finally borne by Corporal Shanks to the close of the action."

At Cedar Run, Gen. Ewell was again conspicuously coöperating with Stonewall Jackson, and won additional laurels on that field. He thence marched towards Manassas; and in the battle of Groveton that preceded the severer conflicts on these historic plains, he was shot down and desperately wounded. A rifle-ball struck his knee, and the joint was so shattered that amputation was necessary to save his life. During the remainder of Jackson's career Ewell was unable to return to the field and fight by the side of the great commander who had honoured him with all of his confidence, and openly and officially credited him with a large share of the victories ascribed to himself.

On the 29th May, 1863, Ewell was able to rejoin the Army of Northern Virginia at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg. He had been made a Lieutenant-General, and had now command

of one of the three large corps (Jackson's old corps incorporated with him) into which Lee's army had been divided. It was eminently fit that he should succeed to the command of his great guide and friend; and the presence of the maimed body of the determined commander strapped on his horse, or moving with difficulty on crutches when dismounted, was an inspiration to the troops, in which it was not difficult to imagine a visitation of the dead warrior to his former comrades. The newspapers described him as a re-animate Jackson, when, leading the van of Lee's army into Pennsylvania, he burst into the Valley of the Shenandoah, and reënacted part of the old drama there in capturing Winchester, and paralyzing the enemy as by an apparition from the dead. He had succeeded to much of Jackson's spirit in other things than the quickness and ardour of his strokes in battle. To the influence and Christian conversation of this leader Gen. Ewell is said to have owed, under God, his remarkable conversion from the reckless and profane habits of the camp to a life of great piety and close communion with the Church.

In the Pennsylvania campaign, and in the hardest battles of 1864, Ewell's corps was generally in advance, and always in conspicuous positions, making a record of honour, and identifying its name with the most brilliant passages of the war. In the Wilderness, more than a thousand of the enemy's dead lay immediately in front of his lines, testifying his bloody work on that field. At Spottsylvania Court-House, he was posted in the Confederate centre; and although the division of Gen. Edward Johnson was discomfited, the remainder of the corps held its ground, and covered its front with the enemy's slain. In Gen. Lee's retrograde from this position, several affairs occurred with the enemy, in one of which Gen. Ewell had his horse shot under him, and received a severe fall. He tried the next day to reach his saddle, but his maimed body and shattered constitution were plainly unequal to further tasks of the field, and he was compelled to relinquish his command. His last record in the war was that of commander of the Department of Henrico, having charge of the immediate defence of Richmond.

In the last months of the war, the people of the city were familiar with the spectacle of a worn and mutilated man looking prematurely old, mounted on a white horse that had often snuffed

the battle with defiance, but was now scarcely more than a halting, crippled skeleton. Sometimes the veteran drove through the streets in a dilapidated sulky. It was a sorrowful picture; but a nearer view disclosed a man remarkable even in the ruin of health and constitution, whose gray eye was as sharp and fierce as ever, and whose precise conversation showed that the vigour of his mind was as yet untouched. His defence of the capital was never put to the test; but he was to the last equal to everything required of him. Some malicious or thoughtless accusations were, indeed, made that Gen. Ewell unnecessarily fired Richmond when he was ordered to join Gen. Lee's final retreat; but explanations since furnished showed that he acted under the imperative command of his superiors, without choice or discretion to save this great calamity. In the retreat towards Appomattox Court-House, he was captured in the affair of Sailor's Creek; and, for reasons never known, he was cruelly imprisoned for several months in Fort Warren. On his release, in August, 1865, from a confinement which was fast destroying what remained of his physical constitution, he removed to his wife's home in Tennessee, and has since remained there in studious retirement, and, it is to be hoped, in well-deserved and honoured ease.



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LIEUT.-GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

CHAPTER XLI.

His early life as a soldier and politician.—His "Union" sentiments in the Virginia Convention.—Why he became an actor in the war.—Reflections upon the Unionists and Secessionists.—Gen. Early's services in 1862.—The disaster of Rappahannock Station.—His different commands in the last year of the war.—His independent campaign into the Valley and Maryland.—Outrages of the enemy in the Valley.—Gen. Early's advance upon Washington City.—Why he did not attack it.—His return to the Valley.—Battle of Winchester.—The dramatic story of Cedar Creek.—Failure of the Valley campaign.—The affair of Waynesboro.—Narrow escape of Gen. Early.—Gen. Lee's letter relieving him from command.—Review of the operations in the Valley.—Remarkable character of Gen. Early.—The "bad old man."—His jokes and peculiarities.—Anecdotes of the camp.—Escape of Gen. Early across the Mississippi River.—His choice of exile.

JUBAL A. EARLY is a native of Virginia, and belongs to a family whose names are familiar in the public records of the Commonwealth, and in its popular history for several generations. He received a military education and graduated at West Point in 1837. Of the same class and above him were Gens. Bragg and Towns- end; and below him in the same class were Gens. D. H. Hill, Sedgwick, Pemberton, Hooker, and Walker (first Confederate Secretary of War).

He was promoted second-lieutenant in the Third Artillery, 1837; again, first-lieutenant, 1838; but in that year he resigned his position in the army, and appears to have abandoned the idea of a military career. We next find him making his residence in Franklin county, Virginia, and universally regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the State. His profession naturally inclined him to politics. The family to which he belonged was always Wash-

ingtonian in its ideas of Federal authority. They held jacobinism and cant in detestation. They were Federalists, but fought in the Revolution and war of 1812; Republicans, but hostile to democratic ideas. As Whigs, they opposed Jackson and adored Clay; as Union men, they opposed secession.

For several terms Early held a seat in the Legislature of Virginia. In the Mexican War there occurred in his life a brief interlude of military service; he being appointed Major of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, and serving in Mexico from June 7, 1847, to August 3, 1848.

Just before the troubles between the North and South culminated in war, Virginia called a State Convention of her ablest men, and Jubal A. Early was elected a member of this historic assembly. There he was recognized as one of the leading and most obstinate Union men, and drew many censures upon his head. He worked and spoke and voted against the ordinance of secession. He went so far, perhaps, as to say that he would offer no resistance to the Federal forces who should go to South Carolina to enforce the laws. When, however, Virginia spoke through the ballot-box, and decided to take the perils of war, this whole family, father and sons, rallied to her call. The old man abandoned his estate on the Kanawha to experience all the trials of a refugee. Three sons from Missouri entered the army, one or two of them never to return alive. Those in Virginia—one of them above the military age—volunteered, and with collateral relatives enough to have formed almost a company, they entered the army and fought as faithfully through the war as any men that were in it.

Of the change of opinion which made him one of the most determined actors of the war on the side of the South, Gen. Early has written an explanation, in which he declares: "As a member of the Virginia Convention, I voted against the ordinance of secession on its passage by that body, with the hope that, even then, the collision of arms might be avoided, and some satisfactory adjustment arrived at. The adoption of that ordinance wrung from me bitter tears of grief; but I at once recognized my duty to abide the decision of my native State, and to defend her soil against invasion. Any scruples which I may have entertained as to the right of secession, were soon dispelled by the mad, wicked, and unconstitutional measures of the authorities at Washington, and

the frenzied clamour of the people of the North for war upon their former brethren of the South. I then, and ever since have, regarded Abraham Lincoln, his counsellors and supporters, as the real traitors who had overthrown the constitution and government of the United States, and established in lieu thereof an odious despotism; and this opinion I entered on the journal of the Convention when I signed the ordinance of secession. I recognized the right of resistance and revolution as exercised by our fathers in 1776, and without cavil as to the name by which it was called, I entered the military service of my State, willingly, cheerfully, and zealously. When the State of Virginia became one of the Confederate States, and her troops were turned over to the Confederate Government, I embraced the cause of the whole Confederacy with equal ardour, and continued in the service, with the determination to devote all the energy and talent I possessed to the common defense. I fought through the entire war without once regretting the course I had pursued; with an abiding faith in the justice of our cause; and I never saw the moment when I would have been willing to consent to any compromise or settlement short of the absolute independence of my country."

In this conversion of the early sentiment against secession into a fierce and bitter war upon the authorities at Washington, Gen. Early was not singular or exceptional. His was the case of thousands; he represented nearly the whole of his party; and he illustrated what was of constant remark in the war, that the original Unionists, perhaps from superiour sincerity and purity of motive, rendered to it the most earnest and brilliant service that marked its annals. On the first field of Manassas, Early appeared at the head of a regiment. From that day until the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, he never looked back. He devoted, exclusively, all his talents and energy to the success of the Confederate army, and rose gradually to the second rank in the Confederate service.

In the campaign of 1862, extending from the Richmond lines to the field of Sharpsburg, Gen. Early commanded a division whose exploits were illustrated by losses which he has commemorated as follows: "The division lost in killed, 565; in wounded, 2,284; and missing, seventy; making an agregate of 2,919--showing the severity of the conflicts in which it engaged. Its loss at Sharpsburg alone

was 199 killed; 1,115 wounded; and thirty-eight missing; being an aggregate loss of 1,352, out of less than 3,500, with which it went into that action. I hope I may be excused for referring to the record shown by my own brigade, which has never been broken or compelled to fall back, or left one of its dead to be buried by the enemy, but has invariably driven the enemy when opposed to him, and slept upon the ground on which it has fought, in every action, with the solitary exception of the affair at Bristoe Station, when it retired under orders, covering the withdrawal of the other troops."

At Rappahannock Station, in November, 1863, Gen. Early lost a large portion of his command—1,629 men of Hoke's brigade—by a surprise of the enemy, which cut them off on the north side of the river. Of this unfortunate occurrence there is to be found some excuse in the circumstances that the enemy was aided by a valley in front of the Confederates in concealing his advance from view, and that a very high wind effectually prevented his movements from being heard. Gen. Lee declared, with characteristic generosity, that "the courage and good conduct of the troops engaged had been too often tried to admit of question."

It was Gen. Early's fortune to participate in most of the great military operations in which the Confederate army in Virginia was engaged. In the last year of the momentous struggle, he commanded, at different times, a division and two corps of Gen. Lee's army, in the campaign from the Rapidan to James River, and subsequently a separate force, which marched into Maryland, threatened Washington City, and then went through an eventful campaign in the Valley of Virginia. This independent campaign was an event so principal and marked in the career of Gen. Early, so important a part of the great military drama of 1864 in Virginia, so unique in its features, and so remarkable an example of the odds and disadvantages against which the Confederate power struggled in the last desperate stages of its existence, as to require a distinct and enlarged narrative.

The campaign may be said to have commenced with the effort to intercept Hunter's column marching on Lynchburg, and to defeat Grant's combination of this force and Sheridan's cavalry in an ultimate operation against Richmond.

In the early part of June, 1864, while the Second Corps (Ewell's) of the Army of Northern Virginia was lying near Gaines'

Mills, in rear of Hill's line at Cold Harbour, Gen. Early received verbal orders from Gen. Lee to hold the corps, with two of the battalions of artillery attached to it, in readiness to move to the Shenandoah Valley. Subsequently written instructions were given Early by Gen. Lee, by which he was directed to move, with the force designated, for the Valley, by the way of Louisa Court-House and Charlottesville, and through Brown's or Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, as he might find most advisable; to strike Hunter's force in the rear, and, if possible, destroy it; then to move down the Valley, cross the Potomac near Leesburg in Loudon County, or at or above Harper's Ferry, as he might find most practicable, and threaten Washington City. He was further directed to communicate with Gen. Breckenridge, who would coöperate with him in the attack on Hunter and the expedition into Maryland.

At this time the Second Corps numbered a little over 8,000 muskets, for duty. It had been on active and arduous service in the field for forty days, and had been engaged in all the great battles from the Wilderness to Cold Harbour, sustaining very heavy losses at Spottsylvania Court-House, where it lost a great part of an entire division, including its commander, Major-General Johnson, who was made prisoner. Of the Brigadier-Generals with it at the commencement of the campaign, only one remained in command of his brigade. Two (Gordon and Ramseur) had been made Major-Generals; one (G. H. Steuart) had been captured; four (Pegram, Hays, J. A. Walker, and R. D. Johnston) had been severely wounded; and four (Stafford, J. M. Jones, Daniel, and Doles) had been killed in action.

With this small but veteran force Gen. Early made rapid time to Lynchburg, arriving there on the 17th June, luckily anticipating Hunter's movement, and manning the defences of the city before the enemy had made his appearance. The delay in Hunter's march, so fatal to his enterprise, Gen. Early attributes to the fact that "indulgence in petty acts of malignity and outrage upon private citizens was more congenial to his nature than bold operations in the field." He had defeated Jones' small force at Piedmont, about ten miles from Staunton, on the 5th, and united with Crook on the 8th; yet he did not arrive in front of Lynchburg until near night on the 17th June. The route from Staunton to Lynchburg by which he moved, which was by Lexington, Buchanan, the

Peaks of Otter, and Liberty, is about one hundred miles in distance. It is true McCausland had delayed his progress by keeping constantly in his front, but an energetic advance would have brushed away McCausland's small force, and Lynchburg, with all its manufacturing establishments and stores, would have fallen before assistance arrived. Subsequently, when Gen. Early passed over the greater part of the route pursued by the enemy towards Lynchburg, he found abundant evidences to verify his theory of the occasions of his delay. His own pen has described the atrocities which attended Hunter's march, with military bluntness and without any effort at rhetorical efforts. "Houses," he writes, "had been burned, and helpless women and children left without shelter. The country had been stripped of provisions, and many families left without a morsel to eat. Furniture and bedding had been cut to pieces, and old men and women and children robbed of all the clothing they had except that on their backs. Ladies' trunks had been rifled, and their dresses torn to pieces, in mere wantonness. Even the negro girls had lost their little finery. We now had renewed evidences of the outrages committed by Hunter's orders in burning and plundering private houses. We saw the ruins of a number of houses to which the torch had been applied by his orders. At Lexington he had burned the Military Institute, with all its contents, including its library and scientific apparatus; and Washington College had been plundered, and the statue of Washington stolen. The residence of Ex-Governor Letcher at that place had been burned by orders, and but a few minutes given Mrs. Letcher and her family to leave the house. In the same county a most excellent Christian gentleman, a Mr. Creigh, had been hung, because, on a former occasion, he had killed a straggling and marauding Federal soldier while in the act of insulting and outraging the ladies of his family. These are but some of the outrages committed by Hunter or his orders, and I will not insult the memory of the ancient barbarians of the North by calling them 'acts of vandalism.'"

These outrages were deplorable enough in a general sense. But they diverted and embarrassed Hunter's march; they cheated him of the grand, important result of his enterprise; and they secured to the Confederates the narrow chance of time that saved Lynchburg, with its stores, foundries and factories, so neces-

sary to the army at Richmond. Hunter did not even make an attack, to contest fortune or to cover defeat; finding Lynchburg no easy and unresisting prey, as he had imagined, he resolved to retreat; and in the night of the 19th June, he withdrew from the front of the city, directing his retreat through the mountains of Western Virginia, where there was no possibility of intercepting him, and where a stern-chase by infantry would probably be ineffective. This devious line of retreat opened the Shenandoah Valley to Early; and now, joined by Breckinridge, he prepared for the second step of the campaign in the direction of Washington City.

The force he collected for this high and daring enterprise consisted of about 10,000 infantry, and about 2,000 mounted men for duty in the cavalry. Heading rapidly for the Potomac, by way of Lexington and Winchester, he crossed that boundary of the Confederacy, and defeating Wallace at Monocacy with Gordon's division, he appeared, on the 11th July, in front of Washington with his wearied little army. It was stated in Northern newspapers that if Early had been one day sooner he would have entered the Federal capital almost without resistance. But on the 9th July he was fighting at Monocacy, thirty-five miles from Washington, a force which he could not leave in his rear; and after disposing of that force, and moving as rapidly as possible, he did not arrive in front of the fortifications until after noon of the 11th, when his troops were so exhausted that he was sure he could not carry more than one-third of them into action. His little army had been seriously diminished by rapid marching, which had broken down a number of the men who were bare-footed, or weakened by previous exposure; and he scarcely had more than 8,000 muskets in front of Washington. But he had forty pieces of excellent artillery.

In the evening a consultation of officers was held. The necessity was plain of doing something immediately, as the probability was that the passes of the South Mountain and the fords of the upper Potomac would soon be closed against Gen. Early's retreat into Virginia. It was unanimously determined to make an assault on the enemy's works at daylight next morning. But during the night, information came that dashed all the expectations of the morrow; and it was ascertained by a dispatch from Gen. Bradley

Johnson, from near Baltimore, that two corps had arrived from Grant's army to defend Washington, and were already in the works. The next morning "retreat" was the order; and Gen. Early was compelled to give up all hopes of capturing Washington, after he had arrived in sight of the dome of the capitol, and given the Federal authorities one of the most terrible frights of the war. Of this abandonment of the great object of the campaign, just at the moment when it seemed about to be attained, Gen. Early writes: "I had made a march, over the circuitous route by Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and Salem, down the Valley, and through the passes of the South Mountain, which, notwithstanding the delays in dealing with Hunter's, Sigel's, and Wallace's forces, is, for its length and rapidity, I believe without a parallel in this or any other modern war—the unopposed marauding excursion of the freebooter Sherman through Georgia not excepted. My small force had been thrown up to the very walls of the Federal capital, north of a river which could not be forded at any point within forty miles, and with a heavy force and the South Mountain in my rear, the passes through which mountain could be held by a small number of troops. A glance at the map, when it is recollected that the Potomac is a wide river, and navigable to Washington for the largest vessels, will cause the intelligent reader to wonder, not why I failed to take Washington, but why I had the audacity to approach it as I did, with the small force under my command."

On his return to Virginia, Gen. Early remained in the vicinity of Winchester. Here he established his encampment, and occupied his time and his troops in marching and countermarching; in making short raids into Maryland; in sending one avengeful one on horse to destroy Chambersburg; and in puzzling and trifling with his bewildered opponent, Sheridan. Gen. Lee still entertained the idea of relieving the Richmond lines by a campaign in the Valley, and Kershaw's division was sent to reinforce Early; but it was afterwards withdrawn, leaving the latter commander with not more than 8,500 muskets fit for duty, and about 1,700 mounted men. The odds were fearful. Sheridan had at least 10,000 of the finest cavalry that had yet been trained in the war, and three corps of infantry, which Gen. Early estimates at 35,000 men. The Confederate commander led a forlorn hope against an army greater than that which Gen. Lee had at Richmond. The

disproportion of numbers was suggestive only of disasters; and they came thick and fast.

The first disastrous day was the 19th September, when the battle of Winchester was fought. The first heavy gun was fired at the first dawn. From that moment until night did Early's little army contend with and repulse the ever-renewed and onward-pressing Federal hosts. The Confederate heroism of that day was never surpassed. It was only when the immense column of cavalry came like a torrent upon the left flank and swept it away, that the Confederate lines were broken. At night, Gen. Early's army retreated through Winchester, having left many of its soldiers on the field, and nearly as many Federal dead and wounded as it had numbered altogether when the fight began. It was a dearly-bought victory for Sheridan; but for Early the disaster was never retrieved.

Fisher's Hill followed, three days after—a rout without a battle. A month after, on the 19th October, unable to remain quiet on account of the failure of quartermaster and commissary stores, and impatient to wipe out the disgrace of the last defeats, Gen. Early assumed the offensive from Fisher's Hill. By an attack at daylight, bold and brilliant in its conception and execution, he forced the passage of Cedar Creek at three points, pierced the camps of the enemy, surprised and routed two corps, capturing camps and camp equipage, many prisoners, and much artillery. But his little army was unequal to its successes. Reduced by battle and straggling, demoralized by plunder, thinking the work of the day already done, it fell short of a great victory; and Sheridan, with the Sixth Corps, and what remained organized of the other two, came down in wrath upon the feeble band, and routed it disastrously. It was certainly a strange and unfortunate omission of Gen. Early not to have followed up the success of the morning;* but there must have been considerable demoralization among the troops to account for their feeble resistance and readiness to retreat at the close of the day.

“It was,” says Gen. Early, “the case of a glorious victory given up by my own troops after they had won it, and it is to be accounted for on the ground of the partial demoralization caused by the plunder of the enemy's camps, and from the fact that the men

* See account of this battle in *Life of Maj.-Gen. J. B. Gordon*.

undertook to judge for themselves when it was proper to retire. Had they but waited, the mischief on the left would have been remedied. I have never been able to satisfy myself that the enemy's attack in the afternoon, was not a demonstration to cover his retreat during the night. It certainly was not a vigorous one, as is shown by the fact that the very small force with which Ramseur and Goggin held him in check so long; and the loss in killed and wounded in the division which first gave way was not heavy, and was the least in numbers of all but one, though it was the third in strength, and its relative loss was the least of all the divisions. I read a sharp lecture to my troops, in an address published to them a few days after the battle, but I have never attributed the result to a want of courage on their part, for I had seen them perform too many prodigies of valour to doubt that. There was an individuality about the Confederate soldier which caused him to act often in battle according to his own opinions, and thereby impair his own efficiency; and the tempting bait offered by the rich plunder of the camps of the enemy's well-fed and well-clothed troops, was frequently too great for our destitute soldiers, and caused them to pause in the career of victory."

The battle of Cedar Creek may be said to have closed the Valley campaign, and to have terminated Gen. Early's military career. There were afterwards some affairs; and a few weeks before the final scenes around Richmond, a remnant of Early's command, about 1,000 men, were overrun and dispersed at Waynesboro, the General escaping by riding aside into the woods, and making his way to Charlottesville with about a dozen companions. But the action of Cedar Creek was the decisive event. The fitful flash of that morning when Early surprised the enemy and broke two of his corps, was the last Confederate victory in the Valley of Virginia—a region so glorious with Confederate triumphs, that it had been called by the Federals the "Valley of Humiliation."*

* In a printed memoir of his campaign, Gen. Early makes the following comparison between his own operations and the earlier ones of the war that achieved such triumphs on the fields he had to abandon.

"Some attempts have been made to compare my campaign in the Valley with that of Gen. Jackson in the same district, in order to cast censure on me, but such comparison is not necessary for the vindication of the fame of that great leader, and it is most unjust to me, as the circumstances under which we operated were so entirely dissimilar. It was my fortune to serve under Gen. Jackson, after his Valley cam-

For his reverses in the Valley Gen. Early had to suffer severely. The press and people, impatient for victories, and seized by feelings of desperation when the Confederate cause was evidently lapsing, condemned him unmercifully. He was charged chiefly with drunkenness; but there were a number of officers who had been with him on the field in every battle of 1864, who were able to testify that they had never once seen him under the influence of liquor. Some other charges were equally unfounded. But his errors were so magnified and multiplied by popular accusation, and so urgent became the demand for his removal, that Gen. Lee, although with unwavering confidence in the ability of his lieutenant, felt compelled to relieve him from command.

paing until his death, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I enjoyed his confidence, which was signally shown in his last official act towards me; and no one admires his character and reveres his memory more than I do. It is not, therefore, with any view to detract from his merits, that I mention the following facts, but to show how improper it is to compare our campaigns with a view of contrasting their merits. 1st. Gen. Jackson did not have the odds opposed to him which I had, and his troops were composed entirely of the very best material which entered into the composition of our armies—that is, the men who came out voluntarily in the beginning of the war; while my command, though comprising all the principal organizations which were with him, did not contain 1,500 of the men who had participated in the first Valley campaign, and there was a like falling off in the other organizations with me which had not been with Gen. Jackson in that campaign. This was owing to the losses in killed and disabled, and prisoners who were not exchanged. Besides the old soldiers, whose numbers were so reduced, my command was composed of recruits and conscripts. 2nd. Gen. Jackson's cavalry was not outnumbered by the enemy's, and it was far superior in efficiency—Ashby being a host in himself; while my cavalry was more than trebled in numbers, and far excelled in arms, equipments, and horses, by that of the enemy. 3rd. The Valley, at the time of his campaign, was teeming with provisions and forage from one end to the other; while my command had very great difficulty in obtaining provisions for the men, and had to rely almost entirely on the grass in the open fields for forage. 4th. When Gen. Jackson was pressed and had to retire, as well when he fell back before Banks in the spring of 1862, as, later, when he retired before Fremont to prevent Shields from getting in his rear, the condition of the water-courses was such as to enable him to stop the advance of one column by burning the bridges, and then fall upon and defeat another column; and, when hard pressed, place his troops in a position of security, until a favourable opportunity offered for attacking the enemy; while all the water-courses were low and fordable, and the whole country was open in my front, on my flanks, and in my rear, during my entire campaign. These facts do not detract from the merits of Gen. Jackson's campaign in the slightest degree, and far be it from me to attempt to obscure his well-earned and richly-deserved fame. They only show that I ought not to be condemned for not doing what he did."

Immediately after the battle of Cedar Creek, Gen. Early had written a letter to Gen. Lee, stating his willingness to be relieved from command, if the latter deemed it necessary for the public interests. The suggestion was not acted upon for several months; and it was just before the closing scenes of the war that Gen. Lee wrote the following letter, terminating the military career of Early, but putting upon his record of public services a seal of approbation, an expression of personal confidence, of which the veteran commander might well be proud.

HEADQUARTERS, CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
30th March, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. J. A. Early, Franklin Co., Va.:

GENERAL,—My telegram will have informed you that I deem a change of commanders in your Department necessary; but it is due to your zealous and patriotic services that I should explain the reasons that prompted my action. The situation of affairs is such that we can neglect no means calculated to develop the resources we possess to the greatest extent, and make them as efficient as possible. To this end, it is essential that we should have the cheerful and hearty support of the people, and the full confidence of the soldiers, without which our efforts would be embarrassed and our means of resistance weakened. I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that you cannot command the united and willing coöperation which is so essential to success. Your reverses in the Valley, of which the public and the army judge chiefly by the results, have, I fear, impaired your influence both with the people and the soldiers, and would add greatly to the difficulties which will, under any circumstances, attend our military operations in Southwestern Virginia. While my own confidence in your ability, zeal, and devotion to the cause is unimpaired, I have nevertheless felt that I could not oppose what seems to be the current of opinion without injustice to your reputation and injury to the service. I therefore felt constrained to endeavour to find a commander who would be more likely to develop the strength and resources of the country, and inspire the soldiers with confidence; and, to accomplish this purpose, I thought it proper to yield my own opinion, and to defer to that of those to whom alone we can look for support.

I am sure that you will understand and appreciate my motives,

and no one will be more ready than yourself to acquiesce in any measures which the interests of the country may seem to require, regardless of all personal considerations.

Thanking you for the fidelity and energy with which you have always supported my efforts, and for the courage and devotion you have ever manifested in the service of the country,

I am, very respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Gen. Lee knew better than the general public did the difficulties which confronted Early in the notable campaign of 1864, and he knew and took into account that disproportion of numbers which made the campaign "a forlorn hope" in view of the enemy's resources. Indeed, when history reveals this disproportion, it shows that Sheridan ought to have accomplished more than he actually did with one-half his numbers; and that even then he would have deserved not more than a tithe of the popular reputation he gained.

After the campaign in the Valley Gen. Early had proceeded to Lynchburg, to reorganize what remained of his command; and thence he had joined Gen. Echols, who was operating near the State line between Virginia and Tennessee. Having received at Abingdon Gen. Lee's order directing him to turn over the command in Southwestern Virginia to Gen. Echols, he rode to Marion, in Smythe County. From the exposure of the journey he contracted a cold and cough so violent as to produce hemorrhage from the lungs, and prostrate him for several days in a very dangerous condition. While he was in this situation, a heavy cavalry force under Stoneman, from Thomas's army in Tennessee, moved through North Carolina to the east, and a part of it came into Virginia from the main column, and struck the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad at New River, east of Wytheville; whence, after destroying the bridge, it moved east, cutting off all communication with Richmond, and then crossed over into North Carolina. As soon as Gen. Early was in a condition to be moved, he was carried on the railroad to Wytheville, and was proceeding thence to his home in an ambulance, under the charge of a surgeon, when he received, most unexpectedly, the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee's army. It is said

that when the strange and unwelcome information was first communicated to him he expressed his disbelief with a formidable oath; but being assured of the fact, he turned over on his uneasy bed with a groan, and, with all the solemnity of the venerable Zachariah, exclaimed: "Blow your horn, Gabriel!"

Gen. Early was a man whose person made a strong impression on the mind, and whose character was exceptional and interesting. He was resolute, perhaps obstinate, in his opinions; a true friend, but a man of no professions, taking apparent pleasure rather in doing more than he was obliged to do, than in giving kindly assurances of wishes, or polished expressions of regret for inability to comply with the expectation of friends. His bald head, gray, shaggy beard, and bent frame, tortured and warped by wounds and rheumatism, indicated a greater age than he actually carried. An old bachelor, he had during the war the reputation of being a woman-hater. It is said that he never approved an application for furlough when the applicant wished it for the purpose of getting married, and he often declared that every officer who was married either became utterly worthless or straightway got himself killed. We are led to believe that, with Jubal Early, it was not always thus. Gifted by nature with a handsome figure, a pleasing wit, an intellectual brow, and as fine an eye as ever gave expression to a man's face, it is not probable that he had always held himself aloof from the society of ladies. An intimate friend hints that his early life was influenced by an "affair;" but whatever cooled his affection for the opposite sex, it seems to have been quieted forever. It was the oft-told tale of disappointed love; yet the tender feeling with which he always alluded to the grave of his mother, and his noble, beautiful letter to the ladies of Winchester and the Valley of the Shenandoah, from his retreat in Canada, evince a manly love of good women, which neither age nor troubles nor exile have been able to destroy.

Nothing could be more feeling, no expression more tender and honourable towards the women of the country, than what occurs in the following passage from Gen. Early's pen, describing peculiar excesses of the enemy in the Valley of Virginia: "I had often seen delicate ladies, who had been plundered, insulted, and rendered desolate by the acts of our most atrocious enemies, and while they did not call for it, yet, in the anguished expressions of their

features while narrating their misfortunes, there was a mute appeal to every manly sentiment of my bosom for retribution, which I could no longer withstand. On my passage through the lower Valley into Maryland, a lady had said to me, with tears in her eyes, 'Our lot is a hard one, and we see no peace; but there are a few green spots in our lives, and they are when the Confederate soldiers come along and we can do something for them.' May God defend and bless those noble women of the Valley, who so often ministered to the wounded, sick, and dying Confederate soldiers, and gave their last morsel of bread to the hungry! They bore with heroic courage the privations, sufferings, persecutions and dangers, to which the war which was constantly waged in their midst exposed them, and upon no portion of the Southern people did the disasters which finally befell our army and country fall with more crushing effect than upon them."

It is hardly just to judge Gen. Early's military merits by his fortunes or misfortunes. With a mind clear, direct and comprehensive, his opinion was entitled to that respect which it always received from Gen. Lee. Quick to decide, and almost inflexible in decision, with a boldness to attack that approached rashness, and a tenacity in resisting that resembled desperation, he was yet on the field of battle hardly equal to his own intellect and decision. He moved too slowly from point to point; and had he possessed the personal activity of Breckinridge, or the dash of Gordon, he would, in his misfortune, better have escaped censure. Moreover, he received with impatience, and never acted upon advice—a suggestion from his subordinates. Arbitrary, cynical, with strong prejudices, and totally irreligious, he was personally disagreeable to the majority of men; he made no admirers or friends either by his manners or his habits, and those who defended him did so because they were convinced of his patriotism, of his earnestness, and of his great ability. He had tender feelings, but he endeavoured to conceal them, and often acted as if he would be ashamed to be detected in doing a kindness; yet many will recall with pleasure, little acts of Old Jubal, which proved that his heart was not unkind.

The strong character of the man was fruitful of anecdote. The soldiers of his army had a hundred jests and witticisms about him. They called him "Old Jube," sometimes "Old Jubilee." His

burly person, his neglected dress, his peculiar speech, made him a marked man. Long exposure had made the old coat which he wore quite dingy. A wide-brim hat overshadowed his sparkling eyes, his swarthy features, and grizzled hair. His face, set upon a short neck, joined to stooping shoulders, attracted attention from every one. In the dark eye you could read the resolute character of the man, as in his satirical smile you saw the evidence of that dry, trenchant, often mordant humour, for which he was famous. The keen glance drove home the sarcastic speech, and almost every one who ventured upon word combats with Gen. Lee's "bad old man" sustained a "palpable hit."

An instance of his wit at the expense of Stonewall Jackson was greatly relished by his troops. In the retreat from Sharpsburg, Jackson had been left at Winchester to remove some supplies, and was making one of his rapid marches to rejoin Longstreet in the neighbourhood of Culpeper Court-House. There was a good deal of straggling on the march, and evidences among the men of a free imbibing of the "apple-jack" which abounded in this part of the country. Gen. Jackson happened to ride in rear of Early's division, and was greatly concerned to find the men scattered for miles along the road. Gen. Early had expended his eloquence and his oaths in vain; he had even spread the report that the mountain huts were full of small-pox; but this did not prevent his prying followers from satisfying their curiosity at every sign of habitation on their route. At night, while he was nursing his rheumatism by the camp-fire, an orderly rode up with a dispatch from Gen. Jackson, curtly inquiring "why he had seen so many stragglers in rear of Gen. Early's division that day." The answer was drawn up, with due form:

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION.

CAPTAIN: In answer to your note, I would state that I think it probable that the reason why Gen. Jackson *saw* so many of my stragglers on the march to-day is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully,

J. A. EARLY,
Major-General.

Capt. A. S. PENDLETON, A.A.G.

All the anecdotes about Gen. Early were characteristic. Speak-

ing slowly and with a species of drawl in his voice, all that he said was pointed, direct, and full of sarcastic force. These "hits" he evidently enjoyed, and he delivered them with the coolness of a swordsman making a mortal lunge. All the army had laughed at one of them. While marching at the head of his column, dusty, in his dingy gray uniform, and with his faded old hat over his eyes, he had seen leaning over a fence and looking at the column as it passed, a former associate in the Virginia Convention, who had violently advocated secession. This gentleman was clad in citizen's clothes—black coat and irreproachable shirt-bosom—and greeted Early as he passed. The reply of the General was given with his habitual smile and sarcastic drawl: "How are you?" he said. "I think you said the Whigs wouldn't fight." The blow was rude, and made the whole army laugh. Of this peculiar humour a better instance still is given. After Fisher's Hill, when his whole army was in complete retreat, and the Federal forces were pressing him close, he was riding with Gen. Breckinridge. It might have been supposed that their conversation would relate to the disastrous events of the day, but Gen. Early did not seem to trouble himself upon that subject. In full retreat as they were, and followed by an enraged enemy, his companion was astounded to hear from Early the cool and nonchalant question: "Well, Breckinridge, what do you think of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, in its bearings upon the rights of the South in the Territories?" The man who could amuse himself with political discussions between Fisher's Hill and Woodstock, on the 22d of September, 1864, must have been of hard stuff or peculiar humour.

With another anecdote of Gen. Early, in which for once he appears to have been worsted, and which is given on the literal authority of a distinguished companion in arms, we close this curious budget of military humour. Before the battle of Fredericksburg, Early's division and that of a friend were posted at Port Royal and vicinity. At sunset the day before, the troops were from fifteen to twenty-five miles from the city, but by marching that night they were up in time for the fight next morning. The General's friend had received as a present a flask of old whiskey, which he had resolved to give to the General, as that kind of liquor did not agree with himself. He informed the Gen-

eral of his intention, but the hurried night-march and the battle prevented him from fulfilling his promise. The night after the fight he took out the flask, saw that the contents were all right, and that the cork was tight and firm; then placing it under his head, he lay down on the bare ground and slept as the tired soldier only can sleep. The dawn found him on his feet and examining his flask. The cork was in place just as on the night before, but the inside was as dry as the sand in the desert of Sahara. The two officers met some hours after, when the following conversation took place:

GENERAL E. : Well, Burnside is gone, and I am thirsty.

FRIEND: General, I am sorry to tell you that I put your flask under my head last night, and on looking at it this morning the cork was all right, but the whiskey was all gone.

GENERAL E. (in his most sawlike tones): Jerusalem! were you drinking all night?

FRIEND: Ah! General, we are so apt to judge others by ourselves.

On the close of the war Gen. Early's course of individual action was as characteristic as ever. He had always said that he never again should live under the rule of the Yankees. As soon as he was able to ride, the obstinate, bitter old man, who, since his wound at Williamsburg in 1862 had seldom mounted his horse without assistance, bade farewell to Virginia, and went to seek a home in foreign lands. With his pistols in his holsters, and with one or two companions, he journeyed on horseback from Virginia to Texas, running the gauntlet the whole way, but undisturbed, except at the crossing of the Mississippi. The design of this journey Gen. Early declares was "to join the army of Gen. Kirby Smith, should it hold out, with the hope of at least meeting an honourable death, while fighting under the flag of my country." In crossing the river he lost his riding-horse, bridle and saddle. But those who captured them did not know whose they were, and the General had a led-horse with which he managed to continue his retreat. Arriving undiscovered in Texas, he found the Confederate cause lost; remained there three months, and escaped thence by way of Galveston to the Bahama Banks, where he landed in a settlement composed chiefly of negroes, and was compelled to remain for nine

days, "hobnobbing with gentlemen of African descent." He then managed to get to Nassau, whence he went to Havana, and thence to Mexico. He remained at the Mexican capital three months, holding himself entirely aloof from the government of Maximilian, because he had no sympathy with it, and did not believe it had strength enough to sustain itself. He then returned to Havana, and went to Canada.

In his exile Gen. Early has written an interesting memoir of his last campaign, from which we have drawn a number of facts contained in this sketch. There is something peculiarly melancholy in the condition of this unrelenting and unsundered "rebel" wandering sulkily and secretly from the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia, which he loved more than his life, and choosing exile in foreign lands, until the few days left him are entirely numbered. But the picture is not without a severe dignity. Gen. Early has made a sacrifice of self, however mistaken the necessity or consideration for the crucifixion of his love. He remains in exile, while some of those who reviled him for his opposition to secession have been duly pardoned, and are restored to home and fortune, and others have quitted the impoverished South to enjoy the ease of Northern cities.

MAJ.-GEN. GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLII.

His family in Kentucky.—He serves in the Mexican war.—Complimentary notices from Gen. Scott.—Appointed Street Commissioner of New York.—Resigns, visits Kentucky, and accepts a Major-Generalship in the Confederate service.—His slight record in the war.—His resignation.—Injustice of President Davis.—Volunteer services of Gen. Smith in the latter period of the war.

GUSTAVUS W. SMITH was born on the first day of January, 1822, near Georgetown, Scott County, Kentucky, and is a cousin of John C. Breckinridge. His parents were both natives of the same county. His grand-parents, paternal and maternal, removed from Eastern Virginia to Kentucky in the time of Daniel Boone, when the red men still disputed with the whites for possession of their favourite hunting-ground—the far-famed “Blue Grass District.” He was by lineage, education and habits a thorough Kentuckian.

Through the influence of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, then Vice-President of the United States, who was the close neighbour and life-long personal and political friend of Rodes Smith, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch, Gustavus W. Smith was appointed a cadet, and entered the United States Military Academy in 1838. At the end of six months, he had established a reputation for ability of no ordinary degree, and was placed *first* in mathematics in a class reported to be equal, if not superior, to any ever graduated at West Point.

On leaving the Military Academy in 1842, he was appointed a lieutenant in the United States Corps of Engineers. In 1846, although still a second-lieutenant, and low on the list, because of

the slow promotion in that celebrated corps, he was selected by the chief-engineer, and ordered upon duty as *senior* lieutenant of the company of "sappers and miners," or engineer soldiers, then being recruited and organized.

In the Mexican war Smith served as second-lieutenant, and at the age of twenty-five won for himself the reputation of being one of the best officers in the American army. The records of Congress, in regard to the war with Mexico, abound in notices of the gallantry and skill of the young officer. At the siege of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco and Chapultepec, and at the attack on San Cosmo Garita, and in the bloody street-fighting within the city, the name of G. W. Smith is conspicuously mentioned in the official dispatches of Gen. Scott, and by Gens. Worth, Twiggs, and others.

He was three times brevetted for skill, gallantry, and distinguished conduct upon the field of battle—at Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco, and at the city of Mexico. Gen. Scott often bore testimony to his high character and professional ability. In an official letter, he said: "In conclusion, I will add, that I have never known a young officer so often or so highly distinguished as Captain Smith was during the war with Mexico."

After the Mexican war Capt. Smith served for several years as principal assistant professor of engineering and the art of war, in the United States Military Academy. He was stationed at West Point on this duty at the time he resigned from the army, in December, 1854. He came to the city of New York in October, 1856, and was engaged soon after as Chief-Engineer of the Trenton Iron Company. He held various other important and responsible positions, and was associated in business relations with men of the highest position and standing in this community. In 1858, under the administration of Mayor Tiemann, he became connected with the city government; and, as Street Commissioner of New York, he showed himself as competent to discharge the duties of a civil, executive, and administrative officer, as he had previously done those of a soldier and engineer.

When, with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, war burst upon the country with all its startling reality, Capt. Smith was still in New York, holding a lucrative position. He was popular; he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large circle of

influential and respectable people; and there was no position, either civil or military, to which he might not have honourably aspired. His native State, Kentucky, had not yet seceded; and he might have joined "the Union army," as it was profanely called, and not have been liable to the charge of infidelity to his State, according to the Southern code. But the conscientious choice of the man was different.

In August, 1861 (after the battle of Manassas had been fought), Capt. Smith made his way to Kentucky. When, in the preceding winter, the legislature of that State, by an almost unanimous vote, declared that the seceded States should not be coerced into the Union, Capt. Smith was looked to as the chosen military leader of Kentucky. When he returned to the State he found that a majority of the people had been deceived and betrayed; and he immediately determined not to be enchained with her, even temporarily, under the rule of the Federals. He therefore left Kentucky, and, on reaching Nashville, offered his services to the President of the Confederate States, stating that he had left the North, and come back to the South, with the intention of sharing her destiny. A few days afterwards he proceeded to Richmond, and, without application on his part, upon the recommendation of the two Johnstons and Beauregard, was by the President appointed a Major-General.

The record of Gen. Smith in the war was brief, but it was not without some brilliant passages; and he was giving promises of great distinction when his career was suddenly cut off by the *fiat* of the powers in Richmond. He was, at first, appointed commander of the second corps of the Army of the Potomac, whilst Beauregard commanded the first, and Joseph E. Johnston the army. This distribution of commands, however, appears to have been ill-defined, and to have been productive of some jealousies. In the celebrated retreat from Centreville, Gen. Smith commanded the left wing of Johnston's army; he was again conspicuous in command of the rear-guard and left wing in the movement from Yorktown back upon Richmond; and on the battle-field of Seven Pines, where Johnston was wounded, he succeeded to the chief command of the army. Within twenty-four hours, however, Gen. Lee was appointed its regular commander. Soon after Gen. Smith was assigned a separate com-

mand, embracing North Carolina and the southern coast of Virginia, including Richmond. In this Department he checked two advances of the enemy—in December, 1862, and January, 1863. About this time President Davis seems to have contracted a strong prejudice against Gen. Smith; and, in one day, he promoted six of his juniors to be Lieutenant-Generals. All this, however, did not damp the patriotic ardour though it wounded the sensibilities of Gen. Smith, who continued to give his constant and earnest attention to his duties.

In 1863, however, Gen. Smith felt that President Davis had become so personally inimical to him that he could no longer retain command under him, except at imminent risk to the vital interests of the Confederate cause. He therefore resigned his position in the army, and was soon after elected President of the Etowah Manufacturing and Mining Company of Georgia. These were extensive iron works, second in importance only to the Tredegar Works in Richmond. In this capacity he did great service to the Confederacy in producing the materials of war, until the works were burned by Gen. Sherman, in 1864.

Notwithstanding the resignation of the military commission from President Davis, Gen. Smith at different periods of the war thereafter, took up his arms, and did some important temporary services. Such was his patriotic desire to aid all in his power in the great struggle, that he offered his services to Gen. Beauregard in an expected attack on Charleston, as volunteer aide, or in any capacity in which he could for the time be useful. The offer was accepted, and he was with Gen. Beauregard in the gallant defence of Charleston in April, 1863. He removed to Georgia, and went into the iron business there with the declaration, that if this State ever needed his military services he would be prompt to render them. In the last exigencies of the war, when Georgia had to put out all her local forces against the enemy, Gen. Smith was elected Major-General of the militia; and he continued to serve in that capacity until captured and paroled at Macon, on the 20th April, 1865.

The popular Southern estimate of Gen. Smith as a military man was, that he never had the opportunities which his talents merited, and that, if he had been fairly tried, he would have taken rank with the most distinguished and deserving leaders of

the war. He had a solid and excellent military education; he had a remarkable command over men, arising from a powerful will, combined with a rare sense of justice; and he displayed a devotion to what he believed right which completed the character of the warrior, and gave it a heroic cast. It is a matter of regret that he was so slightly employed in the war; and a subject of indignation that he was so unjustly treated by a capricious Executive.

MAJ.-GEN. LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Services in the United States Army.—Appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate States Army, September, 1861.—Promoted in front of Richmond.—His part in the capture of Harper's Ferry.—His glorious and bloody work at Fredericksburg.—The East Tennessee campaign, 1863.—Gen. McLaws opposes the assault on Knoxville.—Extraordinary reply of Gen. Longstreet.—Defective reconnoissances of the enemy's works.—Why the assault failed.—Gen. McLaws court-martialed, and triumphantly acquitted.—A remarkable peculiarity of his military career.

LAFAYETTE M'LAWS is a Georgian by birth. His ancestors on his father's side were Scotch; on that of his mother, French Huguenot.

After passing a year at the University of Virginia, he received the appointment of Cadet at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1842. His first service was at Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee country; and he afterwards, until the commencement of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, served at Pensacola, from which place he sailed, early in 1846, to join the army of occupation at Corpus Christi, under Gen. Taylor. He was in Fort Brown during the eleven days' bombardment of that place by the enemy, and shared with his regiment (the 7th Infantry) the perils and privations attending the famous siege of Monterey. His regiment having been ordered to join Gen. Scott, he was present at the bombardment and surrender of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. His health failed at this time, and he returned to the United States on recruiting service. After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, he was appointed Adjutant-General in the department of New Mexico, in which capacity he continued to act for two years. Promoted to a captaincy, he was subsequently stationed at various posts on the western frontier. As Captain of

the 7th United States Infantry, he served, under Sidney Johnston, in the expedition against the Mormons, and remained in the Territory of Utah more than two years. Thence he was ordered to New Mexico, and intrusted with an important command against the Navajo Indians. Those familiar with the ability, skill, and success exhibited by him in this expedition, award him great credit; and his valuable services would doubtless have been honourably acknowledged by the War Department at Washington, had not all the minor events of the times been swallowed up by the great political revolution then just declaring itself.

This busy record in the Federal army had already made for Capt. McLaws a considerable reputation. He was marked as one of the most promising officers in the regular service, and was distinguished for his coolness, self-possession, gallantry, and good conduct. His display of personal qualities attested the thorough gentleman; and he was known in the army for his unselfish disposition, and his utter detestation of all unmanly rivalries for promotions and favours, in a service which appears more than any other to provoke the envy and jealousy of men.

When Georgia seceded from the Union, McLaws resigned the Federal service, and offered his sword to the State, before the Confederate compact had been executed, and when she was already busy in organizing troops for her defence. He subsequently entered the Confederate army, and took command of the 10th Georgia regiment. After his appointment as colonel of this regiment, which contained some of the best fighting stock in the army, he was stationed near Williamsburg, Virginia, and was for some time in command of a brigade. In September, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and ordered with his command to Young's Mill. Here, and afterwards at Lee's Mill, he displayed such judgment, ability, and energy in administering the affairs of his command, and in strengthening his position against the enemy, that he soon drew the notice of his superiour officers, and was designated for important and critical services.

When Gen. Johnston arrived on the Peninsula, to direct the campaign there, McLaws' command was increased by some other brigades; and in an affair with the enemy at Dam No. 1, near Lee's Mill, he greatly distinguished himself. Soon followed the retreat to Richmond, and the battle of Williamsburg, in which

McLaws was engaged. After the arrival of the army at Richmond, Gen. Johnston recommended the promotion of McLaws, and he was at once made a Major-General. His division, consisting of Kershaw's and Semmes' brigades, was engaged in the battles of Savage Station and Malvern Hill. When the Confederate army afterwards took up its line of march in pursuit of the braggart Pope, the divisions of Smith, D. H. Hill and McLaws were left to watch the movements of the enemy at Harrison's Landing. They were, however, soon afterwards called to follow, but were only able to rejoin their gallant companions in arms in time to enter Maryland.

Arriving at Frederick, Gen. McLaws was placed in command of a corps, consisting of his own and Gen. R. H. Anderson's divisions, and, in pursuance of orders from Gen. Lee, advanced upon Harper's Ferry, by way of Pleasant Valley, his object being to capture Maryland Heights. His part, which was designed to complete the investment of Harper's Ferry, and compel the surrender of this stronghold of the enemy, involved the severest labour, and was crowned with signal success. It was not only necessary to drive the enemy from Maryland Heights, but to get cannon to the summit. The latter task was accomplished by a road which had to be constructed up the rugged and precipitous sides of the mountain; and when the rifle guns of Reed's and Carlton's batteries opened on the enemy, keeping time with the Confederate artillery thundering on the other side, and from Loudoun Heights, they announced the fate of Harper's Ferry, and in a brief afternoon decided its surrender. In this victory, McLaws had the greatest credit next to Stonewall Jackson, and the troops engaged in the attack and capture of Maryland Heights obtained especial commendation. They had been laboriously employed for two days and one night along the summit of Elk Ridge, constantly working their way under fire during the day, and at night resting in position; all this time without water, as none could be obtained but from the valley beneath; and at the close of the contest there was not a straggler from the command.

Worn down with hunger and fatigue, McLaws' division marched through Harper's Ferry, and as night fell snatched a few hours for rest and refreshment. Aroused again after midnight, the men resumed their march, and continued until the field of Sharpsburg

was reached. The battle destined to be known in history as the best fought of the war—an action which shed extraordinary lustre on the Confederate arms, considering the great disparity of numbers and the jaded condition of the Southern troops—had just commenced as McLaws arrived on the ground. He was ordered into the fight by the direction of Gen. Hood; and his line of battle, consisting of four brigades—Cobb's, Kershaw's, Barksdale's and Semmes'—drove the enemy from a piece of woods, and, although unable to continue its advance, it held until the close of the day the position it had gained against a force of the enemy, 'apparently treble, supporting numerous batteries, which crossed fire over every portion of the ground.

The defence of Fredericksburg (December, 1862), and the story of Marye's Hill, constitute a chapter of fearful interest in the history of the war, and for many generations to come will inspire the poetry and eloquence of the country. Glimpses of the ghastly tragedy enacted on the slopes of this now famous hill have already been afforded in other parts of this work. It was here that McLaws did his bloodiest work, and achieved that part of his reputation most familiar to the public. His name is indissolubly connected with this glorious and terrible memory of the war, and will be known as long as the story of Marye's Hill and its stone wall and its fringed fires of death is recited. In his official report of the memorable conflict, Gen. McLaws writes: "The Federals advanced with fresh columns to the attack, at intervals of not more than fifteen minutes; but they were repulsed with ease, and driven back with much loss on every occasion. This continued until about half-past four, P.M., when the enemy ceased in their assaults for a time, and posting some artillery in front of the town, on the left of the telegraph road, opened on our position, doing but little damage. The batteries of Colonel Walton, on Marye's Hill, were at this time silent, having exhausted their ammunition, and they were being relieved by others from Colonel Alexander's battalion. Taking advantage of the hill, the 15th South Carolina (Colonel De Saussune) was brought forward from the cemetery, and posted behind the stone wall, supporting the 2nd South Carolina regiment. The enemy, in the meanwhile, formed a strong column of attack, and advanced under cover of their own artillery, and, no longer impeded by ours, came forward along our whole

front, in the most determined manner, but they were repulsed at all points. The firing ceased as night came on. The body of one man, believed to be an officer, was found within about thirty yards of the stone wall, and other single bodies were scattered at increased distances. The main mass of the dead lay thickly strewn over the ground at something over one hundred yards off, and extending to the ravine, commencing at the point where our men would allow the enemy's column to approach before opening fire, and beyond which no organized body of men was able to pass."

Upon the latter part of Gen. McLaws' military life—his campaign with Longstreet in East Tennessee, 1863—a cloud was cast, through an unhappy controversy with his superiour officer; but a court-martial to which he was summoned developed the true history of the failure of the assault on Knoxville, acquitted McLaws, and indicated a bad temper and a petulant spirit on the part of Gen. Longstreet in accusing his subordinates. The facts of the failure at Knoxville have been brought out in a judicial record, which may be taken as the equivalent of history, and which not only exculpates Gen. McLaws, but does him honour for the rare and excellent judgment he displayed at the council board, as well as for his precise obedience of orders on the field.

It appears that when Gen. Longstreet arrived in front of Knoxville he hesitated for some time in attacking the fortifications of the enemy, and twice recalled the orders for an assault. When he at last determined upon this risk, Gen. McLaws had the independence of judgment to oppose it, and for peculiar reasons. Some news had been imperfectly obtained of Gen. Bragg's disaster at Missionary Ridge; and it was calculated by Gen. McLaws that if such a disaster had taken place the communication of Longstreet's army should be made with Virginia, as it could not combine again with Gen. Bragg, even if it should be successful in an assault on Knoxville. The advice was repulsed by Gen. Longstreet, and the following sharp and almost insulting letter left Gen. McLaws no alternative but to prepare his command for the desperate enterprise of assaulting Fort Saunders, the main work of the enemy :

HEADQUARTERS, Nov. 28, 1863.

GENERAL :—Your letter is received. I am not at all confident that Gen. Bragg has had a serious battle at Chattanooga, but there is

a report that he has, and has fallen back to Tunnel Hill. Under this report I am entirely convinced that our only safety is in making the assault upon the enemy's position to-morrow at daylight, and it is the more important that I should have the entire support and coöperation of the officers in this connection. I do hope and trust that I may have your entire support and all of the force you may be possessed of in the execution of my views. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any safety for us in going to Virginia if Gen. Bragg has been defeated, for we leave him at the mercy of his victors; and, with his army destroyed, our own had better be *also*, for we will not only be destroyed but disgraced.

There is neither safety nor honour in any other course than the one I have chosen and ordered.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieut.-General commanding.

Maj.-Gen. L. McLAWS.

The assault *must* be made at the time appointed, and *must* be made with a determination which will insure success.

J. L.

The plan of attack arranged by Gen. McLaws was: a regiment from Humphrey's Mississippi brigade, and one from Wofford's Georgia brigade to lead the assault; Wofford's regiment to lead the column composed of Wofford's brigade assaulting from the left, and Humphrey's regiment the column assaulting from the right, composed of two regiments of Humphrey's brigade, and three of Bryan's following close on Humphrey as a reserve—"the assault to be made with fixed bayonets, and without firing a gun."

He had been previously impressed by Gen. Alexander, Chief of Artillery of Gen. Longstreet's staff, that there was no ditch at the north-west angle of Fort Saunders, that offered any obstacle to an assault. Gen. Longstreet himself had declared that there would be no difficulty in taking the work, so far as the ditch was concerned; that he had seen a man walk down the parapet, across the ditch, and up on the outside, without jumping and without apparent difficulty; and as there could be no difficulty in running up

the exterior slope of the earthwork, he saw nothing in the way of the men getting into the work and completing a successful assault.*

Gen. McLaws did not consider that ladders or fascines or any other appliances were *necessary* to enable the men to get into the work; none certainly to cross the ditch (which had been declared to be no obstacle in the way of an assault) and to ascend parapets sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees. And even if he had thought so, he had no time, or materials, or tools, or means of any kind wherewith to make anything. The commands were without tools of any kind, without axes even, and their wagons and quartermaster stores were at London, left there by orders of Gen. Longstreet.†

* We quote here the words of Gen. (then Colonel) Alexander, before the general court-martial assembled in East Tennessee to try Gen. McLaws :

QUESTION 8—Did you not state after your reconnoissance that there was no ditch opposite the bastion at north-west angle. That there was some fresh dirt at that point, and that there had only been a little scratching there. Did you communicate this to Generals Longstreet and McLaws.

ANSWER—I never stated that there was no ditch at that point, but I stated that the ditch was of such small dimensions as to be no obstacle to an assault, and of such shape (see fig. 3) as to be no obstacle in the way of an assault. I communicated it to both repeatedly, and advised the attack on this point. On one occasion I took Gen. Longstreet to a point where he could see it, and showed him a man crossing the ditch.

Gen. Longstreet in his testimony before the same court says: "I made several very careful examinations of the Fort myself, before it was attacked, on all sides as near as I could get to it. I think I got within four hundred yards of it on the north side." * * * "I remember particularly to have seen a soldier march out of the Fort, down the ditch, and up to the other side, outside of the ditch, on the west side, from the north side. The cut in the ditch on the west side seemed to have been made more for the purpose of getting dirt than for obstructions. In passing over the ditch more than half of the person of the soldier could be seen on the west side; in passing down the ditch he seemed to walk and not jump; he seemed to find no difficulty in getting out of the ditch on the outside. I was told by some officers that dogs were seen to pass over the same ditch. These circumstances led me to believe that the ditch on the west side was a slight obstacle."

Again Col. Alexander testifies:

QUESTION—Did you advise ladders for the attack?

ANSWER—I did not; I did not consider them essential. Something was said about fascines, and I said they might be useful to protect the men from bullets in their approach; but I did not consider them essential in crossing the ditch.

† Capt. J. J. Middleton, acting division quartermaster of McLaws's Division, thus testifies:

"From the time we left London, 15th November, 1863, until some days after the

Of the conduct of the assault Gen. McLaws says in his official report: "Before four o'clock on morning of the 29th November I went around with my staff to superintend the execution of my orders for the assault. It was evident to me that the enemy were aware that one was intended, and I think it probable they knew where it was to be made; for while I was talking to Colonel Ruff on the railroad, the enemy threw a shell which bursted over the woods just in rear of us, through which Col. Ruff's command (Wofford's brigade) was passing, assembling by regiments for the assault. I have since heard that the enemy were informed, and that during the night of the 28th they had been employed in pouring buckets of water over the parapets, to render it difficult of ascent, the night being very cold, and the water freezing rapidly.

"The commands being in position and in readiness, and the sharpshooters having been directed to open fire all along their lines, so soon as it was light enough to aim, I distributed my staff officers along the line, and rode over to Major Leyden's battery, and to Gen. Kershaw's line, and found Major Leyden waiting until it was light enough to see his elevators, and Kershaw's line ready. I gave Major Leyden orders to open while I was there, and rode toward the assaulting column. As I went, they could be seen advancing in fine style. I rode straight to Wofford's brigade on the left, and as I approached the work, found the men falling back; the officers reporting that it was impossible to mount the parapet, and that the brigade commander, Col. Ruff, and his next in command, Col. Thomas, had been killed, and the next in rank wounded. I rallied the brigade about four hundred yards from the work, reformed the regiments in the order they went to the assault, notified them who was their brigade commander, and the regiments who commanded them, and then consulting with Gen. Humphreys and Gen. Bryan, and finding it was useless to attempt to take the work, I reported to Gen. Longstreet, and asked

assault on the 29th November, we were without trains, carpenter's tools, blacksmiths, etc.; had no appliances for the manufacture of ladders, and had no lumber out of which they could have been made properly. Had an order for such articles been issued, it would have been necessary to call for large details, and for said details to have found their own tools. Communication with London was very uncertain, owing to the miserable condition of the roads, and the division to which I was attached might have been termed self-supporting, so entirely was it dependent on its own exertions for almost everything that was effected."

authority to withdraw my command. Permission was given, and the main body was withdrawn."

The failure of the assault appears to have been due to imperfect reconnoissances and to the state of the weather. It had rained on the night of the 27th, and, the weather then turning very cold, the parapet was hard frozen, and a heavy ice crop was formed by the moisture from the bank, which prevented the men from obtaining a foothold. Ladders would not have been of material assistance, unless they had been furnished in great numbers and had been at least twenty feet long. As it was, the men of McLaw's command did all that human resolution could do, and despaired only in the face of impossibilities, on the brink of an impassable ditch into which as a huge grave they piled their dead.

We have been thus particular in giving to the reader the story of Knoxville, because it excited a sharp interest during the war, and was the subject of severe recriminations, in which an attempt was made to diminish the hard-earned military reputation of Gen. McLaws. That attempt failed. The record of Gen. McLaws remained at the end of the war undimmed, honourable, and worthy of a conspicuous place in the historical memories of the times that tried men's souls.

There was one remarkable peculiarity in his career. There were few men, particularly military men, who were prompted less by a love of fame than he was. The reputation which he acquired was not sought by him, but followed the deeds which he achieved in discharging the duties of his position. He had as little selfishness as falls to the lot of most human beings, and envy and jealousy found no lodgment in his bosom. Extraordinary firmness and determination to do his duty, regardless of all selfish aspirations; a heart feelingly alive to the sufferings of the sick and afflicted soldiers of his command; and love for his sovereign State and country, were some of the prominent characteristics of his nature. Such men live more for human nature and their country than themselves.

MAJ.-GEN. CADMUS M. WILCOX.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Military services in Mexico.—His gallantry at Chapultepec.—Subsequent services in the United States Army.—His first command in the Confederate States Army.—Heroic conduct of his brigade in the battles around Richmond, 1862.—At Gaines' Mills.—At Frazier's Farm.—An incident on the second field of Manassas.—Battle of Salem Church.—Important action of Wilcox' Brigade on the second day of Gettysburg.—A narrow chance of victory.—Why the supports failed.—Amusing anecdote of Gen. Wilcox and a chicken-thief.—Promoted Major-General.—Record of services in the campaign of 1864-5.—Heroic story of Fort Gregg.—Last scenes of the surrender.

CADMUS M. WILCOX was born in Greene county, North Carolina, but was taken at the age of two years to Tennessee, of which State he has since been accounted a citizen. In 1842 he was appointed a cadet at the West Point Academy, from the Memphis District. He graduated in 1846, and joined the Fourth United States infantry as brevet second-lieutenant at Monterey, Mexico, a few days after the battle. He was afterwards appointed aide-de-camp to Major-Gen. John A. Quitman, and in that capacity saw some brilliant service in the Mexican war, and was in all the battles in which Quitman's division participated.

The part borne by this gallant command at Chapultepec, Garita de Belin, and the City of Mexico is well known to history. At the battle of Chapultepec, Lieut. Wilcox gave the order to the storming party to advance to the attack, and went at their head. There were two columns of attack; one led by Quitman and the other by Pillow. From Chapultepec to the city of Mexico, a distance of two miles in a direct line, were two roads, the direct one leading through the Garita de Belin, and the longer

one by San Cosmo. It was by the first mentioned route that Gen. Quitman pursued vigorously after the capture of Chapultepec; but although this route was the shorter, it was the more difficult, as batteries had to be taken before reaching the gate, then a battery there, and, lastly, the position to be held under a concentrated fire from the citadel, a bastioned work, less than two hundred yards distant, surrounded by a heavy wall and deep ditch of water, with seventeen pieces of artillery and four thousand infantry. The Garita de Belin was captured at twenty minutes past one o'clock and held until night, under cover of which Santa Anna evacuated the city. When the gate had been gained, Gen. Quitman ordered a flag to be waved from the top of the aqueduct, that his men in the rear might know his success. Lieut. Selleck of the Palmetto Regiment, assisted by Lieut. Wilcox, aid-de-camp, mounted the aqueduct, and the two lieutenants waved the Palmetto flag, which was the first raised in the city of Mexico. This was done under a close and terrific fire of both musketry and artillery. Lieut. Selleck, while waving the flag, had a leg broken by a musket ball, and fell. One of the men, catching him as he fell, also received a shot, and was instantly killed. Lieut. Wilcox received a severe contusion in his left side, his pistol being struck by a musket ball, which flattened on it.

Upon the return of the army to the United States, Lieut. Wilcox served on the frontier, west of the Mississippi River, in Florida, and in Texas—much of the time in operations against the Indians. In the autumn of 1852, he was ordered to West Point, as assistant instructor in infantry tactics. Here he remained on duty until the summer of 1857. During a part of this time he was commandant of the cadets. Upon being relieved from duty at the military academy, his health not being good, sick furlough for twelve months was given him, with permission to visit Europe. Returning from Europe, he prepared and published a work upon rifles and the theory of rifle-firing. Of this work the War Department at Washington ordered a thousand copies for distribution to the army, and it was made a text book at West Point Academy. He also translated and published the evolutions of the line (infantry), as practiced and adopted by the Austrians.

Entering the field of active duty again, he was ordered to

New Mexico, and promoted to a captaincy. He was subsequently stationed at Fort Fillmore, in Arizona; and at this distant post he became apprised of the war consequent on the disruption of the Union, and on the 7th June, 1861, learned that Tennessee, the State of his citizenship and allegiance, had seceded. The mail that gave him this information bore him an order directing him to proceed forthwith to Washington city and report for duty to Lieut.-Gen. Scott. The next morning he tendered his resignation as an officer of the United States Army, and left for Richmond.

Offering his services to the new government, he received the appointment of colonel, and was assigned to the command of the 9th Alabama Regiment. He reached Manassas the day after the first brilliant victory on that twice glorious field. On the 21st October, 1861, he was made a Brigadier-General, and given the command of the 3d Alabama, 1st Mississippi, and 1st Virginia regiments, and a battery. At Williamsburg his brigade was prominent, fighting on the right, where the action was a complete success for the Confederates. At Seven Pines he commanded two brigades, and at Gaines' Mill three—his own, Featherstone's, and Pryor's. This command, under the immediate direction of Gen. Wilcox, attacked the extreme left of the enemy's line, and was in that part of the field most severely contested. The position of the enemy was defended by numerous and heavy artillery, admirably posted. The line of attack was formed under a brisk enfilading fire of artillery from the Federal batteries of rifled cannon from the heights beyond the Chickahominy; but the men moved forward in admirable order, preserving their alignments perfectly. Ascending the crest of a hill they came in full view of the enemy, and were instantly met by a heavy and destructive fire of infantry within less than a hundred yards. It was dashing in the face of death. The enemy was in large force, directly in front, behind two lines of breastworks, the second overlooking the first; and from behind this, as well as the first, a close and terrible fire of musketry was poured in upon the devoted assailants. Between them and the works referred to was the bed of a small stream which the enemy used as a rifle pit, and from this also a strong line of fire was brought to bear. Thus exposed to three lines of fire, facing shot, shell, grape, and

cannister, and all the time suffering from an enfiladed fire from batteries of rifle cannon beyond the Chickahominy, the heroic men of Wilcox's command seemed to be delivered to destruction. But they never faltered; the first impulse of attack was more than redoubled as they approached the enemy; the Federal ranks were shaken, and began to yield only when Wilcox's men had got within a few yards of them; and now with yells the Confederates run over the rifle-pit, drive the Federals from the second parapet of logs, push them into the open field, and now when the fugitive troops are no longer screened by their breastworks or standing timber, breaking them into rout, chasing them in all directions, and covering the ground with their dead and wounded. Here McClellan lost his battery of Napoleon guns, and with difficulty saved what remained of his army under the cover of the night. It was this desperate and gallant assault that at once conferred upon Wilcox one of the most brilliant reputations of the war.

At Frazier's Farm there were other laurels won, and in this field nearly every regimental officer in Wilcox' command was wounded, and the General himself had his clothing perforated by six bullets. Two of the enemy's batteries, six guns each, were captured; and although one of them was retaken by the enemy, it was only when overwhelming numbers had been brought to bear against a solitary regiment (the 11th Alabama), which, entering the engagement 357 strong, had 181 men and nine company officers killed and wounded. In the two battles of Gaines' Mills and Frazier's Farm, Wilcox's own brigade had lost 1,055 men out of a force of 1,800; of this number fifteen officers were killed, fifty-two officers were wounded, 216 men killed, and 754 wounded. The brigade was in reserve at Malvern Hill, and returned to camp on the Charles City road on the 6th July, 1862. Its loss was heavier than that of any other brigade in Longstreet's division, and the severest in the army in proportion to its strength, it being composed of only four regiments.

In the other battles of 1862 in Virginia, Gen. Wilcox was not conspicuously engaged. But we may make note of an incident on the second field of Manassas, which contains an interesting tribute both to himself and to a brave enemy. While the action was progressing, and in the heat of the battle, Wilcox was

ordered from the left to the right to support a part of the Confederate lines where the enemy was most vigorously attacking. Moving at the head of his troops and riding past the house that gave its name to part of the field—Groveton—he saw a man lying on the ground, some sixty yards distant, waving a handkerchief. The General rode up to him, and discovered that he was a wounded Federal officer. The latter remarked: "You don't know me, Wilcox. I saw you riding by, and recognized you, and wanted to speak to you. My name is Chamberlain, and I was a cadet at West Point when you were an instructor there." He looked pale, and blood was running from his breast. "Oh, yes," replied Gen. Wilcox, "I know you, and I hope you are not much hurt;" and dismounting and kneeling beside him, he examined his wound, and found that the cold dew of death was already on his forehead. "I will make my men," said the General, "move you to the shelter of the ravine; you are exposed here to our shells, and those, too, of your own batteries." "No," said the dying man, "it is no use; I am mortally wounded, and you must not expose yourself to our fire taking care of me. Farewell!" A few moments more and he breathed his last. The incident of this meeting illustrates the singular good feeling remarked at all times between the old graduates of West Point whenever they met under opposite flags, which was at least one generous trait of the war.

In the campaign into Maryland, Gen. Wilcox was compelled to obtain sick leave three days before the battle of Sharpsburg; but on the return of the Confederate army to Virginia he rejoined his command, and was soon increasing the fame he had made in the early part of the campaign. His reputation ascended again on the bloody fields of Chancellorsville, and his command was remarkable there in the severe conflict at Salem Church, where Sedgwick was defeated and Gen. Lee relieved from the pressure of enveloping armies. It was a narrow chance that saved the Confederate army on that occasion, or, at least, prevented Sedgwick from getting to its rear at Chancellorsville. Late in the afternoon of the 2d May, 1863, Gen. Wilcox received a note from Gen. Lee telling him that he needed his help at Chancellorsville, but as he (Gen. Lee) did not know what was in Wilcox' front, he must leave him to decide whether or not to

move to Chancellorsville early the next morning. Meanwhile, Gen. Wilcox dispatched to Gen. Barksdale at Fredericksburg, telling him that he had returned to a position near Banks, Ford, and requesting to be informed should the enemy cross at Fredericksburg. The next morning he examined the front of his line, and seeing no indications of the enemy, he lessened his picket force, and at once retired all but a small guard at Banks' Ford and ten pieces of artillery. He was in the act of taking up the march to Chancellorsville, when a private from a vidette post dashed up to his headquarters at full speed, and reported that "the Yankees were coming up between the canal and the river, and were opposite Falmouth." Gen. Wilcox remarked that it was probably Barksdale's brigade on its way to Chancellorsville, when the soldier replied, "No, General, I have seen the old *grid-iron* flag." It was Sedgwick's column, which, unknown to Wilcox, had occupied Fredericksburg and was now marching to Gen. Lee's rear.

There was nothing on the plank-road between Chancellorsville and Sedgwick's column, until Wilcox promptly threw his brigade forward, forming it in line on crest of a ridge some 700 or 800 yards in rear of Marye's Hill. Here he checked the enemy, until he had reported the situation to Gen. Lee, and indicated to Gen. Early the enemy's line of march by the plank-road. Falling back to Salem Church, he selected ground there, and was assured by a dispatch from Gen. Lee, that three brigades (Kershaw's, Simms' and Mahone's) were marching to his support. The troops had all been put in position when Major-Gen. McLaws arrived on the field, and the artillery was then playing upon the enemy. The decisive field was fixed by Wilcox; and looking now only to the conduct of his own brigade, he fought the enemy with desperation, and, at one time, with his five regiments and two of Simms' brigade, who joined the pursuit without orders, he drove the enemy and had him nearly in rout. Had the other brigades joined in this movement it might have been more decisive; but as it was, the enemy was badly whipped, and so thoroughly demoralized as to meditate only the chances of escape. It was an action of only a few minutes' duration, but of great mortality. Three hundred of the enemy were killed in front of Wilcox' brigade, and nearly 1,000 prisoners taken, with a

number of regimental flags. His loss was 495 killed and wounded out of a force of 2,100 muskets.

The dramatic field of Gettysburg is already familiar to the reader for its pregnant fate and its critical conjunctures; and it was in one of those periods of the multitudinous battle, when victory seemed to depend upon a single incident, and trembled in the balance, that we have to regard the most remarkable appearance of Gen. Wilcox in the war. It was in the second days' fight that Wilcox' brigade took position on the right of Heth's division, Hill's corps, and, advancing upon the enemy, drove him from the woods into a patch of orchards and hedges. Late in the evening, about half-past four o'clock, an artillery fire was opened by Gen. McLaws on the part of the enemy's line, which soon attracted the fire of several Federal batteries. Gen. Wilcox had received orders several times during the day to advance when the troops on his right should advance, and to report promptly to the division commander, in order that the other brigades should advance successively on to the left. About 6 P. M., McLaws (on Wilcox's right) advanced on the enemy's infantry, being not more than 600 or 700 yards in his front. Wilcox was nearly at right angles with McLaws, and moved off rapidly by the left flank for 600 or 700 yards, and then by the right flank, which brought him on the enemy's right flank and rear. In this movement several fences had to be crossed, one of stone and one of plank, behind which were the enemy's skirmishers. The movement by the flank was not seen by the enemy, but the forward movement after halting and facing to the right, rising a ridge on which was the Emmettsburg road, was seen, and batteries from Cemetery Hill fired upon the brigade. The enemy being struck in the flank and rear broke at once, and pursued by Wilcox with Barksdale, on McLaws left, bearing slightly to the right. In this movement, a battery was taken by Wilcox 600 yards beyond the Emmettsburg road. Beyond this battery a second line of the enemy was broken; and beyond this a second battery taken. Still Wilcox pushed on and at length, 500 yards beyond the Emmettsburg road, he reached the foot of the ridge or crest, upon which were the last of the enemy's batteries, and behind which lay more of the enemy's infantry. Here he reported his successes to the division

commander, and asked to be reinforced. While awaiting the answer to his request, the brigade drove back, twice, a line of infantry that came over the crest in front. But as this gallant and intrepid little command stood on the verge of a great victory, no reinforcements came. Previous moments were unimproved; and at last, seeing no prospect of support, Gen. Wilcox withdrew his command, and, as darkness fell, withdrew about 200 yards to the rear, and bivouacked for the night.

In an official manuscript report of this day's action, Gen. Wilcox says: "I beg to assure the division commander that the conduct of both men and officers of the brigade was admirable; and, as stated above, the enemy's line resting on the Emmetsburg road was broken and a battery taken, a second line broken and a second battery taken. This brought the brigade in the bed of a dry stream; and on the crest of the ridge in their front was the last of the enemy's batteries, and in rear of it more infantry. This infantry was twice driven back in their efforts to force my men back. The brigade was withdrawn, *not being able to accomplish more without support.*"

In the last day's action, when Pickett's division made its desperate charge on the enemy's works, Wilcox's brigade moved at some distance in support, advancing over nearly the same ground as the day before, exposed to shot and shell from the enemy's batteries. Marching out of sight of Pickett, and reaching the rocky and dry bed of the stream where he had halted the day before, Wilcox found himself obstructed by a heavy fire; and while engaged with a movement of the enemy in his front, apparently to envelope his command, he was informed of Pickett's repulse, and fell back, without having participated in the main action which closed the day.

In any review of the great battle of Gettysburg, we must take into account the high spirits of the Confederate army which had risked an attack against the most enormous advantages of the enemy. They were fresh from fields of victory. A powerful Federal army intrenched at Chancellorsville had been easily routed; the Sixth Corps (Sedgwick) and part of the Second had been whipped at Salem Church by an insignificant force; Ewell had swept up everything in the Valley of Virginia, and Confederate troops had come to think that they were invincible. But Gettys-

burg was barely lost. Wilcox' brigade, as we have seen, had on the 2d July reached the foot of a ridge on which was the last gun of the enemy. It is not improbable that one more brigade, following Wilcox at this point, would have broken the lines easily and might have given the victory to the Confederates. In Anderson's division (to which Wilcox' brigade belonged) were two brigades stronger than Wilcox—Mahone's Virginians and Posey's Mississippians. Wilcox reported his successes and asked to be supported; but no support came, and he withdrew the next day. The correspondent of the London *Times*, in a letter describing Gettysburg, said that the Confederates had it their own way on the 2d July, had they have known it. The remark was thought to have reference to affairs on the part of the line where Wilcox had fought. After the battle, and when the Confederate army had recrossed the Potomac, there were severe criticisms on Gen. R. H. Anderson, for not supporting Wilcox' and Wright's brigades on the second day; and letters were published by Gens. Mahone and Posey, in which it was stated that they "obeyed orders, and that they were ordered to advance only if the successes of the brigades on their right would warrant it," and "that they did not think that the success did warrant it."

Col. Freemantle, of the British army, who was a spectator on the field of Gettysburg, and in his observations of the war wrote an interesting account of the battle, describes Gen. Wilcox in the third day's fight as an officer "wearing a short round jacket and a much battered straw hat" riding up to Gen. Lee with tears in his eyes, and pointing lugubriously to the condition of his brigade; and Gen. Lee is reported to reply, "never mind, General; this is all my fault, and you, young men, must help me out of it." The picture is perhaps correct; but the language of Gen. Wilcox is too broadly reported. What he did say was that he did not like to make a disagreeable report, but that there was no protection to the great number of batteries on the Emmettsburg road but his single brigade, which was very much reduced in numbers. At this time Pickett's division had been repulsed, and did not appear again on the field, but was reformed several miles in the rear. It was a critical moment; an attack from the enemy was expected; and it was in view of this desperate prospect that Gen. Wilcox approached the Commanding General, who spoke, almost

exactly word for word, as the British journalist has reported him.

An amusing anecdote, related by Gen. Wilcox, relieves the story of his hard fight at Gettysburg, and may be inserted here. A few days before the battle, Longstreet's and part of Hill's corps were resting near the town of Fayetteville. While lying here Gen. Wilcox published an order against all marauding, and forbidding the men to leave camp to hunt poultry, fruit, &c., lest they should be "gobbled up" by the militia with which the country swarmed. A member of the 10th Alabama regiment, one Pat Martin, had been detailed as teamster at the General's headquarters, with the view no doubt of keeping him out of the peril of battle, as he was a young and nice little fellow whom it seemed a pity to expose to war's rude and bloody usages. The day following his order referred to, the General espied Pat Martin slipping through the woods and bushes near his headquarters with a string of fine chickens in his hand. He spoke to the little fellow harshly for his disobedience of orders, and ordered as a punishment that he should return at once to his regiment. A few days thereafter and the General was in the thick of the fight at Gettysburg. When he struck the enemy on the Emmetsburg road, he found himself, as we have already seen, in the midst of a terrible fire; several batteries on Cemetery Hill were playing upon his command; the shells were flying thick and fast, the General had one courier killed by his side and another wounded, the reins of his bridle were cut by bullets, and his alarmed horse was rearing and plunging, and had become almost unmanageable. Just at this moment he caught sight of little Pat Martin, who advanced towards him, halted a squad of *sixteen* Federal prisoners he was conducting, formed them and faced to the front, and, saluting the astonished General with an air of triumph or revenge, said: "Here are your *chickens*, Sir."

On the 9th August, 1863, Wilcox was promoted Major-General, and assigned to the command of the division in Hill's corps that Pender had commanded at Gettysburg. It consisted of Lane's North Carolina brigade, five regiments, Thomas's Georgia brigade, four regiments, McGown's South Carolina brigade, five regiments, and Scales' North Carolina brigade, five regiments. This act of promotion was but tardy justice to Wilcox, and the

general sentiment of the army was that he had deserved it long before. Henceforth his name was more brilliantly associated with the Army of Northern Virginia; and it is hardly necessary to make a distinct statement of a career which ran through all the operations of the main army, in the great campaign of 1864, and is bound up in its general history.

From the Wilderness to Appomattox Court House, Wilcox' division bore its part and inscribed its banners with new victories. Conspicuously engaged in the bloody battles of the Wilderness, where, in conjunction with Heth's division, it forced the enemy back on the plank road; fighting desperately at Spottsylvania Court House, where one of its brigades drove the enemy out of his lines; making another gallant affair at Jericho Ford (May 24); distinguished in the action of Reams' Station (August 25); repulsing a movement of the enemy towards the Boydton plank-road (Sept. 30 and Oct. 1); engaged in the last battles around Petersburg, and in at the last shot at Appomattox Court House, the record of Wilcox's division is an essential part of that of the whole army, and an adorned chapter in the history of its achievements. But from this summary record we must detach one incident that glorified the last days of the Southern Confederacy, and is generally related as having fitly closed, with illuminated scroll, the career of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is the story of the defenders of Fort Gregg. Whose troops they were that gave this last example of devotion on Gen. Lee's lines had been subject to some doubt; but it is now certain that they were of Wilcox' command, and that the General himself, in the eventful morning of the 2d April, gave the order by which 200 men, mostly of Harris' Mississippi brigade, with cannoniers for two pieces of artillery, were placed in this work. The remainder of Harris' brigade were placed in Battery Whitworth (or Alexander), in which work were three pieces of artillery. These two small detachments of troops were ordered to hold these batteries to the last extremity, for these two points were all that now barred the road to Petersburg, since Longstreet's forces had not yet arrived, which were to occupy the interval between the right of the Petersburg lines and the Appomattox River. Extra ammunition was issued to the men. As the enemy's long line advanced, the two guns in Gregg and the

three in Whitworth opened on them. Their advance was not much retarded by this weak fire, and they soon got within reach of the musketry fire of both Gregg and Whitworth. The three guns in Whitworth swept the ground well in front of Gregg, but, as the enemy advanced, they were withdrawn without orders from Gen. Wilcox. The main effort of the enemy seemed to be directed against Gregg. He advanced boldly against it, and, as the glittering array drew near, men could be seen falling rapidly under the close musketry fire of the little detachment in the fort. Three or four times did the enemy stagger and give way. But the attack was constantly renewed. Six Federal flags were counted on the parapet at one time, and still the contest continued. At last the little work was entirely surrounded; Federal troops, standing thick upon the parapet, fired down among the devoted men who still, with clubbed muskets, refused to surrender; and, when finally the flag of the enemy was secured on the work, it was found that not more than thirty of its defenders remained not killed or wounded. Such heroism has no parallel in the war. There had been nothing like it, no instance where a force so small had held in check so long such overwhelming numbers, and inflicted such losses upon the enemy. The Federal General Gibbon, who commanded the corps that took the fort, told Gen. Wilcox, at Appomattox Court House, that it had cost him from 800 to 1,000 men, killed and wounded.*

It is needless to repeat here any part of the sorrowful story of Gen. Lee's retreat. The painful stages, the desperate straits of the hard-pressed army have already been related. In the last scene in which it stood, Gen. Wilcox was conspicuous, having been ordered to support Gordon in his fearful enterprise of forcing an exit to Lynchburg. As his division moved, and two of his brigades advanced to engage the enemy, Gen. Wilcox rode rapidly

* Fort Gregg could be seen some months ago, an interesting monument of the war. It was a lunette. Across its gorge, some fifty yards wide, was planted a palisade of pine posts, and in these were loop-holes to allow musketry fire in that direction. On the other portions of the work was a deep ditch, and in it water collected from the rains. The parapet was too high to be surmounted from the ditch without the aid of ladders. On the right, dirt had been dug and thrown up, and it had been designed to connect Gregg with Whitworth. This, however, was not done, and an embankment extended some twenty yards, which the enemy mounted, and got thence on the parapet of Gregg.

forward to communicate with Gordon, and had barely reached him when a horseman was seen in the direction of the enemy waving a white handkerchief and galloping towards the Confederate lines. As he approached, he was discovered to be a Federal officer, and proved Gen. Sheridan himself. Wilcox readily recognized him, as Sheridan had graduated at West Point when he was an instructor there. The latter asked "if it was true that there was a correspondence going on between Gens. Lee and Grant, with the view of suspending hostilities." Gen. Wilcox was about to answer in the negative, not having been advised of such a correspondence, when Gordon, who had just ridden from the front, spoke up and remarked that he had just been ordered to pass a flag, and forward it to Gen. Lee. Sheridan replied, "if that is the case we should arrest this affair at once, and have no more people hurt." He ordered his troops to be retired out of view; Wilcox at the same time withdrawing his two brigades, and releasing some prisoners that had been captured by his skirmishers. Groups of officers quickly collected between the two lines; many of Gen. Wilcox' old West Point acquaintances rode forward to greet him, among whom were Gens. Gibbon, Griffin, Merritt and Ayres, and, as they awaited news of the conference of the two Commanding Generals, a free and pleasant conversation sprung up, in which present animosities seemed to be forgotten in recollections of the past and hopes of the future.

This brief sketch of the military life of Gen. Wilcox, shows him constantly identified with the Army of Northern Virginia. His reputation in this army commenced early, never declined, and grew to one of the most famous names of the war. He was known to the last as one of the most gallant and intrepid officers of the armies of the Confederacy. He had other distinguished elements of character and is not likely to be forgot or overlooked in the changes which have ensued upon the close of the war. Unimpeachable habits, integrity of aim and purpose, capacity and cultivation of the highest order, assure the reputation of the past, and promise, even in new walks of life, a brilliant destiny.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

CHAPTER XLV.

His gallantry in the Mexican War.—Spirited action of Capt. Pickett in the "San Juan Difficulty."—Position of the State of Virginia in the Sectional Controversies.—Pickett's early appointments in the Confederate States Service.—The "Game-Cock Brigade," in Longstreet's Division.—Memorable and heroic action of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg.—Account of it in the *Richmond Enquirer*.—Gen. Pickett's expedition on the North Carolina Coast.—His return to Petersburg.—How "The Cockade City" was narrowly saved.—Operations around Petersburg.—Gen. Lee's Compliment to Pickett's men.—The Battle of Five Forks.—The suppressed official report of Gen. Pickett.—His last tribute to his troops.—Historical glory of "The Virginia Division."

GEORGE E. PICKETT is the eldest son of the late Col. Robert Pickett, of Turkey Island, in the county of Henrico, Virginia. He was born in the city of Richmond; entered West Point in June, 1842, and graduated in June, 1846. In the autumn of this year he was assigned to duty, with the rank of brevet second lieutenant, and joined the United States army then in Mexico. The celebrated battles of Gen. Taylor had been fought before his arrival; but in the winter following, the command, to which Lieut. Pickett belonged, joined the expedition of Gen. Scott against the city of Vera Cruz. From Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, Pickett served as second lieutenant in the 8th Infantry, Worth's command, and was noticed in the reports of Gen. Scott for his gallant conduct in the battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino Del Rey, and Chapultepec. He was brevetted first lieutenant for gallantry at Contreras, and, "for gallant and meritorious conduct" at Chapultepec, he received the rank of captain.

After the close of the Mexican War, and until 1861, Capt.

Pickett was on duty in Texas, and in New Mexico, Oregon and Washington Territories. Before the great war between North and South bursted upon the attention of the world and gave another and largest date to the military annals of America, the name of Capt. Pickett was actively and very honourably associated with an interesting historical incident. In March, 1855, he had been appointed captain in the 9th Infantry. In 1859 the American settlers on the island of San Juan complained to Gen. Harney, who commanded the department of Oregon and Washington, of outrages by the Indians, and aggressions threatened by the British. A great excitement was occasioned; there was every appearance of a serious complication with the British Government; and Capt. Pickett was ordered to take military possession of the island, as an initiatory measure of what might become a state of war. The order was promptly obeyed, and a camp was formed with a force of about sixty United States troops.

In this position Capt. Pickett was found by three vessels of war sent by the British Governor Douglas to enforce his authority. These vessels anchored with their broadsides commanding his camp; and Pickett was "warned off" the island, and then summoned before a British magistrate. He took no notice of these communications. After some parley, a proposition was made to land from the vessels a force equal to his own; and to this he was asked to accede in the sense of a *joint* military occupation of the island. In obedience to his orders, Capt. Pickett declined the proposal, and declared his purpose, to fire upon the British force if a landing was attempted. The impending collision was prevented by the timely arrival of Admiral Baynes, by whose order the commencement of hostilities was postponed.

The arrival of Lieut. Col. Casey with reinforcements soon followed, who took command of the island, as representative of the United States, and named his post "Camp Pickett," in recognition of the cool courage and daring of his brave subaltern. The difficulty was afterwards adjusted by Gen. Scott in proper person, who consented to the joint military occupation proposed by the British. Gen. Harney recommended Capt. Pickett for a brevet, "for the cool judgment, ability and gallantry he had displayed," and President Buchanan instructed Gen. Scott to retain Pickett in command of the United States forces upon the island. These instructions

were at first complied with, but afterwards, at the instance of Gov. Douglas, Gen. Scott thought fit to remove the obnoxious representative of American rights. He was, however, subsequently replaced in command by Gen. Harney, and remained at his post until 1861.

The dark clouds of war which had been gathering over the country were now ready to break. The native State of Capt. Pickett had been called upon, in the name of the Government of the United States, for her quota of troops, to carry war and devastation into her sister States of the South. She had refused. Her every effort as peacemaker had been unavailing, her counsel scorned, her solemn protests treated with contempt. Virginia, whose people in the struggles of '76 had turned a deaf ear to the voices of Royal favor and patronage, and sprung to arms at the sound of musketry upon the plains of Lexington; Virginia, whose sons animated with the love of liberty, inheriting from their fathers generous tempers and chivalric feelings, thrilled by the eloquence of the immortal Henry, made straightway march to the Heights of Boston, to aid the colonists of Massachusetts in striking off the fetters of tyranny; Virginia, whose colonists in the very beginning of her existence had appealed to their Mother Country for protection against the introduction of African slaves; Virginia, whose honoured sons gave to the United States its Constitution, and whose ever true allegiance to the Union as it was, and as it should be, time and impartial history will vindicate—*now* called in the voice of distress and anguish to her sons for help to resist the unjust and unholy attempt upon the part of these people, whose friend and ally she had been in their time of trouble, to subvert her government, conquer her people, destroy her every right, and strip her of her sovereignty.

Capt. Pickett answered the call of his native State. He resigned his commission, and after delays, trials, and troubles—many, sore and grievous—reached Richmond, the then capital of the Southern Confederacy. He at once received a commission as Colonel and was assigned to duty on the lower Rappahannock. In February, 1862, he was made a Brigadier in Longstreet's division of the Army of the Potomac. His brigade was composed of the 8th, 18th, 19th and 28th Virginia Regiments, formerly commanded by Philip St. Geo. Cocke. This brigade and its commander bore an

honourable part in the campaigns of 1862; at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Gaines' Mills, it showed such dash, courage, and spirit as gained for it the *sobriquet* of "The Game Cock Brigade." In the last mentioned battle (Gaines' Mills) Gen. Pickett received a severe wound in the shoulder, and was disabled for several months. He did not rejoin his command until after the return of the army from Maryland.

Upon again reporting for duty, he was placed in command of a division, and soon thereafter promoted Major-General. His division was composed of the four Virginia brigades under Garnett, Kemper, Armstead and Corse—officers who had won their reputation upon hard fought fields, and, except Kemper and Corse, educated at West Point and commissioned in the United States Army. At the first battle of Fredericksburg this division, though not heavily engaged, took part, holding the centre of the line of battle. In the campaign against Suffolk, Gen. Pickett and his command did good effective service, adding to their already rapidly increasing renown.

But it was at the battle of Gettysburg that the crowning glory was won. In this battle there were displayed the most extraordinary courage, fortitude, and discipline. Two brigades were absent, and the division did not exceed 5,000 muskets. Yet this small force, advancing steadily over half a mile of broken ground, charged and carried the most formidable intrenchments of the enemy, under a concentrated fire of artillery and musketry, and would have maintained the position but for the failure of supports. The Richmond *Enquirer* thus commemorated the service rendered upon the memorable 3d day of July, 1863: "The day preceding, Pickett's division had made a long and toilsome march; at 3 o'clock they moved forward to the field of battle, and were in position very early in the morning of that eventful day. During a considerable portion of the forenoon the division was exposed to the burning rays of a July sun, and the terrible shelling of the enemy's batteries. Thus, very much exhausted by intense heat, and seriously crippled by the enemy's fire, about 3 P.M. they were ordered to charge the heights. An eye-witness testifies that they formed into line of battle as coolly and deliberately as if forming for dress-parade. Headed by their gallant officers, the column being led by Gen. Pickett himself, they moved forward to

the charge, across a plain some 500 yards in width, subjected to the action of guns sweeping like a hurricane of death all over the field. The noble and gallant Pickett commanding, they pressed up to the ugly ramparts of the enemy. It is believed that a more gallant or heroic charge was never made on this continent. Pickett's division has been in the hardest fighting of this bloody war. It had borne itself well and nobly everywhere. But the crowning glory of these patriotic heroes was achieved in the assault upon the iron clad crest of Gettysburg. The lists of casualties tell in terms of truer eloquence the bravery and patriotism of that blood-stained and war-honoured division, than can any figures of rhetoric or poetry. Every Brigadier fell, and a long catalogue of colonels and other officers. The division went in from five to six thousand strong; three days after the battle but fifteen hundred reported for duty. Well done, noble heroes, officers and men, your country will cherish the memory of your deeds and suffering with a gratitude and affection which time can never obliterate! Maj.-Gen. Pickett has well earned, and will no doubt receive the meed of his country's praise. Without meaning to disparage any officer or division, it is indeed a high honour to have belonged to Pickett's division, and to have fought under that gallant commander."

After the return of Gen. Lee's army from Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1863, Pickett's division was detached from the First Corps, and Gen. Pickett placed in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, with his headquarters in the city of Petersburg. While in command of this Department he was instructed to make an attack upon Newbern, North Carolina, then in possession of the Federal forces, and thoroughly fortified. His forces, scattered over the wide-spread limits of his department, were concentrated with secrecy and dispatch at Kinston, one of his out-posts, situated upon the Neuse River, and pushed forward without a moment's delay. He moved in three columns: the left commanded by the dashing Col. James Dearing, the right by Gen. Barton, and the centre by himself, directed against the immediate front of the fortified town, where the enemy's works were strongest and most elaborate. The success of the expedition turned upon the result attending the attack to be made by the column under Gen. Barton, and his ability to carry the line of works in his front.

The movement of troops begun on the morning of the 1st February, 1864. The centre, composed of Clingman's and Hoke's North Carolina Brigades, and Corse's Virginia Brigade, swept everything before them, and advanced almost to the very fortifications of the town. The enemy's advanced pickets were surprised and captured, the block house commanding the ford at Batchelor's Creek, stormed and carried after a sharp and determined resistance, and the camp, outside the fortifications, captured with considerable spoils, and a number of prisoners. The columns on the right and left meeting with unexpected and impassable barriers to their advance, failed entirely to coöperate. The delay was fatal to success; reinforcements reached the town from below, and it became necessary to withdraw. The retreat was conducted in perfect order. The enemy did not venture to pursue, and five hundred prisoners and valuable stores were carried back in safety to Kinston. Although the expedition failed to accomplish its main object, it added to the reputation of Gen. Pickett. In its organization, conduct, and execution, he displayed the characteristics of an able commander. He showed that he possessed sound judgment, quick perception, dash, endurance and ability. His troops were held well in hand and under perfect command, and he controlled them with a master's hand.

After Gen. Pickett's return to Petersburg, another expedition was prepared and directed against Plymouth, North Carolina, under the sanction of the War Office, but, as the writer of this sketch believes, upon plans proposed by Gen. Pickett. About the last of April, 1864, the preparations were complete, the troops in readiness, and the General and his staff just about to leave to assume the command. An order from Gen. Braxton Bragg, then the Commander-in-Chief under President Davis, directed that the command should be given to Gen. Hoke, and that Gen. Pickett should report to Richmond. Plymouth was invested; its fall and capitulation had been flashed over the wires, and received with gladness and exultation. Hoke was forthwith made Major-General; but before Gen. Pickett had completed his arrangements to leave the city of Petersburg, the flags of the signal corps announced the fleet of Gen. Butler off City Point. No one but a resident of Richmond at the time and an intimate of its official councils can imagine the shock of surprise and terrour that the apparition of

Butler's forces in James River gave to the Confederate authorities. It was one of the most perfect surprises of the war. Not one of the Confederate officials had counted on this auxiliary to Grant's movement; not even a speculative newspaper had imagined it; all eyes were turned towards the Rapidan, when attention was suddenly called to the new and unexpected enemy at the back door of the capital. The south side of Richmond was almost undefended; Petersburg was apparently at the mercy of the enemy, and a large portion of its people had already despaired of the safety of their habitations. Fortunately, however, for the Confederate interests, the new comer who had fallen on such an opportunity had not the genius to use it; and while Gen. Butler tarried in his demonstrations, a series of rapid movements changed the situation, and saved one of the narrowest fortunes of the war.

Gen. Pickett was ordered to remain and defend Petersburg. The order appeared absurd in view of his forces. The only troops he had were the Washington artillery, almost unserviceable for want of horses, the militia, Bates's battalion of boys for "local defence," and a regiment of Clingman's brigade on the Blackwater. Not dismayed, alert and full of spirit, Gen. Pickett addressed himself to his task. A troop of cavalry was improvised; Bates's battalion and the militia were put under arms; the artillery was supplied with horses, the defences manned, and pickets posted to the best advantage. On the night of the 6th May, 1864, Petersburg slept secure, with Butler's army at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, and a corporal and two men guarding Pocahontas Bridge. The next day the crisis was more clearly developed. Spiers, with his cavalry, crossed the Blackwater, and destroyed the Weldon railroad; Butler forced the railroad communicating with Richmond; and Gen. Pickett found himself apparently isolated, and his little army hemmed within the city limits. Then followed days and nights of unspeakable anxiety. At last the car-whistle announced the expected aid; Lieut.-Col. Dargan, with a portion of the South Carolina brigade, reached Petersburg, amid the joyous shouts of the people. This force was immediately sent to Port Walthall junction, and, the following day, reinforced by another regiment of the same brigade and some troops from Drury's Bluff, it resisted successfully Butler's attack on that point. Wise, Hoke and Kemper soon followed; the line upon Swift Creek was taken;

Gen. Beauregard arrived, and to him Gen. Pickett turned over the command, which he had held so many anxious days and nights with the most remarkable fortitude and vigilance. "The Cockade City" was safe!

Cheated of a prize which he had not the hardihood to essay, Gen. Butler next turned his attention to the railroad, and, having sallied from behind his intrenchments, advanced towards it with the design of destroying the communication with Richmond. But Gen. Lee was prepared for him. The lines necessarily vacated by Gen. Beauregard, when he had to fall back and defend Petersburg, had already been taken possession of by the Federals; but directly Butler made his attempt, Gen. Anderson was dispatched with his corps to repulse him. This was done most effectually—Pickett's division being with difficulty restrained in their impetuous advance. The result was so satisfactory, and the exploit so gallantly accomplished, that Gen. Lee issued the following congratulatory dispatch:

CLAY'S HOUSE, June 17—5½ P.M.

Lieut.-Gen. R. H. Anderson, Commanding Longstreet's Corps:

GENERAL—I take great pleasure in presenting to you my congratulations upon the conduct of the men of your corps. I believe that they will carry any thing they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but could not do it. I hope his loss has been small.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The position thus obtained was held for many months. But after Petersburg was invested, and the enemy had unsuccessfully attempted to carry the Confederate earthworks by assault, military operations, with one or two memorable exceptions, assumed the monotony of a regular siege.

In the final act of the war before Petersburg, Pickett and his heroic men, figured with their accustomed gallantry, and kept to the last the integrity and splendour of their historical name. In the battle of Five Forks his division bore the brunt, and gave way only when the force of the enemy became overwhelming. The theory of this battle was an attempt of the enemy to turn the right and vulnerable flank

of Gen. Lee's army by a force of about 35,000 infantry and cavalry ; to encounter which Pickett's and B. Johnson's divisions and a small force of cavalry were moved to the extreme right, and first struck the enemy within half a mile of Dinwiddie Court House. The first event was a success of the Confederates. The enemy was severely punished ; half an hour more of daylight and Pickett's men would have got to the Court House ; as it was, learning that the enemy was reinforcing with infantry, and knowing that the whole of Sheridan's and Kautz' cavalry was in his front, Gen. Pickett decided to fall back, at daylight of the 1st April, to Five Forks, a position he was directed by a telegram from Gen. Lee to "hold," so as to protect the road to Ford's Depot.

This movement was made in perfect order. In the morning of the 1st April, the enemy pushed up steadily from the Court House, and commenced extending to the Confederate left. In his official report (which is in manuscript and has not yet been admitted into the historical records of the war) Gen. Pickett thus describes the principal action and disastrous close of the day : "Suddenly the enemy in heavy infantry column appeared on our left front, and the attack, which, up to that time, had been confined principally to our front towards the Court House, now became general. Charge after charge of the enemy was repulsed ; but they still kept bringing up division after division and pressing around our left. Gen. Ransom, perceiving this, took his brigade from behind the breastworks, and boldly charged the heavy column of the enemy, committing great havoc and temporarily checking their movement. In this he had his horse killed, he falling under him, and his Asst. Adjt.-General, the brave but unfortunate Captain Gee, was killed. The few cavalry however which had got into position gave way, and the enemy came pouring in on Wallace's left, causing his men to give back. Pegram had been mortally wounded, the captain of the battery killed, and many of the men killed and wounded. I succeeded nevertheless in getting a sergeant with men enough for one piece put in position on the left, and fired some eight rounds into the head of the enemy's column, when the axle broke, disabling the piece. I had also immediately withdrawn Terry's Brigade from its position, and threw them on the left flank, charging over Wallace's men, forcing them back to their position. Even then, with all the odds against us, we might have held on until night,

which was approaching; but the ammunition was fast giving out. Col. Florence's regiment fought hand to hand with the enemy, after their cartridges were expended; but it was of no avail, and, although the enemy's dead lay in heaps, we were obliged to give way, our left being completely turned. * * * Everything assumed the appearance of a panic, when, by dint of great personal exertions on the part of my staff, together with the general officers and their staff officers, we compelled a rally and stand on Corse's Brigade, which was still in perfect order, and had repulsed, as had W. H. F. Lee's cavalry, every attempt of the enemy against them. One of the most brilliant cavalry engagements of the war took place on this part of the field, near Mrs. Gillian's residence. The enemy made a most determined attack in heavy force (cavalry), but were in turn charged by Gen. W. H. F. Lee, completely driving them off the field. This, with the firm stand made by Corse's men, and those that could be rallied at this point, enabled many to escape capture. Thus the shades of the evening closed on the bloody field."

The men who escaped capture were assembled on the railroad; their losses had been severe, several thousand having been taken prisoners. As night fell, Gen. Pickett with the remnant of his command took up his line of march towards Exeter Mills, intending to cross the Appomattox river at that point, when he received orders by a staff officer to report to Lieut.-Gen. Anderson at Sutherland's. In the following morning, while on the march, he found the road strewn with stragglers from Wilcox' and Heth's divisions, who informed him that the lines in front of Petersburg had been forced. He at once struck for the general line of retreat towards Amelia Court-House, where he reported to Gen. Anderson. After the affair of Sailor's Creek, the history of this retreat, so often referred to in this volume, became a dull, harsh record of occasional skirmishing and continual marching, day and night; and in its last stages Gen. Pickett reported to Gen. Longstreet, and continued to receive orders from him until the army was surrendered and dispersed.

In his final report, officially addressed to Gen. Lee, Gen. Pickett thus epitomizes the deeds of the Virginia troops he had led so long, in language which his ardent and honourable regard for his men inspired, and to which history will add the commentary which

his personal modesty has withheld. "It is needless in this, my last report of the Virginia Division, to recall to the Commander-in-Chief the trials, hardships and battles through which they have passed. Baptized in war at Bull Run and the First Manassas, under Lieut.-Gen. Longstreet's instructions, they continued afterwards to follow the lessons taught them on their various marches; in the lines about Yorktown; at the glorious battle of Williamsburg, where, with Wilcox' Alabama Brigade, they withstood the advance of the whole of McClellan's Grand Army, and absolutely drove them back; at Seven Pines, where they were so highly complimented by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; at Gaines' Mills, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and the engagements about the lines in front of Bermuda Hundred, Fort Harrison, etc., which came under the personal observation of the Commander-in-chief. The written and verbal acknowledgments of their worth from him, have been gratefully appreciated by them."

The "Virginia Division," with such a record, will live as long as there is a pen to transcribe deeds of glory and living hearts to treasure the proud and tender memories of the past. The command of Gen. Pickett was composed of Virginians, himself the product and representative of the best school of the Virginia gentleman. In it was gathered much of the best and most cultivated manhood of the State; and men belonging to noble families, some with muskets in their hands, showed that superiour courage which belongs to the well-trained gentry of the Old Dominion, and proved themselves worthy of the blood which coursed in their veins. From their near countrymen the survivors of the command that fought at Gettysburg obtain homage, love, respect and admiration; from their enemies they need fear nothing but the weakest and vainest attempts at detraction, for there is a certain assured glory where stings of envy cannot enter and where shafts of slander fall harmless; and we solemnly believe it would be as vain to dispute before the world, after the experience of the past war, the heroic character of the modern Virginians, as that of the old Romans, whom centuries have accepted as types of the martial and manly virtues.

MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES W. FIELD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Services in the United States Army and at West Point.—Commands a Brigade in “the Seven Days’ Battles” around Richmond.—Promoted Major-General in 1864.—Field’s Division restores the Battle in the Wilderness.—An unheralded victory on the Richmond lines.—Apocrypha of the newspapers.—Remarkable and brilliant appearance of Field’s Division at the Surrender—What the Federal General Meade said of “the Rebels.”

CHARLES W. FIELD was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, in 1818; his parents having migrated from Virginia, his father being a native of Culpepper county, where the family had lived for several generations, and maintains to this day some honoured representatives. The illustrious Henry Clay conceived a great fondness for young Field, and was indeed a devoted friend of his father, but being defeated in his candidacy for the Presidency, he was in no position to serve the boy, who, however, through the solicitation of ex-President Jackson, secured a cadetship at West Point, which he had long coveted, being appointed “at large” by President Polk, in 1845. Being graduated in 1849, he was assigned to the 2nd Dragoons, Col. Harney, and for the five succeeding years operated against the Indians on the frontier of New Mexico, Texas and the Plains. In 1855 he was promoted first lieutenant and transferred to the Second Cavalry, then being raised, A. S. Johnston, colonel, and R. E. Lee, lieutenant-colonel. In 1856, he was ordered by the War Department on duty at West Point, as chief of cavalry at that institution, and remained there until 1861, when he resigned his commission as captain, and, going to Richmond, offered his services to the Southern Confederacy.

His first duties in the war were quiet and obscure, he having been appointed to organize a school of instruction for cavalry at Ashland, near Richmond; thence he was appointed to command the 6th Virginia Cavalry; but it was not until Johnston's army abandoned North Virginia, in 1862, that he appeared conspicuously in the field. He was then made a Brigadier-General, and finally, falling into the command of an infantry brigade (all Virginia regiments), he was placed in A. P. Hill's division, and in that fought in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Cedar Run, and the Second Manassas. In the last named battle Gen. Field was dreadfully wounded, and was actually confined to his bed for nearly a year. In February, 1864, though still on crutches, he reported for duty, was made a Major-General, and was assigned to Longstreet's corps, and to the division that Gen. Hood had formerly commanded.

From that time to the surrender at Appomattox Court-House Field's Division was an honourable and familiar name. It was this division that mainly restored the battle in the Wilderness, when at one time it appeared that the Confederate right wing was gone, and Gen. Lee in desperation had offered to lead the Texas Brigade into action. "Go back," said these hardy soldiers, "and we'll show you what we will do." They did show it, they did repulse the enemy; but in twenty minutes two-thirds of this devoted brigade were on the ground, killed or wounded.

When Gen. Lee fell back to Richmond and Petersburg, Field's division was withdrawn and sent to the north line of the James, to meet a demonstration in that direction. On the 14th August, 1864, while Gen. Field held a line extending from Chapin's Bluff to New Market Heights, reinforced by some brigades from Mahone's, Wilcox' and Pickett's divisions, he sustained a heavy attack of the enemy, which at one time broke through a gap of two brigades in his centre. It appeared that everything on the field was lost, and that there was nothing to stop the enemy short of the works immediately around Richmond. Gen. Field, however, called upon his old division, which had never yet failed him, formed it rapidly in front of the enemy, dashed at his advancing columns, drove them half a mile, and completely reëstablished his lines. It was a critical success; it may be said to have snatched Richmond itself from the grasp of the enemy. Gen. Field's forces

numbered about 14,000; those of the enemy were not less than 40,000, and the presence of Gens. Grant, Butler and Hancock on the field attested the breadth and seriousness of the enterprise. Yet this important and brilliant victory was scarcely ever heard of in Richmond, a few miles away. The only notice of it was a paragraph in the *Whig*, giving the credit to Mahone—who had never been nearer the battle-field than Petersburg, and who was even ignorant that a battle had been fought—and “hoping that his modesty would not prevent him hereafter from at least reporting his victories.” Field’s division was not even mentioned—a remarkable instance indeed of apocrypha, and the uncertainty of “the gazette” in heralding and distributing the honours of war.

It was in the last days of the Confederacy that Field’s division shone in its greatest and most peculiar glory; for, to the very day of the surrender, it was remarkable that this body of troops was in prime fighting condition, compact and brilliant, partaking of none of the disorganization around it, animated by its glorious memories, and retaining its arms and spirit to the last. We respond to the noble and touching pride of its commander, when he writes: “I am proud of my division, always was, but was never so proud of it as on that black 9th of April, when, for the first time on the retreat, our army was all together, and I could compare their soldierly appearance and numbers and bearing with the wrecks about me.” On the 1st April, Field’s division was about the strength of the others; on the 9th he surrendered nearly 5,000 men—more than half Gen. Lee’s entire infantry force surrendered *in arms*. Although it constituted the rear-guard on the retreat, and was thus constantly exposed, there was scarcely a straggler from the division, and but few captures. The division was composed of five brigades: Laws’ Alabama, Jenkins’ (afterwards Bratton’s) South Carolina, Benning’s and Anderson’s Georgia, and Gregg’s Texas. Jenkins was killed in the Wilderness, and Benning badly wounded there. At Cold Harbour, Law was wounded slightly, but was afterwards detached, and never rejoined his brigade. At Charles City road, October 7, 1864, Gregg was killed, and Bratton painfully wounded.

Gen. Field relates a pleasant incident of the surrender. While his division was at Appomattox Court-House, waiting to obtain their paroles, Gen. Meade, whose army was just in his rear, sent

to request that Gen. Field would conduct him through his lines, on his way to make his personal respects to Gen. Lee, who was a mile in front. As Gen. Meade at the head of a large and brilliant staff passed through Field's Division, the men gathered along the route in numerous squads, attracted by the spectacle. The two Generals were side by side conversing, when Gen. Meade turned to Gen. Field, with the remark, "your troops are very complimentary to me." "How so?" asked the latter. "Why, those fellows there,"—pointing to a group of soiled and grim Confederates—"say I look like a Rebel." "Do you take that for a compliment?" said Gen. Field. "To be sure I do," replied Gen. Meade; "any people who have shown the courage and spirit you have, must have their admirers everywhere."

MAJ.-GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Graduates at the Virginia Military Institute.—A civil engineer in Alabama.—Elected to a Professor's chair in the Virginia Military Institute.—Commands a Brigade at Seven Pines.—Gallantry at Chancellorsville.—Complimented on the field by Stonewall Jackson.—Killed at Winchester.—A touching tribute to his memory.

ROBERT E. RODES was born in Virginia, but was a citizen of Alabama when that State seceded from the Union. He was the second son of the late Gen. David Rodes of the city of Lynchburg. He entered the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet in July, 1845, and graduated with great distinction, July 4, 1848. His eminent qualifications as a scholar and a soldier led to his immediate appointment as assistant professor in the Institute, and he discharged the duties of this position with the highest credit until July, 1851, when he resigned, to enter the profession of civil engineering.

In this new field he soon rose to distinction and, having removed to Alabama, he was appointed the chief-engineer of the Great Northeastern and Southwestern railroad, connecting New Orleans with Tuscaloosa.

When the State of Louisiana was about to organize the Military Academy at Alexandria, the name of Rodes was presented to the Board of Visitors, without his knowledge, for the position of Superintendent of that Institution. The uncertainty of his acceptance of the appointment, and other considerations, led to the selection of the now notorious Maj.-Gen. Wm. T. Sherman.

In 1859, the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, in the organization of the school of Applied Science, divided the Chair of Natural Philosophy, then occupied by "Stonewall"

Jackson and formed a Chair of Applied Mechanics. To this chair Rodes was unanimously elected, and, although the interruption of the war forced him to take the field, he was always regarded as professor elect in the honourable institution of learning where his own genius had been nurtured, and around which his affections clung to the last moment of his life.

He promptly joined the standard of his adopted State, Alabama, and raised a company of infantry of which he was elected captain. This company was incorporated in the 5th Alabama Regiment, and, on the organization of the regiment, Rodes was chosen its Colonel. He came to Virginia in command of his regiment, in May, 1861; and his career soon gave evidence of the heroism and gallantry, which afterwards immortalized the name of his brigade and division in the Army of Northern Virginia. Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General at Manassas, his command shared in all the hardships and glory of the first campaign of Virginia. At the battle of Seven Pines he led the charge upon the intrenched position of the enemy, and carried it with fearful loss to his brigade, he himself receiving a severe wound. His command on this field was composed of the 3d, 5th, 6th, 12th and 26th Alabama regiments and Carter's battery, making an aggregate of about 1,500 men.

In the estimation of his friends, he won, on this bloody field, promotion to a higher grade; but this honour was delayed to make his merits more conspicuous. At the battle of Chancellorsville, as senior Brigadier, he commanded D. H. Hill's division, and it was his gallant charge, with his clarion shout, "Forward men—over friend or foe!" that broke the enemy's line. It was the most glorious incident of his military life. With one division he drove before him the whole right wing of Hooker for three hours. He had fought under the eye of Jackson and won the last and characteristic applause of the great commander on the field of battle. "Gen. Rodes," he said, "your commission as Major-General shall date from the 2d May." The promise of Gen. Jackson was studiously fulfilled by the government immediately after his death, and Gen. Rodes was promoted and placed in permanent command of the division he had so bravely led at Chancellorsville. He continued to lead it with consummate gallantry and skill until the disastrous battle of Winchester, in the autumn of

1864, when he fell at its head in the execution of an attack against the enemy which promised to decide the day. He was struck in the head by a ball, and died in half an hour after reaching the hospital.

Young, earnest, vigilant, intrepid, sagacious, Gen. Rodes was one of the most brilliant and valuable division commanders in the Army of Northern Virginia. His loss was keenly felt; a bright career of usefulness and distinction was before him; yet he had already accomplished a name to be remembered, and he sleeps with honour in the soldier's grave, reposing in the bosom of his own Virginia. Truly, proudly and tenderly has Gen. Francis H. Smith, the revered scholar and honoured superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, written over the graves of the two men whom this school claims as her ornaments: "Jackson and Rodes, associate professors in the same institution, associate officers in the same army, each finds a resting place on the banks of our noble James, and Lexington and Lynchburg will henceforth be the *Meccas* of the patriot soldier in his pilgrimage of honour to the sleeping heroes of our Revolution!"

MAJ.-GEN. ARNOLD ELZEY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A captain in the United States Army.—His surrender of the Augusta Arsenal to the State of Georgia.—“The Blucher of Manassas.”—Services in the Shenandoah Valley.—Wounded at Gaines' Mills.—His successful command of the Department of Richmond.

ARNOLD ELZEY was born in 1816, in Somerset county, Maryland. He graduated at West Point, in 1837, at the early age of twenty, and was assigned to the Second Regiment of Artillery. He served in this regiment and in the line, (never being on staff duty) until he resigned from the United States army, in 1861, to offer his services to the Southern Confederacy.

In the first Florida war he bore a gallant and conspicuous part, as also in the campaigns of Mexico. He was at the siege of Fort Brown (the initiation of hostilities), and himself fired the first gun discharged in the Mexican War. He served with distinction through the entire struggle, and was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherusco.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, Capt. Elzey was in command of the Augusta (Georgia) arsenal, which was garrisoned by one company. He surrendered to the State of Georgia, and by this act incurred the displeasure of the Washington authorities, and was banished to Fortress Monroe. While at the Fortress, he tendered his resignation to the Government, and asked for leave of absence, which was refused. He then made his escape to Baltimore, immediately after the secession of Virginia, and offered his services to his native State. Procrastination in the action of Maryland through her Governor, made it necessary for him to leave the State. He went directly to Montgomery, was commissioned by President Davis, and sent to Virginia, where he was assigned to

the command of the 1st Maryland regiment of infantry, then being organized. After the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, this regiment, together with the 10th Virginia (commanded by Col. Gibbons,—killed at McDowell), the 13th Virginia (Col. and afterwards Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill), the 3d Tennessee, (Col., afterwards Brig.-Gen. Vaughn), and the Newtown Battery, were organized as the Fourth Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, and Col. Elzey as senior officer was put in command; leaving the immediate command of the 1st Maryland regiment to Lieut.-Col. George H. Stewart.

This brigade was distinguished at the First Manassas, arriving on the field when the scale of battle had almost turned against the Confederate side. Colonel Elzey received the highest praise for his gallantry, and the skill displayed by him on this occasion in handling his troops, and was personally complimented by Gen. Beauregard, who termed him the "Blucher of the Day." Elzey was promoted to the position of Brigadier-General, to date from the memorable 21st July, and his brigade was assigned to duty in the "Reserve Division" of the Army of the Potomac, (Second Corps) then commanded by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and afterwards by Gen. Ewell. Gen. Smith was very seriously wounded at Manassas, while within a few feet of Elzey; but the latter escaped injury, though exposed to the hottest fire. Elzey's brigade served as rear guard to the army, on the banks of the Rappahannock, after Gen. Johnston had moved the greater part of his command to the Peninsula, and was afterwards with the rest of the "Reserve Division" sent to join Jackson in the Valley. Gen. Elzey served through Jackson's celebrated Valley campaign—at Front Royal, Winchester, Bolivar Heights, Strasburg, and Cross Keys, on which last field he was slightly wounded and his horse killed under him. His wound prevented him from joining in the battle of the next day at Port Republic. The position of the Confederate forces at Cross Keys was selected by him, and Gen. Ewell frequently availed himself of Elzey's experience and advice during the engagement. The official reports of Jackson and Ewell will show the high esteem in which he was held by these officers.

At Gaines' Mills, on the 27th June, 1862, Elzey's brigade was in the thickest of the fight, and suffered heavy loss. Gen. Elzey

was severely wounded by a musket ball through the face and head, and was carried from the field. Captain T. O. Chestney, his Assistant Adjutant-General, was wounded through the shoulder; Lieut. C. W. McDonald, Acting Inspector, was killed, and Lieut. Fields, who took McDonald's place, was also killed.

After the recovery of the General, he was promoted Major-General, and was assigned to the command of the Department of Richmond which then extended from the James River to the operations of Lee's army on the Potomac. While in command of this department, he organized the "Local Defence Brigade," composed of the government clerks and workmen in Richmond. This force afterwards did good service in repelling raids of the enemy, which were of frequent occurrence, and the safety of Richmond on several occasions was determined by the availability of this command. The capture of Dahlgren; the destruction of a Federal gunboat in James River; the defeat of Stoneman's, Kilpatrick's and Sheridan's attempts on Richmond, at various times, and the repulse of numberless raiding parties of the enemy, served to show the vigilance of Gen. Elzey while holding this important command. Gen. Lee complimented him in writing on the fine appearance and quick movements of his heavy artillery command, when ordered to distant parts of the department, and the entire forces serving in his command were always kept in efficient condition.

In the early months of 1864, Gen. Elzey was sent to Staunton to organize the "Maryland Line," and, after accomplishing all that could be done to that end, was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, where he was assigned to the command of all the artillery of Hood's forces. The peculiar organization of this command (attached to separate divisions and brigades) prevented Gen. Elzey from exhibiting his talents, except on one or two occasions in the retreat from Nashville; and the subsequent dissolution of Hood's army left him without a command during the short time that elapsed between that event and the general surrender of the Confederate forces.

Like many others of the military leaders of the Confederacy, Gen. Elzey has, since the war, betaken himself to the peculiarly retired life of a farmer, and has exchanged the sword for the implements of industry.

MAJ.-GEN. SAM JONES.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Early military services in the field, at West Point and at Washington.—Appointed on Gen. Beauregard's staff.—Commands Bartow's Brigade.—Ordered to Pensacola.—Various services on the Western theatre of the War.—Commands the Trans-Alleghany Department.—Relieves Gen. Beauregard at Charleston.—Defence of Tallahassee.—Breadth and variety of his military experience.

THE subject of our sketch was born in Powhatan county, Virginia, in the year 1819. His ancestors, the Joneses, Moseleys, and Gileses, were among the earliest English settlers in that part of Virginia, where many of their descendants reside to this day. Sam Jones, after obtaining the early education usually given to the sons of Virginia gentlemen, graduated at West Point in 1841, and for several years subsequent was assigned to duty in that academy as assistant professor of mathematics. On the 24th December, 1853, he was promoted to a captaincy in his regiment, and joined his company on the Mexican frontier at Larado (Fort McIntosh), Texas. In 1855 he was appointed commandant and professor of engineering in the Georgia Military Institute, but resigned the chair of instruction after filling it for a few months. In the autumn of 1858 he was assigned to duty in the War Department at Washington, and was at the seat of the government during the stormy and eventful sessions of Congress preceding the dissolution of the Union. On the secession of Virginia, he threw up his commission,* and transferred his military fortunes to the service of his native State.

* Once for all, we may notice here a vapid and common remark in Northern newspapers with reference to the conduct of those army-officers born in the Southern States who resigned their commissions to take up arms for their native States, on

His first noticeable service was on the field of Manassas, 1861, in the capacity of Chief of Artillery and Ordnance on Gen. Beauregard's staff. On the day succeeding the battle, President Davis appointed him a Brigadier-General, and Gen. Johnston assigned him to the command of the brigade at the head of which the gallant and lamented Bartow had fallen. It was composed of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th Georgia regiments, 1st Kentucky, and Alburdis's battery of Virginia field artillery. This body of troops afterwards did long and gallant service in Virginia, under different commanders; but as early as January, 1862, Gen. Jones was ordered to report to Gen. Bragg at Pensacola, and afterwards, on promotion as Major-General, had various commands in the West. These were without remarkable incident. He com-

their secession from the Union. They have been flippantly and constantly accused of ingratitude, because it was said that the *United States had educated them*. But, in this regard, their gratitude was due to their States, and every motive of patriotism and generosity urged them to respond to their call in the hour of danger. To their States they owed their military education. The military school at West Point was common to all the States. Each *had the right* to send there a certain number of cadets, just as each had the right (now like other rights denied them) to send a certain number of Senators and Representatives to the Congress at Washington. Indeed, the cadets, with the exception of ten each year, who, by special act, were selected by the President, were taken from Congressional districts, and were nominated, and, in effect, appointed by their representatives in Congress.

As for the political integrity of these resignations from the U. S. Army, it is well known that, while its officers meddled but little with politics, they had their opinions as other educated gentlemen on the public questions of the day, and that a very large majority entertained the "State-Rights" theory of the government. They believed that the citizen of the State owed allegiance to the United States only by virtue of the relation of the State to the General Government. If Virginia had not (unfortunately, as it now appears,) ratified the Constitution and become one of the United States, her citizens would not have been citizens of the United States. But the action of the State controlled the citizen, no matter how strongly he disapproved of that action. It was plain to the ordinary mind that, when the interest and safety of her citizens demanded it, the State had the same right to secede from, that she had to accede to, the Union; and that the action of the Convention which dissolved its connection with the United States was as binding on its citizens as the action of the Convention which made her a State of the Union. And this, we believe, has always been the belief of a large majority of the Southern people. Patrick Henry, President Monroe, and others, who, as members of the Convention, opposed the ratification of the old Constitution, yielded to the action of the State as expressed by the Convention of the people. So in 1861, other Virginians, equally intelligent and patriotic, yielded obedience to the action of the Convention which they disapproved, and cast in their lot with their State.

manded a division in Van Dorn's army, assembled at Corinth; and, when Gen. Bragg invaded Kentucky, Gen. Jones was assigned to the command of his base of operations, with his headquarters at Chattanooga.

On the termination of the Kentucky campaign, Gen. E. Kirby Smith resumed command of the Department of East Tennessee, and Gen. Jones was assigned to the command of the Trans-Alleghany, or Department of West Virginia. This, though an important, was perhaps the least desirable command in the Confederacy. It embraced a very wide and vulnerable extent of country, with a force wholly inadequate to its defense. The results of the war in that department had been generally unfortunate, and with the mass of the people, success being the criterion of merit, those who had commanded in that section of country had been regarded with but little favour. First, the gallant Gen. Robert Garnett had been, with his small force, overwhelmed by McClellan at Rich Mountain, and lost his life in an unequal struggle, while endeavouring to save his raw and undisciplined troops from destruction. Gens. Floyd and Wise, scarcely less hostile towards each other than to the common enemy, had been unable to hold the country. Even Gen. Lee, who was sent to command them both, failed to regain the lost ground, and it is no disparagement to him, but rather a reflection on the self-constituted critics, to say, that he left that command without that *éclat* with which he entered it, or the love and admiration he afterwards won and always deserved. Gen. Heth, who succeeded him, was unfortunate at Lewisburg, and during his administration the enemy penetrated still further into the country. Gen. Loring, eager to regain the lost ground, gallantly drove back the enemy, and penetrated into Kanawha Valley. But his troops were soon forced to retire and leave that rich country in the hands of the enemy. All of these officers were prevented from accomplishing what was so much desired by the lack of anything approaching an adequate force, and the same insuperable difficulty was in the way of Gen. Jones, and his successor, Gen. Breckenridge.

On this adverse theatre of the war, Gen. Jones achieved what must be regarded, in the light of all the circumstances, as wonderful successes. He encountered the famous raid of Averill, and brought to nought its main purposes; he frustrated Gen. Burn-

side's projected invasion of South-western Virginia, and by the detention of this force of the enemy in East Tennessee withheld it from Chickamauga and contributed to the great victory of the Confederates there ; and he saved the invaluable Salt works and the Virginia and Tennessee railroad without forcing Gen. Lee to the necessity of making large detachments from his army to confront the enemy in this part of the State. For fifteen months he encountered and overcame every effort of the enemy within the limits of his department, and when he relinquished the command to Gen. Breckenridge, in March, 1864, his troops held all the territory they occupied when he assumed it.

On the 19th April, 1864, Gen. Jones reached Charleston, and relieved Gen. Beauregard in command of that department, the latter having been ordered to Virginia. He commanded this department six months, under very disadvantageous circumstances, during a critical period of the war ; and, when Sherman marched upon Savannah, it was mainly by Gen. Jones' exertions that Gen. Hardee's line of retreat was kept open to Charleston. The fall of Savannah having involved Florida and South Georgia, cutting them off from the Department headquarters at Charleston, Gen. Jones was assigned to command in the isolated district. He defended the town of Tallahassee against an attack of the enemy on the 6th March, 1865. A Confederate officer who took part in the defence, says : "The straits to which the South was driven for troops was strikingly exemplified in this affair. Side by side, in the Confederate line, were two companies in curious contrast. One was known as the 'old men's' company, from Quincy, commanded by a distinguished Judge of the State, into the ranks of which no man under fifty years of age was admitted. The other was a company of 'Cadets,' mere boys, many of them not over fourteen years of age. Both did their duty well." On the 10th May, 1865, Gen. Jones surrendered his command under instructions from Gen. Johnston.

The military career of Gen. Jones extended to all parts of the Southern Confederacy, east of the Mississippi River. He had been entrusted with independent commands of great extent and responsibility. That in so large a military experience he suffered no considerable disaster is, indeed, remarkable. The disparity of the two belligerent forces made it impracticable to

retain in large departments forces adequate to their defence; they were drained to supply the chief armies in the field. This taxed, to the utmost, the energy and capacity of Department commanders! Gen. Jones felt this keenly. In one of his last official letters, recommending certain changes in the military districts of Georgia and Florida, he says: "It will hardly be supposed that I make these suggestions simply to enlarge the area of my authority. I have known for the greater part of three years now the anxious, harrassing and thankless duty of commanding in a large area of country without anything approaching the adequate means of defending it. I make the suggestions because I think that if adopted they will tend to promote the interest of our country and cause." He had, however, so administered the trust confided to him, that no territory had ever been won from him by the enemy, and the Confederate cause had never suffered a serious reverse within the limits of his command.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

CHAPTER I.

Appearance of a new hero in the last year of the war.—Ancestral stock of John B. Gordon.—“The Raccoon Roughs.”—The 6th Alabama at Seven Pines.—Personal heroism of Col. Gordon.—At South Mountain.—His bloody and picturesque figure on the field of Sharpsburg.—Gen. Gordon as an orator.—A soldier’s commentary on his eloquence.—His part in the Pennsylvania campaign.—A telling speech to Yankee women.—His counsels at Gettysburg.—His splendid action in the Wilderness.—A night attack upon the enemy.—Gen. Gordon rides through the enemy’s lines.—His glorious counter-charge at Spottsylvania Court-House.—His part in the Valley campaign of 1864.—A novel and interesting version of the battle of Cedar Creek.—Gen. Gordon’s plan of attack rejected or not executed by Gen. Early.—His position and figure in the last scene at Appomattox Court-House.—Review of his military services.—A representative of the “Young South.”—His admirable sentiment and advice since the surrender.

In the last periods and declining fortunes of the war, a new and lustrous name appeared in the army of Virginia, kindling the admiration and hopes of the people. It is well remembered how repeated, towards the last scenes of the war, was the name “Gordon”; and men who had watched for the successor to Jackson and prayed for “a day of their lost Dundee,” declared that he had at last appeared in the fiery Georgian. The bright and growing light however was soon extinguished in the swift sequence of disaster, surrender and submission; and the last sad story of the war, at Appomattox Court-House, was ended with Gordon in the front—Gordon and his 2,000 men prepared to cut through the enemy, arming to die, willing to give to the Army of Northern Virginia its last example of desperate courage, its dying testimony of devotion. It was not permitted. And it was not necessary. In these last days, Gordon was the thunderbolt of the

Army of Northern Virginia; his name was familiar in every circle of admiration; and yet it was a novel name to those who used it most familiarly, and men, regarding the new hero as a sort of apparition, scarcely knew his former military life, or remembered the slow and painful steps of the young officer commencing at the early part of the war the ladder of fame, and climbing it almost unnoticed, until the popular shout hailed him in the last stages of his adventure.

It is our task to go back to the commencement of this career, and to present, in a summary sketch, the military life of this remarkable man. John B. Gordon was born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832. The family is descended from the Gordons of Scotland; came to America shortly before the Revolution of 1776, and made its mark in the eight years' war. The grandfather of the subject of our sketch volunteered in the Continental army at fourteen years of age, and served through the entire war. One of his brothers distinguished himself by a singular feat in the battle of King's Mountain—rushing in charge upon the British lines, seizing one of the officers by his queue, and running down the side of the mountain with him!

At the time the South was aroused for war, John B. Gordon was engaged in some mining enterprises, and was living in Jackson county, Alabama. When it was ascertained that Abraham Lincoln was elected President, he raised a company of cavalry and offered it to Governor Moore; but it was declined, as cavalry was not then needed. He then raised an infantry company, styled "Raccoon Roughs," the men having been raised around Raccoon Mountain. This company was accepted as one of the ten to compose the 6th Alabama regiment, and Gordon was elected Major. The regiment was sent to Manassas, and put in Ewell's brigade, where it had no opportunity of action in the first great battle of the war, in July, 1861. Gordon was afterwards elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and when the regiment re-organized at Yorktown, in April, 1862, he was by a unanimous vote of the men elevated to the position of Colonel.

"Seven Pines" was the first serious engagement of the 6th Alabama. But in this single battle it made a record of glory sufficient for all time, and achieved the bloodiest and most brilliant success of the day. More than two-thirds of Gordon's entire

command were killed or wounded. The Lieut.-Colonel, the Major, and the Adjutant were all killed. Every horse ridden into the fight was killed, the one on which Gordon was mounted being the last to fall under his rider. The terrible scene of death occurred when the brave Alabamians, having taken the Federal breastworks, were ordered to drive the enemy from a dense swamp, in and around which the timber had been felled, making an almost impassible abattis. In this charge, through a galling fire, Col. Gordon felt it his duty to ride at the head of his regiment; although the fact, that he was left as the only mounted officer, drew the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters upon him. His horse had been shot in the breast, but was still able to carry him. He rode so near the enemy's lines that officers and men distinctly heard the Federal command, "Bring down that man on horseback," "Shoot that d—d Colonel," etc. His noble animal at last fell under him, his clothing was pierced by three bullets, but, yet unhurt, he stood at the post of danger, and the men held the ground they had won, without a sign of wavering, until they were ordered to retire. His escape was almost miraculous, and he had survived in the midst of a great carnage. Out of 600 men, 396 were killed or wounded, and in one company of forty there were only ten survivors. The men had fallen so rapidly that it was impossible to carry them to the rear, and, as they fought mostly in water several feet deep, men had to be detailed to raise the heads of the badly wounded to prevent them from drowning.

In this fight, Gen. Rodes, commander of the brigade in which was the 6th Alabama, was wounded, and, although Col. Gordon was not the senior officer present, he was placed in command during the absence of Rodes. He participated in the seven days battles around Richmond, and at Malvern Hill was in command of Rodes' brigade, and *led* the desperate charge upon the Federal batteries for half a mile through an open field. His brigade was first in the charge and left its dead nearer the enemy's guns than did any other Confederate troops. Nearly one half the command were killed or wounded in the terrible onset; and the Colonel had the butt of his pistol carried away by a ball, the breast of his coat torn open by another, and his canteen at his side shot through by a third. So greatly did he expose himself, and so wonderful had been his escapes, that his men began to think, and

frequently said, "The ball has not been moulded that can hurt Col. Gordon!"

On Lee's march to Maryland, Gordon commanded the first Confederate infantry (Rodes' brigade) that crossed the Potomac. In the battle of Boonsboro, or South Mountain, he returned to the immediate command of his regiment, Gen. Rodes having taken command of his brigade at Frederick city. In this action, Gordon again distinguished himself. Gen. Rodes, in his official report, declared, "Col. Gordon handled his regiment in a manner I have never seen or heard equalled during the war." Of his conduct in the fight Gen. D. H. Hill reported that, "Col. Gordon, the Christian hero, excelled his former deeds at Seven Pines and in the battles around Richmond. Our language is not capable of expressing a higher compliment."

But it was reserved for this heroic commander, on the closely subsequent field of Sharpsburg, to give a surpassing and sublime evidence of devotion, to show a Roman spirit, such as has been scarcely equalled in any patriotic struggle of modern times. In the disposition for the battle, Gordon's regiment occupied a salient in the Confederate line. It was his habit, before taking his men into action, to make a few remarks, designed to act upon their imaginations and raise their enthusiasm; and, indeed, he was a remarkable orator, if the test of eloquence is the effect produced. As Gen. D. H. Hill was riding along the line just before the fight began, looking with evident concern at weak portions of it, Gordon, anxious to strengthen his men in their determination to hold their position, exclaimed: "Gen. Hill, you need not fear for this portion of the line. These men are going to *stay* here." The men caught the spirit of the words, and the assurance was carried along the line, "Yes, we have come to stay." Alas! little did the poor fellows know the dread significance of these words, and how many of them were to stay on that ground, locked in death's embrace!

And now commenced a slaughter at which the imagination recoils. Line after line of the enemy was repulsed by the gallant regiment, with a devouring fire both on its front and right flank. Only six men from the whole right wing of the regiment escaped; all the others, officers and men, were killed or wounded. Col. Gordon was wounded twice, early in the fight, two balls passing

through his right leg, but he refused to leave the field. An hour later, he was shot again, a ball passing through his left arm, and making a hideous and most painful wound, mangling the tendons and muscles, and severing a small artery. He bled rapidly, his arm was completely disabled, and his whole system greatly shocked. A little while and another ball penetrated his shoulder, leaving its base in the wound. This was a terrible and almost fatal shock to his already weakened powers, but he yet persisted in remaining on the field, and, haggard and bloody, turned to his men and waved them on to the fight. Even in their own peril, the troops were more anxious about their commander; they saw his gray uniform almost crimson from the blood of so many wounds, and they heard him declare that he would not leave them as long as he had strength to utter a word of command. He had taken the idea that *all* his men were to be killed or wounded, and he determined to share the patriotic sacrifice. At last the fifth ball struck him, passed entirely through the left cheek, and brought him senseless to the ground. Besides the five balls which seriously wounded him, two had cut his clothes, one passing through his cap, the other through his pocket, indenting the steel clasp of his purse; and a third one had struck him on the breast, making a severe bruise. The courage that had thus defied death, and kept the field with five unstaunched wounds, was sublime; and the characters of heroic resolution were written, clear and stern to the last, in the pale face stained with blood.

He fell near the lines of the enemy and was for a brief time unnoticed. Describing to a friend his sensations as he awoke to consciousness, Col. Gordon said: "While lying on the ground, my thoughts were curious. I imagined that a shell had carried away about half of my head, and I discussed with myself the question whether I was a dead or living 'rebel.' I reasoned thus: 'if you are dead, you can't move a limb; if you are not dead, you should be able to draw up your right leg.' For no other reason than to test the question I was thus discussing, I made an effort and moved one of my legs. It brought me into full possession of my senses, when I scrambled back towards my men, and was carried to the rear by some of them."

For several months his life hung by a thread. He had been conveyed to Winchester, where his devoted wife, who hovered

near him like a guardian angel throughout the entire war, was soon by his bed-side to administer to his comfort, and with her own hands to bathe and dress his many wounds. His friends and surgeons had but little hope of his recovery ; but he never despaired. He studied to be cheerful, and when so weak that he could not speak above a whisper, he was making playful remarks to cheer his anxious wife, who could ill-conceal the agony of mind she was suffering on his account. It was his unflinching spirits, with the assiduous nursing of tender and affectionate hands, that effected his recovery, and restored him to his country's service.

In his report of the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. D. H. Hill characterizes Col. Gordon as the "Chevalier Bayard of the army." His gallantry did not escape the notice of the government, and he was made a Brigadier-General, after his recovery, in April, 1863, and placed in command of the Georgia brigade formerly commanded by Gen. A. R. Lawton. The effect of his fine discipline was soon recognized and noticed in the reports of inspectors. In little more than a month, from the time he took command, he fought at Marye's Hill in front of Fredericksburg, and retook the heights by a brilliant charge. It was here he made a stirring speech to his men, the effect of which is described in an anecdote, characteristic of the Southern soldier. After the action, one of the men remarked, in a very serious manner, that he never wished to hear Gen. Gordon speak before a battle any more. "Why?" asked his comrades. "Because he makes me feel like I could storm h—ll." It was only true eloquence that could have extorted so peculiar and unaffected a tribute to its power.

In the outset of the Pennsylvania campaign, Gen. Gordon was with Ewell at the capture of Milroy's forces in Winchester. Here he made a handsome charge in the evening previous to the evacuation of the fort, and he was moving his troops to storm the fort itself, when it was discovered to be evacuated. He crossed into Maryland, and moved in front of the Confederate army on the Gettysburg, Yorkville, and Wrightsville pike. Entering York with his troops, he found the population in great alarm, dreading all manner of outrages, and the women and children making preparations for flight. He rode quietly up to a crowd, composed mostly of frightened women, and made them

an address reported as follows: "Ladies, this to you is a sad sight—an invading army in your midst. But it is just what our wives, mothers, and sisters have been looking on for several years. You appear frightened. You have been told that 'rebels' are demons, and you are expecting these men to destroy your property, and to insult you in your streets. I am their commander, and I wish to assure you that, ragged and war-worn as you see them, they are nevertheless gentlemen. They do not come in your midst to burn houses and terrify women and children. It is true you might reasonably expect such conduct in retaliation for what they witnessed on their march through the Valley of Virginia—wagon-loads of women and children driven from their own homes, and allowed but sixty pounds of their property. Even this morning I read in the Philadelphia *Enquirer* of the burning of Darien, in Georgia, the home of some of these very men you look upon. These facts are calculated to infuriate them, and, as I said, you might reasonably expect from them retaliation. But they have come to fight your *armies*, and not defenceless women and children. I pledge you that not one private dwelling will be burned or robbed; and so well do I know these men, that I may safely promise the head of any one of them who insults a lady!"

Leaving York, with its people wondering at the courtesy of "the mild-mannered rebels," Gen. Gordon moved on to Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna river, and, by a flank movement on the enemy's intrenched position, caused its evacuation. The Federals fled, and fired the bridge after they had crossed the river. The flames were communicated to adjoining buildings, and the whole town would have been reduced to ashes but for the generous and supreme efforts of Gordon's troops to subdue the conflagration. Although the men had marched twenty miles that day, and had been slightly engaged in front of the town, Gen. Gordon formed them in lines around the burning houses, and it was by their persevering work, continued far into the night, that the flames were finally extinguished.

Next day Gen. Gordon returned to York, and thence to Gettysburg, to take part in the great battles fought there. On the arrival of Early's division, Gordon was sent in to support Rodes, whose left was being turned. He saw his opportunity, and, by a

bold and rapid charge, broke the line guarding the right flank of the Federal army, after an almost hand-to-hand conflict, and then struck the flank, pressed heavily forward, broke everything in his front, and turned the tide of battle. "It was a most brilliant charge," as officially reported; and the results showed an amount of execution greater, perhaps, than was ever accomplished, in similar circumstances of the war, by the same number of men. Gordon left on the field, counted by the inspectors, more than 400 dead of the enemy. Taking the rate of wounded as six to one, there must have been 2,400 of these (among them Maj.-Gen. Barlow); and there were captured and turned over to the division-inspectors, 1,800 prisoners—the aggregate result being that Gordon's little command, not over 1,200 muskets, had put *hors de combat* 4,600 of the enemy in less than an hour! So great was the success, that the whole Federal line had retreated, and Gordon was anxious to continue the pursuit and seize the heights, which the enemy afterwards so strongly fortified. But he was halted by his superiour officers. In consultation with senior officers at the close of the day, he advised an advance at once, and expressed an opinion that the heights could be taken even at that time. So strongly was he impressed with this conviction, that at night he saw his superiours again and urged the movement, offering to lead the attack with his brigade. But other counsels prevailed, and the Confederates lost the opportunity of winning what might have been the decisive victory of the war.

Despite the record of efficiency and gallantry we have already passed over, it was not until the momentous and vital campaign of 1864, that Gordon found his name familiar to the public, and conspicuous in the gazette. It was on the stormy lines of the Rapidan that he performed his chief part in history, and achieved his great renown. In the first day's fight he was in a position that drew all eyes upon him. On the 5th May, his command was on the pike leading from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg. The Confederate troops in his front had been engaged some time, when they were overpowered and forced to retreat rapidly. Gen. Ewell rode up to Gordon, who was quietly moving down the pike at the head of his column, and said, "Gen. Gordon, they are driving us; the fate of the day depends on

you." Gordon replied, "We will save it, General;" and immediately wheeling into line, he told his men what was expected of them, and ordered them forward, riding in their front. The charge was successful. He broke the Federal line in front, and then designating certain troops to guard the front, wheeled his right and left, and swept down upon the enemy's flanks in both directions, capturing many prisoners and one regiment entire.

During the night of the 5th May, Gordon was transferred to the extreme left of the Confederate army. As soon as he had got his troops in position, and the light of day began to break, he commenced himself, to reconnoitre and to send scouts to locate the enemy's right flank. He discovered, early in the morning, that it rested in a large body of woods, and that it was assailable—indeed that it was only protected by a thin line of skirmishers. Gen. Gordon was eager to take advantage of the opportunity he had discovered. He rode forward, and sent scouts to ascertain if the Federals had any force in rear which would endanger his command, should he attack the exposed flank. Having satisfied himself on every point, he immediately applied for permission to make the attack with one brigade, supported by two others. He explained, in person, the situation, and suggested that the destruction of the entire right wing of Grant's army might be the consequence of a vigorous flank movement, other Confederate troops swinging around into the attack, as their fronts were cleared, and thereby making the movement one of constantly increasing strength. But his suggestions were not adopted until very late in the afternoon. Only a short time before the sun sank, he moved out with his brigade, supported by Johnson's brigade of North Carolinians. The probable effect of the movement, if made early in the morning, when Gen. Gordon first suggested it, may be judged from the success which attended it at dark. He struck the enemy's flank fairly and squarely. The surprise was complete, and the panic very great. The Federal officers endeavoured to draw out brigade after brigade, division after division, and form at right angles to the breastworks, so as to check the impetuous attack. But Gordon's men were upon them before they could be properly placed in the new position. He met with no check until some time after dark, when, in the confusion attending all night attacks, one or two of his

regiments on the right faltered and gave way. But the other troops pressed on until the enemy's lines had been captured by Gordon's one brigade for more than a mile, nearly 1,000 prisoners taken, including Brig.-Gens. Seymour and Shaler, and a complete disorganization effected in a large portion of the Sixth Corps of Grant's army.

After the battle was over, and the pursuit ended by the darkness, Gen. Gordon, accompanied by a courier, rode to the front, to look after his picket lines. Passing these in the darkness, he rode into the Federal lines, which were in great confusion, exhibiting no organization whatever. He had proceeded some distance, when his courier said in a low tone, "General, these are Yankees." Paying no attention to the remark, Gen. Gordon rode on, when the courier said again, "General, I tell you these are Yankees—their clothes are too dark for our men." At this moment the General heard calls around him, "Rally here, Pennsylvania Regiment." The critical position did not deprive him of his presence of mind; he whispered to his courier, "Follow me quietly, Beasley, and say not a word." He had not gone far, when the colour of his uniform, or some other suspicious circumstance, attracted the attention of the Federals, and suddenly there were calls, "Who are *you*? Halt, halt!" Instantly, the General threw himself down on the side of his horse, giving him the reins; and shouting; "Come on, courier," the two dashed through the brush and into the woods, escaping without hurt to horse or rider, though a shower of *minié* balls whistled around them.

At Spottsylvania Court-House, Gordon was a conspicuous actor in one of the most memorable and dramatic passages of the war. It was here that, put in command of Early's division (Early taking command of A. P. Hill's corps), he gave the first check to the enemy advancing after taking the salient held by Gen. Johnson; and it was here occurred the affecting and noble scene, when he seized the bridle of Gen. Lee's horse, and refused to let him lead the Georgians and Virginians, placed in line for a desperate counter-charge upon the enemy. In the dark and misty morning, Gordon had been guided to the point of danger by the volume of fire. Checking the enemy, and throwing his little command against the heavy tide of his numbers, he afterwards re-captured

all the Confederate line to the right of the salient, some of the artillery lost in the morning, and held during the day the salient, and all to the right of it to A. P. Hill's line. A portion of the line to the left of the salient, where the head of Gordon's column first struck the attacking force, was held by the Federals and was never recovered. So thick had been the volleys of miniè balls here, that a large tree was cut down by these missiles alone, and its stump yet remains as one of the curiosities of what, with reference to its limits, was the bloodiest field of the war.

After this battle, marked by its monument of carnage, and illuminated with so much glory to the Southern arms, Gordon took part in the various engagements of the two armies until the 13th June, when he was sent with Early to Lynchburg, to meet Hunter, and afterwards to the Valley of Virginia and into Maryland. Elsewhere in these pages we have given the general narrative of the irregular fortunes of this campaign, so full of promise at one time and yet terminating in a fatal disaster. Gordon's part in it, however, was equal to his reputation, and honourable throughout. It was his division that won the victory of Monocacy—on which Gen. Breckinridge congratulating him said, in presence of his staff officers: "Gordon, if you had never made a fight before, this ought to immortalize you." It was again his command—consisting of the old Second Corps, composed of Rodes' division now commanded by Ramseur, Pegram's and Gordon's old division—that struck the enemy that almost mortal blow at Cedar Creek, and then, palsied by the command of superiors, had the mortification of seeing a brilliant victory changed to an irretrievable defeat.

On the eventful 19th October, when Gordon moved around the point of Massanutton Mountain and in the grey mists of the breaking day surprised the enemy, the situation at eight o'clock in the morning was this: two-thirds of Sheridan's infantry routed and scattered, leaving but one corps (the Sixth) unbroken; two-thirds of the Confederates not engaged, and the one-third, which had been fighting, in the most excellent spirits, having suffered but little loss; more than twenty pieces of Sheridan's artillery captured, and none of the Confederate artillery engaged; the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded and prisoners, 8,000, and that of the Confederates not more than 500; and,

lastly, the Federal cavalry retreating before the Confederates, though but slightly engaged. It was in these circumstances that Gordon quickly decided on the destruction of the last corps of the enemy, by a rapid concentration of the entire infantry and artillery upon it. He therefore ordered two divisions, his own and Ramseur's, to demonstrate in front; he directed Col. Carter, commanding the artillery, to mass his thirty-nine pieces upon the flank of the corps; and he dispatched staff-officers to hurry Pegram's, Wharton's and Kershaw's divisions to mass also on the flank—the design being, when the artillery had thoroughly torn to pieces the enemy's line, to make a simultaneous assault with three divisions in flank and in front. It was the skilful combination of a good commander. As Gordon prepared to execute his plan, Gen. Early arrived on the ground; he first explained his plans of concentrating *everything* upon the enemy's last corps; he urged his views, but they were not accepted by the Commanding General; and from the time when Gordon returned to the command of his own division, a little after eight o'clock in the morning, until Sheridan assumed the offensive in the afternoon, the only demonstrations made upon the enemy were by detachments of infantry. What might have been the effect of Gordon's combination and attack—thirty-nine pieces of artillery, three divisions in flank and two in front—may be fairly estimated, when it is known that Pegram, with one division and one brigade from Ramseur, without the aid of artillery, did attack the Sixth Corps in front, driving it back and capturing six pieces of artillery in the open field.

But this was only a partial success and a deceptive triumph. The afternoon's operations may be described in a few words. Sheridan's army, rallied and re-assured, while the Confederates were losing the spirit of the morning and being demoralized by plunder, assumed the offensive; and his cavalry pouring through a long gap between Evans' and Terry's brigades, to close which Gen. Early had sent Kershaw's division too late, broke to pieces these bodies of troops, and at last compelled the whole of Early's army to recross Cedar Creek in such disorder that the different commands were mingled together and lost their identity. It was a disaster which Gordon foresaw, against which he had contended, and come in conflict with the views of his superiour, and which

his plan of attack in the morning might not only have saved, but have erected instead of it a glorious victory.

Returning to the Army of Northern Virginia, in front of Petersburg, Gen. Gordon found but little opportunity to gather additional laurels in the declining fortunes of the Confederacy; and it only remained for him to share bravely the fate, which, from overwhelming numbers of the enemy, had now become inevitable to that army which his courage, chivalry, and good generalship had so greatly adorned. His part was heroic to the last. It was Gordon's command chiefly engaged in the battle of Hares Hill (March 25, 1865), where the troops "fought with a vigour and brilliancy that reminded one of Lee's old campaigns;" it was Gordon's command that held the last lines in front of Petersburg; and it was Gordon's command that in Lee's final and fatal retreat was at the front, and gilded the last scene of surrender with the spectacle of 2,000 men, prepared to cut through Sheridan's lines at Appomattox Court-House, and only stayed in the desperate enterprise by the flag of truce that concluded the hostilities of that day and signalled the close of the war.

The military services of Gen. Gordon, which we have briefly noticed, constitute for him one of the first reputations in the war. But he appears even beyond this object of ambition to have won a peculiar regard from his countrymen; he has been accepted, since the war, in some manner, as the representative of the Young South, and the writer has heard intelligent men freely designate him as the future military leader of the South should she ever again be called to arms in any cause of justice and honour. He is one of those who have clearly not terminated their career, and is certain to appear again in history. His fiery courage, his ardent sentiments, tempered by the highest tone of honour, and regulated by a strong and practical intellect, complete a character to be admired and trusted beyond that of most men. The regard of his countrymen has been abundantly testified; and, in the year following the war, he was strongly urged by his friends to become a candidate for the nomination of Governor of Georgia. He declined the honour, and took occasion to address to his countrymen, in one of the most graceful compositions of words that have been penned by any politician, the most noble and

honourable advice as to the political attitude and action of the South. They are words to be commemorated by every citizen, and fit to be written at the termination of the career of every true Confederate soldier; "Let us demonstrate to these enemies to truth, to principle and sound policy" (the Radicals of the North) "that the men of the South who have been ready to vindicate with their lives the honour of their section, and the cause they believed just and holy, are most reliable in their observances of plighted faith and truest to the principles of the constitution. Difficulties of the greatest magnitude oppose our political and material advancement; but let us give ourselves to the task of overcoming them, with brave hearts, and wise, unremitting toil."

MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

CHAPTER LI.

A grandson of "Light Horse Harry."—A "wild" youth.—Tricks at West Point.—Desperate fights with Indians.—His early services in the Confederacy.—Chivalrous incident at the Second Manassas.—Services in the Maryland campaign.—Action of Kelly's Ford.—With Jackson at Chancellorsville.—Reorganization of the cavalry commands in Virginia.—A complimentary letter from Gen. Robert E. Lee.—Fitzhugh Lee's division in the campaign of 1864-5.—Spottsylvania Court House.—Yellow Tavern.—Reams' Station.—Five Forks.—Conduct of the cavalry on the retreat.—Personal recollections of Fitzhugh Lee.

FITZHUGH LEE, or "Fitz Lee," as he was generally known during the war, was born at "Clermont," the residence of his grandfather, Gen. John Mason, in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the 19th November, 1835. His father is Captain Sydney Smith Lee, who resigned his commission in the United States Navy, and accepted one in the Confederate service, at the time of the secession of his native State from the Federal Union. He was the third son of General Henry Lee, or "Light Horse Harry," of the Revolution, and a brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee. During the late war he commanded for a long time the important post of Drewry's Bluff, and was at its close chief of the Bureau of orders and details under the Secretary of the Navy. The mother of the subject of our sketch was a grand-daughter of Virginia's celebrated statesman, George Mason; a daughter of Gen. John Mason, and a sister to James M. Mason, so long a United States Senator from Virginia, and who represented the interests of the Confederate States in England during the war.

The author has been able to obtain but few recollections of the boyhood of Fitz Lee; but he strongly suspects that he was an

unruly youth. An old citizen of Fredericksburg testifies that his earliest recollection of the future military hero was habitually seeing him when a small boy, attired in a scarlet shirt, struggling and screaming on the back of a big black negro who was used to convey him to school. It must have been a picturesque affair. At the age of sixteen, Fitz was appointed a cadet "at large" at West Point, through the favour of President Fillmore. As a cadet, he was classed with the "wild ones." Unlike his distinguished uncle, who never received a demerit, Fitz managed to get the maximum allowance within the bounds of a dismissal. It is said that, in order the better to elude the vigilance of the officers and guards, he used to exchange his cadet grey for women's clothes, whilst his room-mate, S. Wragg Ferguson, of South Carolina (a General of cavalry in Gen. Johnston's army during the war), would dress in citizen's clothes with false moustache and beard, and the two, thus accoutred as lady and gentleman visiting the Academy, would pass and repass with impunity the prescribed limits. His term of service at West Point expired in 1856, and his having graduated at the head of his class in horsemanship, secured for him a commission as second lieutenant in the then Second (now Fifth) United States Cavalry; a regiment eagerly sought for by a large majority of the class.*

Fitzhugh Lee's first service was at Carlisle barracks, Pennsylvania, whither he was ordered after leaving the Military Academy, to report to Col. Charles A. May (who had made a great reputation in Mexico), to drill cavalry recruits preparatory to their being sent to join their regiments on the frontier. It happened curiously that these same barracks were burnt during the war by the orders of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. After a year's service

* We have repeatedly referred to this famous regiment, as commanded by Col. A. S. Johnston, with R. E. Lee as lieutenant-colonel. It contained other names which mounted to fame in the war, and was a singular galaxy of genius. Hardee and George H. Thomas were its majors. Earl Van Dorn was the senior captain, and E. Kirby Smith the next captain in rank. Oakes Palmer and R. W. Johnson, afterwards known in the war as general officers on the Federal side, were also captains in this regiment; and N. G. Evans, Charles W. Fields, John B. Hood, George Cosby, and James P. Major—the two first captains, and the last three lieutenants of the regiment—afterwards rose to the rank of general officers in the service of the Southern Confederacy.

at Carlisle Barracks, Lieut. Lee was sent to join his regiment, serving on the frontiers of Texas, and soon came into notice in the various conflicts with the Indians. He was the second-lieutenant of Kirby Smith's company, and when that company joined the celebrated and successful Wichita expedition, under Van Dorn, Lee was selected by Van Dorn as his adjutant. In the battle of May 13th, 1859, between six companies of his regiment and a large force of Comanche Indians (the largest fight that had ever taken place between Indians and U. S. troops), he was chosen to command a picked body that charged on foot the thick jungle in which the Indians had taken refuge. He fell towards the conclusion of the fight, pierced through the lungs with an arrow, was carried out on the prairie, and for some weeks his life was despaired of. He was borne over 200 miles across the prairie, back to his post, in a horse-litter. He finally recovered from the wound, and regained his health, contrary to the expectations of his physicians. Gen. Scott, in published orders, mentioning this success and referring to the commanding-officer's report, says: "Major Van Dorn notices the conspicuous gallantry and energy of second-lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, adjutant of the expedition, who was dangerously wounded." On the 15th January, 1860, we find him again mentioned in orders by Gen. Scott, as having, in command of a portion of his company, had another fight with Indians, in which his rapid pursuit, recovery of stolen property, and personal combat with one of the chiefs, are all highly commended.

In the latter part of November, 1860, Lee was detached from his regiment and ordered to report to West Point as an instructor of cavalry—a complimentary detail, and one eagerly sought for by the officers of mounted regiments. Under his tuition at that time were Kilpatrick, Custer, and others, who have obtained some fame since among their comrades. The commencement of the war found him at his post at the Military Academy, and upon the secession of Virginia his commission as first-lieutenant in the U. S. Army was promptly resigned, and his services offered to his native State.

His first service in the Confederacy was in the Adjutant-General's department in Gen. Beauregard's army at Manassas, and, at the battle of July 21, 1861, he acted in that capacity on the

staff of Gen. Ewell. In September following he was, upon the recommendation of Gen. J. E. Johnston, then in command of the Army, and Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding its cavalry, made the lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Virginia cavalry (Stuart's old regiment), and at the reorganization of that command, in April, 1862, near Yorktown, he was elected Colonel, receiving all the votes of the regiment except four.

On the retreat from Yorktown, to Lee's regiment was given the duty of watching the York river, and he first gave information of the flanking movement up that river of Franklin and his landing at Barhamsville—personally reconnoitering so close that he gave not only the number but the names of the enemy's transports and gunboats. In the succeeding operations around Richmond, Lee was with the command of Gen. Stuart and participated in all the enterprises of that officer. About the middle of June, 1862, Stuart performed his famous raid around the army of McClellan, as it lay in front of Richmond. Lee, with his regiment, was selected to accompany him, and shared, with one other regiment and a battalion, the dangers of that enterprise which "blazed the way for Jackson's subsequent flank movement." After the battles around Richmond, more cavalry were brought from the South, and formed into a brigade under Gen. Wade Hampton. Stuart was made a Major-General, and Fitzhugh Lee was promoted to the rank of brigadier, taking Stuart's place, the latter commanding the two brigades. Lee's brigade consisted of the 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th and 9th Virginia regiments, with a battery of horse-artillery under Capt. James Breathed.

In the campaign against the Federal General Pope, Fitzhugh Lee's command, together with B. H. Robertson's brigade (Ashby's old brigade), constituted the command of Stuart. Hampton was left in the vicinity of Richmond, and joined the army afterwards in Maryland. The services of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in this campaign were important and valuable, and were recognized by the Commanding-General in lively terms. Just before the second battle of Manassas a chivalrous incident occurred. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee had surprised and captured a squadron of the 2d U. S. dragoons (regulars), and discovering some old comrades among the officers, he merely took their word that they would not escape, and kept them at his headquarters as guests. They

rode with his staff and himself, during a few days' subsequent operations, and were occasionally under the fire of their own men. Through the intercession of Gen. Lee, these captives were made an exception to the retaliatory rule against the officers of Pope's army, and were paroled. They were furnished with horses to ride to their own lines.

On the night of the 14th September, after D. H. Hill's defence of South Mountain pass, near Boonsboro', and it was decided to retire him to Sharpsburg, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who had just returned to the army from a long reconnoissance, was ordered to relieve the pickets then in close proximity to those of the enemy, in order that Hill might withdraw undiscovered. This was a most difficult and dangerous enterprise. It was so admirably performed, and such was the vigour of Lee's opposition, that the enemy did not appear on the opposite side of the Antietam until the afternoon of the next day.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, and when it was decided to withdraw the army to the Virginia side of the Potomac, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was again chosen to relieve the pickets of the army, while it was withdrawn under cover of the night. It was a hazardous operation. Gen. Lee had to string his whole brigade out the length of the line of battle of the army, dismount his men some distance in the rear, and send them to relieve the infantry pickets of the entire army, which were within easy hearing of those of the enemy. It had to be done in such a way that the enemy should not discover the change, but continue to imagine the whole Confederate force in their front. The Potomac rolled only three miles off, and there was but one ford, and that a bad one to cross. Should the enemy discover the ruse and advance, there was the difficulty of getting this brigade, in its scattered, dismounted condition, across the river to rejoin the army. During the night of the 18th September, the army of Northern Virginia was safely withdrawn to the south side of the Potomac, and, when day dawned on the 19th, in its place, confronting the whole army of McClellan, was *Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry!* It was soon in the saddle, and before McClellan could recover from his surprise had safely recrossed the river, having first given the enemy's advance a parting salute on the Maryland side.

The services of the cavalry in this campaign were remarkable; and in the official report of the Commanding-General it was declared: "Its vigilance, activity and courage were conspicuous; and to its assistance is due in a great measure some of the most important and delicate operations of the campaign." In subsequent operations near the line of the Rappahannock, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was active, co-operating with other portions of Stuart's cavalry in the attack on the enemy's rear at Dumfries, and in February, 1863, having an independent affair with the enemy, breaking through his outposts near Falmouth and taking 150 prisoners. Having retired to his camp in the vicinity of Culpeper Court-House, he was called upon to meet a retaliatory movement of the enemy's cavalry which, having crossed the Rappahannock on the 17th March, designed to overwhelm his detached brigade. An entire division of cavalry under Averill, about 3,000 men, was assigned to the enterprise. With not more than 800 of his command (many of the men having been sent home to recruit their horses), Gen. Lee moved out to meet the enemy, and fought the brilliant battle of Kelly's Ford. It was a decisive victory for the Confederates, and the hardest cavalry fight of the war in proportion to the numbers engaged.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's brigade was selected to precede the troops in Gen. Jackson's grand flank movement, and was disposed in such a manner as to guard the front and flanks of the column from observation. It was the close, personal reconnoissance of Lee that gave Gen. Jackson the point of view, where he could observe the lines and batteries of Howard's corps, and where, comprehending the situation at a glance, he instantly changed his plan of attack to that which completely surprised the enemy. By this observation Gen. Jackson discovered a way which would let Rodes' division into the rear of Howard's line, and at once gave a new command to it to cross the plank-road on which it was moving. The result was that this division came so unexpectedly upon the enemy that some of his batteries were captured with their muzzles pointing in an opposite direction.

In the Pennsylvania campaign Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was with Stuart, and his command was constantly engaged with the enemy. In the severe fight at Hanover, Pennsylvania, he saved

the day by coming in on the enemy's rear and routing Kilpatrick's division. At Gettysburg he was on the extreme left, hotly engaging the enemy's cavalry; and on the subsequent retreat of the army he did his accustomed good service in bringing up the rear.

In the latter part of 1863, the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into two divisions, of three brigades each; and Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were promoted to command them, the two being under Stuart as senior Major-General. This promotion Gen. Fitzhugh Lee had obtained on a record of almost unexampled success; his active disposition and brilliant courage had by this time made for him one of the first reputations in the army. The repeated mention of his name in the careful reports of Gen. Robert E. Lee had made it familiar and dear to the public; and in May, 1863, shortly after the battle of Chancellorsville, we find the Commanding General warmly writing to him as follows: "Your admirable conduct, devotion to the cause of your country, and devotion to duty, fill me with pleasure. I hope you will soon see her efforts for independence crowned with success, and long live to enjoy the affection and gratitude of your country." No doubt Gen. Robert E. Lee felt honourable pride in the achievements of his gallant nephew. At another time he wrote: "Your division has always had a high reputation. It must not lose it." And it never did lose it, to the last day of the Confederacy.

We must pass to the vital campaign of 1864 to find the most memorable and brilliant passages in the military career of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. In the very opening of that campaign, when Grant crossed the Rapidan, Lee's division was called upon for a decisive action. It then formed the right of the long Confederate line, extending from Madison Court-House to a point below Fredericksburg, and was rapidly moved to cover Spottsylvania Court-House. From this time commenced a series of cavalry fights running from North Virginia to the neighbourhood of Richmond. On the day on which Longstreet's advance arrived at Spottsylvania Court-House, the Federal cavalry were relieved by the Fifth corps of infantry (the advance of Grant's army); and against this force the cavalry division of Fitzhugh Lee held its ground most manfully, until the Confederate infantry arrived,

and the position was secured to Gen. Lee. The importance of Spottsylvania Court-House, as a military position, was then vital, and the service of Lee's cavalry on this occasion was an important element of the campaign.

Scarcely a day elapsed when it was called to another and imminent field. Sheridan had started on a raid to the Central railroad, and in the direction of Richmond; and Lee's division was ordered to follow, Gen. Stuart having joined it, and reinforced the expedition by Gordon's brigade, which, however, moved by a different route. On the entire march Lee's advance was engaged with the enemy's rear; it chased out of Ashland a Massachusetts regiment, which had already fired three houses in the village; and the same day at Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, it fought in one of the most thrilling conjunctures, within hearing of the alarmed population of the capital. From ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening Fitzhugh Lee's seven regiments contested the ground with Sheridan's whole corps, and accomplished the object of the action in the purchase of time, although forced at last to retire. It was in this engagement that Gen. Stuart fell; and it must have comforted the heroic heart of the dying man that the favourite division of his command had won such an important day. A letter from Gen. Bragg to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, after the battle, assured him that the safety of Richmond had been accomplished at Yellow Tavern, as the resistance there had enabled him to withdraw troops from Drewry's Bluff to man the works on that side of the city.

It is not possible within the limits and designs of this sketch to include all the operations of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's command, when the campaign lingered around Richmond, and the cavalry was almost daily skirmishing on the lines, or making excursions to check Sheridan's active and erratic movements. The action, however, of Reams Station claims notice as the most important incident of these operations; the prize contested here was the Danville railroad; and the glory achieved here by Fitzhugh Lee's division is a laurel of the command not to be omitted. Two divisions of Federal cavalry, under Wilson, were returning from their raid on railroad, when Lee, in concert with two of Mahone's brigades struck them, stripped them of their spoils and artillery, and put them to shameful rout. Wilson carried back to his

lines nothing on wheels; his wagons, eighteen pieces of artillery, and even his ambulances, fell into Lee's hands, besides 800 negroes who had been abducted from their homes.

Shortly after this event, Fitzhugh Lee's division was ordered to report to Lieut.-Gen. Anderson, who was sent to Early with Kershaw's division, and the campaign of the Valley was inaugurated. The important events of that campaign have already been related. In the disastrous battle of Winchester, Gen. Lee was conspicuous for his gallantry, and exposed his life on every part of the field. Three horses were shot under him—one his beautiful mare, "Nelly Gray," a favourite of the command—and at last he was brought to the ground by a miniè ball, which pierced his thigh.

He was kept from duty by the wound for several months. In the spring of 1865, he was summoned to Richmond, and by order of the Commanding General placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Shortly thereafter followed the battle of Five Forks, in which the mistake was made—not by Fitzhugh Lee—of not following up the first success, when the enemy was driven within a quarter of a mile of Dinwiddie Court-House. The superiority of the Virginia cavalry was never better shown than on the retreat, ending at Appomattox Court-House. Fitzhugh Lee was one of the three corps commanders, who, with Gen. Robert E. Lee, composed the council of war just before the surrender. His cavalry had covered the retreat, and been in one scene of incessant fight; and though passing events and knowledge of the failure of the cause were depressing the spirits of the men, a more gallant or more faithful body never resisted the enemy. It was ultimately determined in the council of war referred to that Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon should attack the enemy on the road to Appomattox Station, so as to cut an exit to Lynchburg; the conditions of attack being reduced to this: if cavalry only was found in front, they might push on; if infantry, a surrender was inevitable. It is well known that heavy masses of infantry were discovered in front; that the enemy showed himself on all sides, and that the necessity of surrender was then accepted.

The career of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee entitles him to a marked place in all records of the war. He won many victories, and never sustained a considerable disaster, when he was independent in command. His courage was of the chivalric type; his temper,

quick but placable; his inspiration in the war that of a champion of a cause rather than a personal enemy. He had none of the coarser animosities of the war; he was animated by the principles he fought for, rather than by the phobia of brutal conflict. He was faultlessly brave; he had social qualities of the highest order; his genial humour, his high spirits, his strong friendships, made him not only a popular man, but a choice and admirable companion.

It is said of him that he had not a personal enemy in the world. He was always the favourite of his school companions; and the pranks we have related at West Point were conceived in the purest spirit of fun. He was merry and innocent, all his tricks and jokes being rather for sport than injury. His habit of signing his name "F. Lee" gave a handle to his gay companions at West Point to nickname him "Flea." He was the most popular cadet in the academy. In the stern task of war he never abandoned his gaiety of disposition. He was always in for anything like "fun," and nothing pleased him better than to get off jokes on his staff and couriers. In this respect he resembled Stuart very much. The two commanders seemed to have established a mutual admiration society, and suited each other famously; and, next to killing Yankees, they enjoyed cracking jokes at each other more than anything else. On the march they generally rode together, and the peals of laughter and cavalry songs which they gave vent to in unison could often be heard far down the column, above the tramping of the horses and the clinking of the sabres. Both were very fond of music, and during the winter of '63 Fitz. Lee organized in his brigade a band of ten or twelve musicians, who were known as "Fitz. Lee's Minstrels."

A prominent trait in his character (and in that of all the Lees) was an excessive fondness for the fair sex; and, it is said, he has been seen to produce from his pocket-book a dozen rings received from a dozen young ladies, to prove that he was not a badly-treated man.

His character may be summed up as an excellent soldier, a true patriot, a boon companion, a remarkable type of engaging manners. Virginia has reason to be proud of him as one of her first living gentlemen, and a brilliant contribution to her history in the war.

BRIG.-GEN. HENRY A. WISE.

CHAPTER LII.

An extraordinary excitement in Richmond.—The days of the Secession Convention.—Wise's idea of "fighting in the Union."—His style of eloquence in the Convention.—A remarkable conversation in his hotel.—His rhetorical *bravura*.—Short-sighted vanity of the South.—Gen. Wise's campaign in Western Virginia.—The disaster of Roanoke Island.—Gen. Wise relieved from censure.—Death of his son.—An affecting scene.—Interview between Gen. Wise and Secretary Randolph.—His command in South Carolina.—At Petersburg.—Gen. Wise's fame as a soldier.—His mental gifts.—Marks of an afflicted intellect.—His tribute to the private soldiers of the Confederacy.

IN the latter days of April, 1861, there was in Richmond, Virginia—a city already of no mean historical memories—an excitement unsurpassed within the memory of its living citizens, and equal to any that had occurred in the political annals of America. The Convention, summoned by the voters of the State, was debating the high question of peace or war, and the revolution that had gathered in the Cotton States paused for the decision of the powerful and dominant commonwealth of Virginia. All commercial business in Richmond was well nigh suspended; the political excitement involved all classes of the population; and, in a city which had voted largely for the Union in the call of the Convention, secession demonstrations were now prevalent on the streets, and the nightly caucuses and political gatherings in the hotels pronounced for war, declared themselves the equivalents of the Convention, and even threatened it with the violence of the mob. Men who, a few days before, had upheld Governor Letcher in his "conservatism," were now stricken dumb amid the popular clamour for immediate action; all the newspapers of the city declared for

instant Secession, and complained that, on the verge of a plain necessity for war, the Convention were splitting hairs over proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution; large crowds besieged the hall in which this body deliberated, and on one occasion a procession of citizens, dragging cannon and making some military show, proceeded to the Public Square, and, mounting their spokesman on the portals of the State House, declared that the secession of the State should be accomplished, even if popular violence had to be invoked, and the arms of the people turned against the Governor, who, with pale face, watched from his windows this demonstration of the people, and heard, not without alarm, the near outcry against himself. So far indeed did this violence progress that it was seriously proposed that a mass-meeting, assuming the character of *another* Convention, should declare the popular will, and by the shortest and most expeditious method, override the Federal and all other authority that stood between Virginia and the cause of the seceded States. It was a period of great excitement, in which the clash and outcry of popular revolution mingled with the anxious and serious tones of the official debate.

The Convention that held suspended the choice of Virginia was composed of the first men of the commonwealth; and whatever clamour was raised against it, there was no charge of intellectual deficiency. Among its most distinguished members was Henry A. Wise. His life anterior to this period belonged to the general political history of the country; and there is but little necessity of reviewing it here to remind the reader of one of the most famous party-leaders of America. He had enjoyed the first honours of Virginia as her Governor; he had made the greatest partisan reputation of the country in defeating the Know-Nothing organization, and reëstablishing the Democratic supremacy of Virginia; a true Southerner, a "fire-eater," according to the classification of the New York *Herald*; a Virginian *intus et in cute*, by his own definition, he was likely, in a Convention called to consider sectional questions, to excite an unusual interest, and to occupy a prominent place in the public eye.

But ex-Governor Wise entered the Convention, in some sense, as a Union man. His characteristic fondness for paradox, which always made it difficult to identify him with any party or with any well-established set of opinions, had at first led him to take

the novel and most extraordinary ground that the South should *fight in the Union*, and maintain the character of legitimacy, by holding on to the Federal insignia, and claiming the sword and purse at Washington. Whatever the merit of this ill-defined advice, it is easy to see that it contemplated an adequate *coup d'état*, on the part of the South, before the inauguration of President Lincoln, and that, with that opportunity passed, it was no longer available. There was, perhaps, a possibility of such an adventure when the Democratic party was writhing under the sting and mortification of defeat, and ready for desperate enterprises; but when the Government had been suffered to fall into possession of the enemy, and the sword and the purse had been seized, it was too late to dream of peace—in or out of the Union—and submission or secession became the only and severe alternative.

In the progress of events, ex-Governor Wise soon became a violent, uncompromising advocate of Secession, and whenever he raised his voice in the Convention it was in behalf of the South, and in bitter denunciation of the authority that had taken control at Washington. He was regarded as the most effective orator of the Secession party; but it must be admitted that, in addition to the natural force of his utterances, his tones were threatening, his manner overbearing, and his style of eloquence too violent and excessive for the chaste appreciation of the scholar. In one passage of debate it is remembered that he descended to a threat, which was too common in the Convention. When it was proposed to send a committee to ask Mr. Lincoln what was the object of his military movements, Mr. Carlisle, a marked Union man in the Convention, suggested that a similar committee should be sent to Montgomery, to ascertain from Jefferson Davis what he intended to do with the troops he was raising. Ex-Governor Wise inquired whether Mr. Carlisle would be named as one of the committee to be sent to Montgomery, for, "if so, that would be the last they would ever see of him." The remark was in the true spirit of that day; but there is a coarse unpleasantness about it, when repeated in history.

A friend who visited ex-Governor Wise in his hotel in Richmond, in the heat of the political excitement, thus describes an interesting and characteristic interview:—"He was worn out and prostrated by a distressing cough which threatened pneumonia.

But ever and anon his eagle eye assumed its wonted brilliancy. He was surrounded by a number of his devoted friends, who listened with rapt attention to his surpassing eloquence. A test question, indicative of the purpose of the Convention to adjourn without action, had that day been carried by a decided majority. The Governor once rose from his recumbent position on the sofa and said, whatever the majority of Union men in the Convention might do, or leave undone, Virginia must array herself on one side or the other. She must fight either Lincoln or Davis. If the latter, he would renounce her, and tender his sword and his life to the Southern Confederacy. And although it was apparent that his *physique* was reduced, as he said, to a mere 'bag of bones,' yet it was evident that his spirit yet struggled with all its native fire and animation.

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"Smiling, he rose, and walked to a corner of the room, where I had noticed a bright musket with a sword-bayonet attached. He took it up, and criticized the sword as inferior to the *knife*. Our men would require long drilling to become expert with the former like the French Zouaves; but they instinctively knew how to wield the bowie-knife. The conversation turning upon the probable deficiency of a supply of improved arms in the South, if a great war should ensue, the Governor said, with one of his inevitable expressions of feeling, that it was not the improved *arm*, but the improved *man*, which would win the day. Let brave men advance, with flint-locks and old-fashioned bayonets, on the popinjays of the Northern cities—advance on and on, under the fire, reckless of the slain—and he would answer for it with his life that the Yankees would break and run."

This nonsense about finishing the war with a flourish of bowie-knives, etc., appears to have been a characteristic delusion of other minds quite as great as that of ex-Governor Wise, and may be taken as a reflection of the popular Southern vanity of the times, insolent almost to madness. But Wise appears to have fallen in love with this nonsense beyond all hope of recovery; it gave him a stock of rhetorical *bravura* from which he furnished a number of speeches, and, although guilty of many extravagances on the hustings, he fairly surpassed in absurdity, in sound and in fury, all the demagogical utterances about the war. Contrary to his

anticipations, the State of Virginia did secede; and a few weeks after the conversation referred to above, the city of Richmond was welcoming, with all her municipal honours, the advent of President Jefferson Davis. On the occasion of the reception ex-Governor Wise spoke again. He said: "The man who dares to pray; the man who dares to wait until some magic arm is put into his hand; the man who will not go unless he have a miniè, or percussion musket, who will not be content with flint and steel, or even a gun without a lock, is worse than a coward—he is a renegade. If he can do no better, go to a blacksmith, take a gun along as a sample, and get him to make you one like it. Get a spear—a lance. Take a lesson from John Brown. Manufacture your blades from old iron, even though it be the tires of your cart-wheels. Get a bit of carriage spring, and grind and burnish it in the shape of a bowie-knife, and put it to any sort of a handle, so that it be strong—ash, hickory, oak. But, if possible, get a double-barrelled gun and a dozen rounds of buckshot, and go upon the battle-field with these. If their guns reach further than yours, reduce the distance; meet them foot to foot, eye to eye, body to body, and when you strike a blow, strike home. Your true-blooded Yankee will never stand still in the face of cold steel. Let your aim, therefore, be to get into close quarters, and with a few decided, vigorous movements, always pushing forward, never back, my word for it, the soil of Virginia will be swept of the Vandals who are now polluting its atmosphere." At the conclusion of this speech, as reported in the newspapers of the day, a band of music struck up "Dixie," which was followed by "We may be Happy yet."

It appears, indeed, as if ex-Governor Wise, who had much of the quick, ardent mind of his countrymen, many of the accomplishments of the scholar and stores of real eloquence, had yet constituted himself the representative of all the follies in which the South entered upon the war. A gentleman, fresh from observations in the North, visited him a few days after the Convention had declared for secession, and endeavoured to impress him with serious views of the future, with what effect his own statement will show:—

"I called on Wise, and informed him that Lincoln had called out 70,000 men. He opened his eyes very widely and said,

emphatically, 'I don't believe it.' The greatest statesmen of the South have no conception of the real purposes of the men now in power in the United States. They cannot be made to believe that the Government at Washington are going to wage war immediately. But when I placed the President's proclamation in his hand, he read it with deep emotion, and uttered a fierce 'Hah!' Nevertheless, when I told him that these 70,000 were designed to be merely the videttes and outposts of an army of 700,000, he was quite incredulous. He had not witnessed the Wide-Awake gatherings the preceding autumn, as I had done, and listened to the pledges they made to subjugate the South, free the negroes, and hang Governor Wise. I next told him they would blockade our ports, and endeavour to cut off our supplies. To this he uttered a most positive negative. He said it would be contrary to the laws of nations, as had been decided often in the Courts of Admiralty, and would be moreover a violation of the Constitution. Of course I admitted all this; but maintained that such was the intention of the Washington Cabinet. Laws and Courts and Constitutions would not be impediments in the way of Yankees resolved upon our subjugation. Presuming upon their superiour numbers, and under the pretext of saving the Union and annihilating slavery, they would invade us like the army-worm, which enters the green fields in countless numbers. The real object was to enjoy our soil and climate by means of confiscation. He poohed me into silence with an indignant frown."

These passages of short-sighted vanity with respect to the war, and glimpses of absurd prophecy, are not very creditable to the subject of our sketch, and are really ludicrous in view of the sequel. But their interest is historical; and they have besides a curious significance in showing how certain cultivated but strange minds may be populated by crude fancies, and controlled by delusions worse than positive ignorance.

On the Confederate authority taking control at Richmond, Henry A. Wise was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and designated to open the campaign in what is properly called Western Virginia. Early in June, 1861, Gen. Wise had organized a force of about four thousand men, and advanced as far as Charlestown on the Kanawha River, where he was opposed by Gen. Cox. Hearing of the result of the battle of Rich Mountain, he retired to

Lewisburg, on the Greenbrier River, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. Thus the Federal lines were pushed forward from the Ohio River to the Alleghany Mountains, a distance of about one hundred miles, and a large portion of the people of Western Virginia, who had shown symptoms of a wish to separate from the Eastern portion of the State and to remain in the Union, received the support of the Federal army.

Gen. Wise had attempted with but little effect to keep the population in his department firm in their allegiance to Virginia, and had hoped to gather from it a large force of recruits. On taking command he had issued the following pertinent and well-prepared proclamation :

RIPLEY, VA., July 6, 1861.

To the true and loyal citizens of Virginia on all the Ohio border, and more particularly to those of Jackson County, I would earnestly appeal to come to the defence of the Commonwealth, invaded and insulted as she is by a ruthless and unnatural enemy. None need be afraid that they will be held accountable for past opinions, votes, or acts, under the delusions which have been practised upon the Northwestern people, if they will now return to their patriotic duty and acknowledge their allegiance to Virginia and her Confederate States, as their true and lawful sovereigns. You were Union men, so was I, and we had a right to be so until oppression and invasion and war drove us to the assertion of a second independence. The sovereign State proclaimed it by her Convention, and by a majority of more than 100,000 votes at the polls. She has seceded from the old and established a new Confederacy. She has commanded, and we must obey her voice. I come to execute her command—to hold out the olive branch to her true and peaceful citizens—to repel invasion from abroad, and subdue treason only at home. Come to the call of the country which owes you protection as her native sons.

HENRY A. WISE, *Brigadier-General.*

The unfortunate results of the campaign in Western Virginia are in some measure to be ascribed to the disappointed hopes of enlisting its resident population in the Southern cause. But, in any view, it is to be taken as an undoubted failure. Gen. Wise's campaign appears to have tested the endurance of the men in

marches and counter-marches, and in scouting and skirmishing in the Kanawha Valley; but, although no great battle was fought, his men proved their courage and constancy in a number of affairs, such as Scary Creek, Hawk's Nest, Honey Creek, Big Creek, Carnifax Ferry and Camp Defiance. As winter approached, Western Virginia was practically abandoned by order of the authorities at Richmond; and the enemy, without the force or merit of a single victory, came into possession of a country of more capacity and resources than any other of equal limits on the American continent.

The defence of Roanoke Island again brought Gen. Wise before public attention, and coupled his name with a great disaster. But in this matter he was both officially and popularly acquitted of all blame; so much so that an active sympathy was excited in his favour, which, however, unfortunately for his hopes of promotion, put him in opposition to the Richmond Cabinet, and stirred the animosity of President Davis. The fact was, as developed by an investigation in Congress, that his command of less than 2,000 men had contended against a force represented by sixty vessels, twenty-six of them gunboats, and not less than 15,000 men, and had "fought firmly, coolly, efficiently, and as long as humanity would allow." Why, it may be asked, did Gen. Wise fight his men against such odds? The simple answer is, that *he had no election*. When the department was organized, and before his Legion left Richmond, he repaired in person to the island, examined into its condition, and hurried back to warn his superiours at Norfolk and Richmond of the indefensible condition of the island, and its utter want of means of defence. His remonstrance at Richmond was met by a peremptory order to the island, and there to defend it; and at Norfolk he was told that *men* were not wanted. All we wanted were "*supplies, coolness, and hard work*." After this, he was obliged to work and fight without means and without men. No men ever behaved with greater coolness; but there was no time to work, and his command fought ten to one up to the muzzles, and without flinching. The Government had permitted the golden time for work to pass unimproved; the delay of the enemy, caused by providential interference, had not been used by the Confederate authorities, and, notwithstanding the glorious performance of Gen. Wise's command, all was lost—

the granary and the larder of Norfolk was gone—and the enemy was at the back-door of that city.

The investigating committee raised in Congress declared that the battle of Roanoke Island was “one of the most gallant and brilliant actions of the war;” and concluded that whatever of blame and responsibility was justly attributable to any one for the defeat, should attach to Gen. Huger, in whose military department the island was, and to the Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin, whose positive refusal to put the island in a state of defense secured its fall.

The exculpation of Gen. Wise was complete. At the time of the battle he had been prostrated by illness; and, affected as the public was by the fall of Roanoke Island, it yet had no word of blame for the unfortunate General, who was compelled to hear on a sick-bed—perhaps to witness from the windows of a sick chamber—the destruction of his army and the death of his son. The pride of his age, his son of great promise, Capt. O. Jennings Wise, commanding the Richmond Blues, had fallen in the action, in circumstances of gallantry that were noticed by the Federals, and obtained from them a rare and noble tribute of respect.* He was tenderly nursed by the enemy until death closed his eyes, and his body was then conveyed to the main land with every mark of respect. Gen. Wise met the remains at Currituck; and then ensued a touching scene, for the father insisted that the coffin should be opened that he might gaze for the last time upon the body of his son. The

* The following *acrostic*, in memory of O. Jennings Wise, appeared in a California newspaper:—

O'er his cold brow,
 Just touched by time's soft, silvery tracing,
 Entwine immortelles with the unfading laurel,
 Nor fear the mildew of the grave will blight their fragrance,
 Nor the rustle of the icy worm 'mid its green leaves
 Impair the freshness of the dead soldier's coronal.

Not for the grave is the wreath woven, but,
 Glorious dust! when the last loud reveille
 Shall wake thee from thy slumbers, as one of those,
 Whose flitting wings reflect heaven's opening light,
 In the full blaze of glory shalt thou rise,
 Soaring on high, with earth's long line of heroes,
 Enwreathed with this, the patriot's fadeless crown

powerful old hero of Eastern Virginia, the man of many sorrows and of many triumphs, bent over the body of his son, on whose pale face the full moon threw its light, kissed the cold brow many times, and exclaimed in an agony of emotion: "Oh, my brave boy! You have died for me, you have died for me!"

The acquittal of Gen. Wise by Congress was coupled with the first severe censure that that body had yet dared to cast upon the Richmond Cabinet, and thus became the occasion of Executive prejudice, sustained to the end of the war, against the already ill-used commander. For several months after the event of Roanoke Island, he remained without any active command. He was highly recommended by Gen. Beauregard, who was always favourably impressed with his military character; he was advised by his friends to ask for another command; and he was too patriotic not to overcome some personal sensitiveness, to the end that he might make another effort in defence of his country. He waited upon the Secretary of War, and ascertained that there was no brigade for him. Returning from the War Department, some of his officers who had escaped "the slaughter pen" at Roanoke Island, crowded around him to learn the issue of his application. "There is no Secretary of War!" said he. "What is Randolph?" asked one. "He is not Secretary of War!" said he; "he is merely a *clerk*, an underling, and cannot hold up his head in his humiliating position. He never will be able to hold up his head, Sir." It was finally through the influence of Gen. Lee, that Gen. Wise was ordered into the field. It was decided that he should have a brigade, but not with Beauregard. In the battles around Richmond he commanded three regiments of infantry, the 4th, 26th, and 46th Virginia, and four batteries of light artillery; but he was only slightly engaged, acting under the orders of Gen. Holmes. He was stationed for some time at Chaffin's Farm. When Norfolk was given up, his home and all his possessions fell into the hands of the enemy; and without a shelter for his head, he bivouacked with his devoted brigade near the city of Richmond.

He was already the senior Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. He was finally sent without promotion to the department of Gen. Beauregard, embracing the coasts of South Carolina and Florida. Here he did some hard service, trying the temper and spirit of his troops in the lagoons and galls of the Edisto and Stono,

and their pluck on John's Island in South Carolina, at which latter place he drove the enemy from a strong position, and was honourably and gratefully mentioned by Gen. Beauregard in his dispatches.

When, in the spring of 1864, his Virginia troops were ordered back from South Carolina and Florida, to rally again around the altars of home, they showed an unconquerable ardour, "raising the slogan of Old Virginia Never Tire," and, opening the defile at Nottoway Bridge, rushed to Petersburg in time twice to save that city against odds of more than ten to one. In all the terrible trials that awaited them in the last defence of Richmond; in meeting again and again the shock of attack on the thin line; in rolling a Sisyphean stone of parapet and traverse and breastwork and bomb-proof; in contending with hunger and nakedness, often without food fit to feed brutes, without forage for transportation, and without transportation for forage, the devoted men of Wise's command made a glorious and unbroken record in the last periods of the war, terminating only when they fired their last volleys at Appomattox Court-House.

But little commentary is necessary on the military record of Gen. Wise. It was generally esteemed a fair one; although it must be confessed that it fell below the expectation of his friends, and that his fame as a soldier is likely to constitute but the lesser part of his reputation in history. He was generally fettered in his military commands, and, although a gallant and successful fighter in what affairs he had, he was thought to lack that prudence which is often the better part of valour, and is always the indispensable element in a great commander's action. It was said that his courage was Quixotic, and that he would fight anything that stood in his way. His superiours, although unwilling to trust him for detached service, yet were always ready to designate his command for desperate action, and put him in where the fight went hardest; and it was on the memorable days of the 29th and 31st March, 1865, that his command, with two other brigades, was hurled against *two corps* of the enemy on the Military and Boydton plank roads, and staggered them so that they dared not follow the retreat. No one ever doubted a courage that was as much above suspicion as that of an ancient Roman; no one questioned Gen. Wise's influence over the men he commanded, and his faculty of inspiring them; and yet he had only the chances of a subordinate for dis-

tion, was never trusted with a separate command, and accomplished a reputation that must be classed among the minor ones of the war.

The intellectual gifts of Gen. Wise are his best title to fame. These gifts are remarkable; his oratory has given him a name known in every part of the country; and his eccentricities yet excite curiosity, and are often quoted with marks of admiration. It is with regard to these eccentricities that we hazard a critical remark. We sometimes find intellect of the highest order abused by a fondness for paradox, and a disposition to make strong and startling effects by sudden contradictions of the received opinions of the public, and novelties of literary style. So great is this affliction of Gov. Wise, that the peculiarity of his conversation is never to agree with any opinion that is advanced; no matter what that opinion is, no matter how firmly fixed the common-place may be in the ordinary judgment of men, he makes a point to go off at a tangent, to dissent for the sake of argument, and to discharge the abundant vivacity of his mind in eloquent dissertations at variance with his audience. His "table talk," as brilliant as that of Coleridge, is equally as rambling, inconsistent, and yet, after all, rather showing a vivacity of intellect than an insincerity of conviction. Men who can talk well on all sides of a question are often sincere for the moment in what they profess to believe, and persuade themselves as well as the audience to accept the novelty of their opinions. Yet this disposition of mind, entertaining as it may be, and partaking of a certain sort of genius, is an affliction—at least, it borders on a moral infirmity; it reduces the intellect that should command by its convictions to the evanescent triumphs of the brilliant disputant. Such have been the triumphs which Gen. Wise has achieved, rather than those of the deliberate and trusted statesman. His disordered and inconsistent political life; his strain after novelty in whatever he speaks or writes; his almost matchless command of language, and an eloquence rich, affluent, but often disfigured by word coinage, and an affectation of carelessness mixed up with classical severity, are marks of an afflicted intellect that, with better training, might have conquered fortune, and made him a reputation that would have been a possession for ever.

Since the war Gen. Wise has made but little figure before the public. A recent address of his in behalf of charity for the

orphans of deceased Confederate soldiers, is all that has been heard of him outside his profession, as a lawyer, in Richmond; and it is so remarkable for his best style of eloquence, and for the historical tribute it contains to the *private soldiers* of the Confederate army, that, in this double interest, we quote a portion of it as a fit conclusion to this sketch:

“The noblest band of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honour. They felt that they were no rebels and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such ‘*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*’ The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defence against their own invasion; and, whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fane, and altar, and home, has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of ‘little ones’ of ‘*shanty*’ homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defence were in their country’s camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honoured. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster’s Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemy’s emissaries, nor poverty, nor privation, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor danger, nor wounds, nor death, could impair their con-

stancy! They fought with a devout confidence and courage which was unconquerable save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries, Yankeedom, Negrodom, and death! Prodigies of valour, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honours of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battle-field, where at last they yielded for Peace!"

BRIG.-GEN. TURNER ASHBY.

CHAPTER LIII.

Definition of Chivalry.—Its peculiarities and virtues.—A notable picture of chivalric courage.—Turner Ashby's family.—His early life.—He raises a company of cavalry.—His famous white steed.—Death of his brother.—The devotion of Ashby.—Habits and appearance of the cavalier.—Purity of his life.—Adventure with the enemy at Winchester.—Ashby on the retreat from Kernstown.—Chased by the enemy.—His horse killed.—Promoted a Brigadier.—His limited military education.—A scene around the camp-fires.—Dramatic death of Ashby.—Gen. Jackson's tribute to his memory.—Honours to the deceased cavalier.—His place in history.

THERE is a sense of inferiority among certain men, which gladly revenges itself by miscalling, or caricaturing whatever is superior to them. To certain low and grovelling minds it is a great contentment and delight to represent men more famous than themselves as accidents; to describe great conquerors as felons; to write down military commanders as murderers on a large scale; to designate virtues in which they have no share as affectations and shams; and to style the chivalry which they do not possess, the splutter of bullies.

It is well to define here that very peculiar quality of manhood, which we entitle chivalry, and of which we claim that the late war has given on the part of the South, peculiar proofs and examples. The term, perhaps, has been much abused and misused; but we recognize in it a well-defined idea, and a basis of estimate of men, sufficiently distinct and characteristic. To be sure, chivalry as an institution of the eleventh century has been dead some time ago; but, as a sentiment, it has fought its way against much of the utilitarian spirit of modern times, and yet survives in some parts of the world.

We have no hesitation in naming the most characteristic element of chivalry, a *passion* for danger—a love of danger for itself. There are men who enjoy the emotions, the thrill, the sublime intoxication of danger. Some court it in the forces of nature, and are known as a peculiar sort of adventurous travellers. But it is the characteristic and office of chivalry to court danger in the arms of men, and in the character of champion of a principle. It is not the animal desire of fight; the brutal consciousness of power impelled to exercise itself; it is the sentiment of championship, and the pure grand desire of the emotion of danger in the combat of man against man. In such a disposition, there is a natural fondness for single combat—the *duello*. It is to be remarked, indeed, that chivalry is not gregarious, and prefers always the individual risk and enterprise—the clear-cut front of man to man—to the mixed dangers of a general battle.

What is sentimental in chivalry quickly allies itself with positive virtues. The true knight has an unfailing scorn of all under-handed means. He observes truth with the rigour of the saint; his regard for it not being necessarily moral, but sentimental—because to lie is cowardly. He is unwilling to admit any trace of malice or revenge in his adventure; and to the vanquished foe his magnanimity is instant, and his generosity unbounded. He is in constant search of good causes of contest. He has a ready and tender regard for whatever is weak and unprotected, and shows it especially in his behaviour towards women.

Here are elements enough to constitute and define a distinct quality of mind. The term, chivalry, has been used in many broad and vague senses, and especially confounded with moral questions. There is certainly a conviction of duty in chivalry; it must have its good cause and its conscientious occasion; but that is not sufficient to characterize it. It is not courage alone. It is not generosity alone. It is not prowess alone. It is not high morality alone. It is a distinct quality, *sui generis*: a dedication of self, a joy of contest, and, with all, a royal passion for danger. Especially, must we distinguish this rare quality of mind from fanatical fervour; for chivalry, although essentially in the character of champion, goes past the idea it fights for, and finds a second object in the *gaudium certaminis*, the delight

of contest and danger. If, by this definition, we have narrowed the term from any of its general uses, we have done so justly, and with a view of having this quality of manhood severely separated to itself, and judged on its own merits.

In tracing that series of characters, which in the records of the late war illustrate our subject, we shall find different types and varieties of chivalry. Wade Hampton with his manners severe almost to haughtiness; Henry A. Wise, raging like a lion in battle, or stooping to kiss the cold, mute lips of his dead son; Morgan with his rollicking humour and fondness for practical jokes; the sweet-tempered, pious Ashby, waving his sword over his head with the simple, habitual words, "Follow me," or surrounded by children-scholars in the Sunday school; Forrest with his coarse strength and bad grammar, and Titanic genius; John M. Daniel with meteor pen, the first scholar of America; "Young Pelham," cheering while his body is stricken with death; Churchill Clarke, the Missouri boy, dying like a young martyr in sheets of artillery fire—all these illustrating different ranks and employments, yet agree in the same grand sentiment of championship, the same joy of defiance, and each, in his history, weaves the golden thread and superb mark of chivalry.

In characters such as these the people of the South may find the peculiar ornament of their country, and their youth a model of true glory. The love of glory may be nearly translated as a *passion* for danger incurred in the cause of right. But the more exact term we have chosen for that disposition of mind is chivalry, so clearly is it marked by a delight in and the positive court of peril. A man may be deeply affected by the justice and merit of some cause; he may make great sacrifices in its name; he may serve it with an iron will; he may pursue it with unconquerable ardour; but it is the chivalric champion who advances beyond what is demanded of him, goes in search of danger and rejoices when he sees it. He who does this is the true knight of modern times; the example of manhood in which justice and romance are beautifully mixed; the rare instance of an epicene nature; an object of regard, which affection seeks to embrace, while admiration crowns; a delight unto himself, and an ornament to any people.

The art of the painter has found many subjects in the late war—its contests, the scenes it traversed, heroic deeds of heroic men. If we had to suggest an impersonation of chivalry which it might catch on its canvas, and by a picture give the best idea of this peculiar quality of manhood, we would take a scene, often described, in the famous life of Turner Ashby of Virginia. It was one of those irregular fights often occurring on the lines of the Potomac in the early periods of the war. A body of the enemy was encamped on the other side of the Potomac, opposite Boteler's mills; they had posted themselves on the bank with long range guns, from which they kept up a prodigious fire. Ashby commanded on the other side of the river a body of raw troops, who were evidently very much affected by the terrific sound of artillery. To reassure his men, and to gratify his love of danger, Ashby advanced, alone, to the bank of the river, and rode his white horse up and down, within point blank-range of the enemy's fire. When the balls were hurtling thickest, he would rein in his horse and stand perfectly still. Abreast to the red crash of the artillery, himself and white steed in defiant poise, he challenged danger like an olden knight. He mocked terror; he courted peril; he stood still in the face of death, and the blood sang in his veins!

But this picture anticipates our narrative. We propose to give, in its natural order, though briefly, some account of a life which so adorned its age and country—which indeed made Turner Ashby the type of what was most glorious in the late war, and the glass of Southern chivalry.

The ancestral stock of Ashby was well known in Virginia, and did patriotic service in the Revolutionary war, and that of 1812. His grandfather, Captain Jack Ashby, was a man of mark in the day in which he lived.* Upon the breaking out of the Revolu-

* An anecdote of this person, belonging to the Colonial times of Virginia, is not out of place here, and has been told in his neighbourhood as illustrating the hereditary horsemanship in the Ashby family:

When the news of the disastrous defeat and death of Gen. Braddock reached Fort Loudoun (now Winchester, Virginia), John Ashby was there, and his celebrity as a horseman induced the British commandant of the post to secure his services as bearer of dispatches to the vice-royal governor at Williamsburg. Ashby at once proceeded on his mission, and in an incredibly short time presented himself before the

tion of 1776, he raised a company in his neighbourhood in the upper part of Fauquier. It was attached to the third Virginia regiment, under command of Gen. Marshall. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and several other of the most desperately contested fields of the Revolution. From exposure and hardships endured upon the frontiers of Canada, he contracted disease, from which he was never entirely relieved to the day of his death. Four of his sons served in the war of 1812.

The subject of our sketch was the second son of Col. Turner Ashby, a worthy planter of Fauquier county, Virginia. He lost his father at an early age, and he and his several brothers and sisters received their youthful training from a truly pious and intelligent mother, who belonged to the large and influential Green family of that section.

After the school-days of Ashby were ended, he settled on the paternal estate, and devoted himself to the pursuits and pleasures of the country in which he resided, avoiding, however, the dissipations too common among the young men of that day, but the foremost in all innocent sports, the first to get up tournaments and fox-chases, and almost always the successful competitor in all manly games. His public career may be dated from the time of the John Brown raid. When this monstrous invasion of his native State took place, Ashby, then Captain of a volunteer company of cavalry, summoned his men, and was among the first to hasten to Harper's Ferry. When this insurrection was subdued, he knew very well that the end had not yet come, and he continued to devote his time and means to the drilling and equipping of his company. When the State of Virginia seceded from the Union, and news came thereupon that the Federals had fired the armory at Harper's Ferry, Ashby was in the city of Richmond. He immediately started for his home, to summon his cavalry, and raise the standard of his insulted and outraged State. A neighbour and friend of his (Mr. H.) learning his arrival at

commander at Fort Loudoun. This official, of choleric disposition, upon the appearance of Ashby, broke out in severe reproach for his delay in proceeding on his mission, and was finally struck dumb with astonishment at the presentation of the governor's reply to the dispatch! The ride is said to have been accomplished in the shortest possible time, and the fact is certified in the records of Frederick county court.

home, and the purpose he had in view, sent for him. Ashby obeyed the summons. At their meeting, Mr. H. said: "You know how I prize my white stallion, by Talbrim, and of my intention not to sell him. Now, I present him to you as your battle-horse. You will make your mark in the coming war. I desire you to ride the horse for my sake." The gift was accepted in the same generous spirit in which it was offered. The prophecy was fulfilled. Ashby, indeed, made his mark, and his white steed became historical.

On the commencement of hostilities, he, with his company, reported for duty to General Johnston at Harper's Ferry, and was placed in command at Point of Rocks, where he was supported by two other cavalry companies. About this time, Col. Angus W. McDonald, a prominent citizen of Winchester, was commissioned to raise a legion of mounted men for border service, and Ashby's cavalry was transferred to the legion. Capt. Ashby was then tendered the post of Lieutenant-Colonel. But the brave captain was loth to leave the camp-fire of his old associates, until the arrival of his brother, Richard, from Texas, who joined the company as a private. This circumstance appeared to open the way to Turner's promotion. The men were willing to accept Richard Ashby as their leader; but before the necessary arrangements could be made, he was killed in a skirmish with the enemy.

The tragical death of this gallant young man was affecting to the last degree. On the 29th June, 1861, the two brothers left their camp, six miles from Romney, on a scouting expedition. Turner Ashby, with eleven men, approached the Potomac. Richard, with nineteen, skirted the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Dividing his force, the latter proceeded with seven men up the road, deceived by a traitor, who promised to guide him to a spot where he could capture some of the enemy. Suddenly a body of fifty Federal cavalry appeared from ambush, and rushed on them. No line of retreat was open except a deep cut for the railroad. Down this Richard Ashby and his brave men rode, halting often and firing at the foe, who kept at a good distance. He would probably have made good his retreat, but in seeking to wheel and front their pursuers, himself and five of his men were thrown into an open culvert, or "*cow-pit*," across

the track. Seeing the accident, the enemy galloped on them. Some of his men escaped, but their gallant leader, after cutting down one with his sabre, and striking another senseless with the butt of his pistol, was overpowered, and fell to the ground with four sabre cuts on his head and forehead. While thus helpless, one of the cowardly assailants asked if he was a Unionist. The dying soldier gasped, "*no—a Secessionist,*" and instantly a bayonet was plunged through his breast!

The death of his brother was the occasion of deep, unspeakable grief to Turner Ashby, and from that time a change appears to have come over his life. It seems that this early tragedy of the war, gave his first enthusiasm a deeper and sadder tinge; and from this time he relinquished all other pursuits and concerns but that of repelling the invaders of his country. He shared every hardship with his men, refusing to avail himself of any of the privileges of his rank, and not only led them as an officer, but took delight in individual feats of enterprise and swordsmanship. A splendid horseman, almost constantly in the saddle, he traversed every part of his district, and would "come and go like a dream." He would be heard of at one time in one part of the country, and then, when least expected, would come dashing by on the famous and well-known steed which was his pride. It was incessant work with him; he courted danger everywhere, and delighted only in its excitements; and the brown eyes which spoke the gentle disposition of the young cavalier, flashed gloriously in battle.

Accepting the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in McDonald's Legion, he was on duty for some months in Hampshire county. He was afterwards sent on detached duty to Jefferson, into which county the enemy was then making frequent incursions from Harper's Ferry and Maryland. Here he had command of four companies of cavalry and about 800 militia; and with this small force he was for months occupied in keeping Yankee invaders and rough-riders from the doors of the inhabitants, with such effect that the enemy could obtain no foothold in this portion of Virginia, until Banks crossed the Potomac in force in 1862. It was in this field that Ashby's cavalry acquired its great renown. The men could never find their commander idle; they were stimulated not only by the brilliant and amazing example of personal courage which

he always gave them in front of the battle, but by his exhibition of activity, his sudden apparitions in all parts of the country, annoying the skirts of the enemy and daring him to combat. The chaplain of his regiment testifies that it was not an infrequent feat for him to ride daily over a line of pickets sixty or seventy miles in extent. He always looked like work; the gray coat and pants with boots and sash, were frequently covered with mud; but the daring and adventurous rider appeared to be never fatigued or dejected. He treated his men as companions; he had no idea of military discipline; he was so ignorant of the art of war that his friends say that he was incapable of drilling a regiment; but, though no stickler for military rules, and preserving among his men scarcely anything more than the rude discipline of camp-hunters, he governed so by his personal influence that his command never gave way before the enemy, was never circumvented and never surprised. His own vigilance was something marvellous; and, no matter what hour of the night he was aroused, he was always wakeful, self-possessed, and ready to do battle.

It is curious how the popular imagination draws of men renowned in war the pictures of fierce, stalwart and relentless adventurers. Such a picture was never more at variance with the reality than in the case of Turner Ashby. He was of small stature; his eyes were luminous and soft except in the excitement of battle; his gentle manners, his deference to sex, his grave regard for truth, his touching respect for religion, his severe and ascetic virtues—all united with enthusiastic courage, were qualities of the true knight, and made a combination of character at once rare and admirable. A long black beard gave character to a youthful face, dark and swarthy as that of the Spaniard; but there was no cast of ferocity in it. There was a sweet solemnity in his countenance as of the self-devoted, and a beautiful and thrilling charm in a manner that never betrayed violence and yet contained the pulses of a deep and true enthusiasm. When he gave his most daring commands he would gently draw his sabre, wave it around his head, and then his clear voice would sound the simple, thrilling words, "Follow me!" He was different from other famous cavaliers of the war, in that his manners were more sober and cultivated, sharing none of the humour of the war. There were no taunts or witticisms with the enemy—no rude jokes; and

although he delighted in all excitements it was only in pure and virtuous exercises that he sought them. It is said of him that he was never known to engage in any game of chance, to use an oath, or to employ an expression that could offend the most polite ears. He had the traits of a gentle and firm manhood observed only in the best examples of chivalry. He was a polished gentleman, self-contained, careful of right speech, disposed to solitude; but deferent to social etiquette, and at his ease in all companies.

The most notable adventures of Ashby's career are contained in that famous campaign of Jackson in the Valley already so often recited and celebrated in these pages. His affair with two Federal cavalymen on the outskirts of Winchester is told as a remarkable instance of the determination and bodily strength of the man. It was in the month of March, 1862, when Jackson, finding the enemy approaching his flanks and about to overwhelm him with greatly superior numbers, determined to fall back from Winchester. The next day a column of eight thousand Federal troops entered the town and took possession. The Confederates had unwillingly and doggedly retired; and Col. Ashby, commanding the cavalry, which composed the rear-guard of the army, remained behind his men, alone, in Winchester, until the enemy had swarmed into the ancient town, and were within two hundred yards of his position. He appeared to defy the enemy; reining his horse up steadily on a slight eminence he watched the approach of the haughty and unprincipled foe. Observing the daring horseman, two Federal soldiers made a circuit to intercept his retreat; and as Ashby, at last wheeling his trusted charger and uttering a defiant cheer for the Southern Confederacy, dashed off for the Valley turnpike, he found two cavalymen in the road to dispute his progress. Dashing straight down upon them, paying no attention to their loud "halt," he sent a pistol ball through the head of one of them, and seizing the other bodily, grasping him by the throat, he dragged him from the saddle and carried him at full gallop. This feat is authenticated beyond question, and could only have been performed by the best rider and one of the strongest men for his size in the Confederate army.

The unequal battle of Kernstown was brought on by false information as to the enemy's strength; but despite the odds against him Jackson came very near winning the day. When the enemy

at last drove his centre, and he was about to retire, Ashby sent him word that if he could only hold his ground ten minutes longer the Federal forces would retire. "I know this to be so," said Ashby. He had captured, it is said, a courier of Gen. Shields, bearing the order. But it was too late, the day was decided, and nothing was left but the alternative of retreat.

Jackson's little army paused near Mount Jackson; and in the month of April, being again pressed by the enemy, he moved slowly across the Shenandoah towards Swift Run Gap, through which ran the road to Richmond, giving the enemy the idea that he had abandoned the Valley. In all this time the energy of Ashby was exercised to an extraordinary degree in protecting the retreat. In thirty-eight out of forty-two days after the battle of Kernstown he was fighting the enemy, keeping him in check, or cutting off his communications. When Jackson's army thundered across the Shenandoah bridge, with the roar of the enemy's guns sounding in their rear, Ashby was left to destroy the structure. But before the wet timbers could be kindled into flame the enemy was upon him and an excited chase ensued. Ashby found that he could easily distance his pursuers, and observing that two of them were considerably in advance, disdainig the odds, he reined in and turned to confront them, although both of his pistols were empty and he had nothing to depend upon but his sabre. As they came on at a headlong gallop a bullet from one of Ashby's men on the roadside terminated the career of one, and as the other, carried forward by his horse, arrived abreast of Ashby, a blow from his sword arm brought him to the ground. In a few minutes more, the adventurous commander was up with the retreating army; he had escaped without a wound; but his beautiful charger had received a mortal hurt, and as Ashby rode up to his men it was observed that blood was gushing from the side of the noble animal that had saved his life. The whole army had admired this historic horse; and now, as he was led along the line of the regiment under arms, an eye-witness declares that he never had imagined so spirited and magnificent an animal. "He was white as snow, except where his side and legs were stained with his own blood. His mane and tail were long and flowing; his eye and action evinced distinctly the rage with which he regarded the injury which he had received. He trod the earth with the grandeur

of a wounded lion, and every soldier looked upon him with sympathy and admiration. He had saved his master at the cost of his own life. He almost seemed conscious of his achievement, and only to regret death because his own injuries were unavenged."

At a later period of the Valley campaign, when Banks was chased from Strasburg, Ashby hung on the heels of his army, fighting wherever opportunity offered. It was on the occasion of this race for Winchester, that Ashby rode twice through the lines of a Vermont regiment, cutting through them with his sword, and then wheeling his horse and performing the same feat again, besides seizing the flag of the regiment and bringing it off as a trophy. The flag was presented to the State Library at Richmond, and was often noticed there as a testimony to one of the most brilliant deeds of Virginia's youthful hero.

On his return to Winchester from the pursuit of Banks, Ashby was met by the commission of Brigadier-General of cavalry; an honour he had well earned by his arduous and brilliant services. He had now command of the 2d, 6th, 7th and 10th Virginia regiments, besides Chews' battery. It was a promotion he had not sought. Unsited for the drudgery of the drill and military police, he was in this respect unequal to the care of a brigade; but he had every other quality of a brilliant commander in the field, and, seconded by able colonels in his regiments, there is no doubt that, had he lived, he would have led his brigade in a career of glory surpassing all his previous successes. But his days were already nearly numbered. When the announcement of his promotion was made, it was observed that his face was lighted up by one of those sad smiles which had occasionally brightened it since the death of his brother.

On the night of the 5th June, Jackson's army was on its forced march for Port Republic; and Ashby's brigade, in the neighbourhood of Harrisburg, snatched the rest which exhausted nature demanded. After the informal camp-supper, most of the men and officers sank into the arms of a heavy undisturbed sleep. Not so, however, with their loved commander. This night Ashby is said to have been more watchful and vigilant than ever. Ordinarily, after the duties of the day, he would come into camp, and sink down in his buffalo-ropes and elk-skins, and sleep as sweetly as a child. But on this night he paced up

and down before the camp-fire—the *last camp-fire*—indisposed to sleep, and apparently lost in reverie or meditation. The whole camp, save the guard, was slumbering, and nought could be heard but the slow-measured tread of the sentinel. Occasionally, the commander would pause and listen, as the clear voice of the guard cried out, “Who’s there?” and hearing the answer, “Friend,” would resume his walking. Who can tell the thoughts that occupied the mind, and banished sleep from the eye-lids of Turner Ashby, on this, his *last* night on earth! Alas! none but He who “holdeth the wind in his hand.” But whatever may have been the character of his reflections, they did not cause him to bend one moment from his duty, and they left no shade upon his face.

The next day Ashby held the rear of the retreating army, with Ewell’s division next to him. About two miles east of Harrisburg a body of the enemy’s infantry was found, strongly posted in the woods, and the 1st Maryland regiment of Col. Bradley T. Johnson and the 58th Virginia were advanced to drive them from a heavy fence of timber. Ashby was on the right of the 58th Virginia, directing the attack in front, while the Marylanders were disposed in the woods, so as to take the enemy in flank. From their partial cover the Federals were pouring destructive volleys into the ranks of the 58th Virginia, when Ashby, seeing at a glance their disadvantage, ordered them to charge and drive the enemy from his vantage ground. He waved his hand towards the enemy—“Virginians, charge!” At this moment his horse fell. Extricating himself from the dying animal, and starting to his feet he shouted, “Men, cease firing! charge, for God’s sake, charge!” The words were on his lips when a bullet from a concealed enemy, not twenty yards from where he stood, pierced him full in the breast, and he fell dead.

His death was fiercely avenged, for the Marylanders, dashing upon the enemy’s flank, forced him from his cover, and poured into the fleeing mass, now fully exposed, successive volleys of musketry. But blood, so common, could not pay for that of the generous Virginian. When the action was over, strong men wept to know that he was dead, and even prisoners, taken from the enemy, removed their caps as the lifeless body of the young hero was borne through their midst. The tribute of Gen. Jackson to

his dead companion in arms, was perhaps the most emphatic that ever came from his moderate and careful pen. He wrote: "An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead; but the close relation which Gen. Ashby bore to my command, for most of the previous twelve months, will justify me in saying that, as a partisan officer, I never knew his superiour. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

The obsequies of Gen. Ashby were celebrated at Charlottesville, Virginia. The services were performed by the Rev. Mr. Norton and Rev. Mr. Avery—the latter Chaplain in Ashby's cavalry from the opening of the war. Both spoke of the deceased in terms of high praise as a man, a soldier, and a Christian. The brave soldiers wept as they listened to the pious exhortations of the clergymen. They had lost much in Gen. Ashby, but they were exhorted to imitate him in all things, and especially in his veneration and respect for Christianity. The country looked to them for deeds of greater valour than had ever yet been accomplished by them; and there, on the dead body of their late commander, they were called upon to swear not to sheathe their swords while a hostile army polluted the soil of Virginia and the South. After the services in the chapel the remains were conveyed to the University cemetery and committed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,"—the Professors of the University assisting in the ceremony. It was thought appropriate that here the tomb of Ashby should remain, a memorial to the generous youth of Virginia gathered at the State University, to learn not only the lore of the scholar, but the virtues and patriotism which adorn manhood and perfect citizenship.

In this brief memoir of the services of Gen. Ashby, there is no pretence that he was a great military man; and we have already suggested his defects in this regard. He had no idea of the principles of military subordination or order; he never had one-half of his command well in hand; and his exploits were all performed with a few hundreds, or often scores, of men who followed him from personal devotion rather than the force of discipline. The chief interest of his life attaches to his peculiar representation

of the brave and cultivated manhood of the South. He was the glass of chivalry; the perfection of courage; a noble and pure example of all the virtues of the citizen. The qualities which he displayed in modern war are as admirable now as in the days of Froissart's Chronicles. "No coarse excess soiled for a moment the maidenly delicacy of his morals; no plunder ever stained his hands; nor did woman, nor disarmed enemy, ever meet anything but magnanimous kindness from him." Remembered by his countrymen tenderly; honoured by the enemy whom he fought with untarnished sword, no man in the South has happier memory, or sleeps more sweetly in the soldier's grave.

"He was Freedom's champion; one of those,
The few in numbers, who had not o'er-stept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons. He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

LIEUT-GEN. LEONIDAS POLK.

CHAPTER LIV.

Exchange of the Bishopric of Louisiana for a military command.—Reasons why Bishop Polk resigned his holy calling for arms.—Reflections on the ethics of war.—Bishop Polk a graduate of West Point.—Adventures as a Missionary Bishop in Western wilds.—Flatboat-men and gamblers.—Gen. Polk wins the victory of Belmont.—A serious accident.—Battle of Shiloh.—The battle of Perrysville fought under Gen. Polk's direction.—His adventure with an Indiana Colonel.—Interesting incident in the battle of Murfreesboro.—Gen. Polk's conduct at Chickamauga.—Censured by Gen. Bragg.—Transferred to command in the Southwest.—He frustrates Sherman's expedition.—Returned to the Army of Tennessee.—His death at Marietta.—Anecdotes illustrative of his character.

WHEN in the commencement of the war, proclaimed by the South in the interest of liberty and independence, it was announced that Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, had resolved to suspend his holy calling and accept a military command as Major-General in the Confederate service, an event so extraordinary made a great impression on the popular mind, while it was variously commented upon by the clerical public. While some of the latter warmly commended the act, and saw in it nothing inconsistent with the Christian profession, there were others who looked upon it as a lapse from duty, and thought the bishop's robe ill-exchanged for the uniform of the soldier. The venerable Bishop Meade, of Virginia, perhaps the most conspicuous Episcopal divine of the country, suggested the impropriety of the act, and wrote a fraternal letter to Bishop Polk, reminding him that he already had a commission in a very different army, to which he should still hold allegiance; but Polk replied, that while he accepted the major-generalship, he did not intend to resign his right to the bishopric. "When,"

said he, "I accept a commission in the Confederate army, I not only perform the duties of a good citizen, but contend for the principles which lie at the foundation of our social, political, and religious polity." In subsequent letters and conversations he pleaded his justification more strongly; he appeared to regard it as a commanding duty and a special call that he should join in fighting the battles of his country; and yet in the hard and perilous tasks of the field he never ceased to anticipate joyfully the time when, released from this duty, he might resume his religious charge, and go back to the quiet walks of his life. It was the impulse of duty, of necessity, of self-preservation, rather than the transport of enthusiasm that carried him to the field of battle. He remarked to a friend, only a short time before his death: "I feel like a man who has dropped his business when his house is on fire, to put it out; for as soon as the war is over, I shall return again to my sacred calling." The fond anticipation was never realized, and he sleeps in a soldier's grave.

The course of Bishop Polk in giving to his country the benefit of his military skill and learning was commended by a majority of the Southern clergy, and was acclaimed by the people as a sort of sanctification of their struggle with despotism and oppression. There is no doubt that it was peculiarly and abundantly sustained by the justice of the cause and the exigencies of the country. The circumstance of his early education as a soldier gave additional propriety to his assumption of martial duty; and Gen. Polk had, doubtless, reason to thank God that he had been trained to combat in the armies of men, as well as to contend in the cause of his Redeemer. He maintained the Confederate cause as a righteous one; and, at the head of a large and devoted body of men, he prepared to battle with the wicked and malignant spirits who warred upon the peace, happiness, and indisputable rights of the Southern people.

Much has been written on the ethics of war; and if we introduce some reflections on it here, it is not because the subject is new, but because we believe it to be misunderstood from the very excess of cant and sermonizing on the subject. It is to be observed that we have had in the South but little of that sickly whine that war is impious, that it is an exaggeration of murder and other crimes, and that men should pray for the world to be

governed by peace conventions. But war, civilized war, is not this horrible thing—its proper impersonation not the frightful giant,

“His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands.”

True, war may be degraded to a system of beastly ferocity, ravaging the fair earth, invading the homes of women and children with the firebrand, and carving out with its unsightly arms the rewards of the plunderer and assassin. This may be war as the North made it when it smoked the fat of the land, struck at every blade of grass in the South, destroyed twelve hundred churches, and fired tens of thousands of homes; and this may be what Gen. Sherman meant in the brutal and absurd definition: “war is cruelty.”

But no! war, honourable war is beautiful! It is the noble exercise of manhood; it is the expression of human progress; it is the purification and economy of the human race, ordained of God since the world has stood.

Strike from the records of the human race war, and all that relates to war, and what a blank—what a dreary tract of commonplaces—would there be! The most splendid pages would be lost; virtues for which there would have been no occasion would be unknown; a thousand graces would never have bloomed; the most brilliant parts of literature would be extinguished; the most fruitful themes of genius and art would not exist; the Iliad would never have been written; the noblest texts of Shakspeare’s dramas would have been wanting; in short, by far the better half of the glory and interest of history would be annihilated. This is a plain test, and any one may use his scissors on history to determine how little would be left of its charms and glories if there were no wars.

Let us imagine in a general way that state of things in which there was no war. Nations would degenerate into herds of cowards, eaten up with selfish lusts, timid, emasculated, without even schools of physical exercise. Honour would have no place in our vocabulary, and Courage would be the idlest of ornaments. Those who would have us immolate our manhood do not reflect that such a condition is shown to be productive only of cunning, vice,

and unnatural practice. Those who would have all wars to cease would merely give us over to the dead-rot of peace. The sickly preachers who dab their mouths with soft handkerchiefs and pray for the universal season of peace, forget that St. Paul in his inspired epistles found his favourite images in the camp and panoplies of war, recognising the virtues that make at once the good soldier in the field and the good soldier of Christ.*

* Let us be done with paying out the greased coin of cant and saying that war is murderous, and that the armed contest of man with man, is a relic of barbarism; and let us have the courage to carry a principle, once admitted, to all its consequences. As circumstances will arise in the life of nations justifying war, creating the necessity for it, making it a useful and honourable exercise, so in the community there will be occasions of individual combat. An outcry has been raised against the *duello*, when the fact is that the *duello* is simply *the unit of war*, justifiable on the same grounds—war in fact reduced to its simplest form, that form the best-matched, and therefore the most honourable. It is said that the *duello* is unequal, and yet after all, whatever may be the difference of skill in arms, what other form of combat is more equal than that where a code of honour gives to the antagonists the same weapon, and attempts every expedient of fairness, within the range of man's natural and moral invention. Is the combat of mere physical strength more equal, where the strong man strikes down the weak; or that of cunning, where the simple man is at the mercy of the villain; or that of words, where the pure and honourable have to compete with the foul libeller, and the ingenious liar? But it is said that the law affords redress, and that the injured party should in all things complain to it. Do we not know and feel that the law takes no account of the sensibilities; and that pecuniary damages do not satisfy the wounds of honour, the murdered peace of one's family, the libel, the seduction, the nameless outrages of cowardly villainy. To those who would hiss down the *duello*, we would reply with calm reason that, as the unit of war, it is as justifiable as war itself; that it is the most equal form of combat yet devised; and that, in a certain class of outrages, it is the only effective mode of redress. These are solid considerations in opposition to a mere clamour. Those who exclaim against the *duello*, are generally those who shrink from a just responsibility for their acts, and prefer to keep their own advantages in the unequal contest of underhanded villainy and dirty words. When Master Bridgenorth pleaded conscientious scruples, and refused to accept the cartel of Sir Peveril, the old knight well replied: "In return for your uncivil advice, be pleased to accept of mine, namely: that as your religion prevents your giving a gentleman satisfaction, it ought to make you very cautious of offering him provocation."

It is to be hoped, indeed, that the *duello*, as a peculiar institution of combat among the people of the South, may be long preserved and cherished by them, and that, even when the aping spirit of Puritanism may invade their Legislatures and Courts, the legal authorities may, in this respect, be disarmed by public opinion. This institution of combat should be prized by the South as a noble inheritance, a relic of chivalry, an honourable peculiarity, the best element of their social system; at once a genius of civilization, a teacher of manners, and a guardian of the household. We believe that the time will yet come when the world, often governed as it is by a mere

But we return to the subject of our sketch. We have already referred to the fact of Bishop Polk's education as a military man. He also belonged to a family that had been distinguished in arms, and was connected with the early traditions of American liberty. He was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, about the year 1808. His father, the late Col. William Polk, was a highly meritorious and distinguished soldier in the Revolutionary war. He was a near relation of Thomas Polk, who was in the van of the few intrepid spirits that inaugurated the freedom of the American colonies, by issuing the famous Mecklenburg declaration of independence.

Young Polk acquired the elementary part of his education at an excellent academy in his native State. His father, however, having an earnest desire that his son should adopt the military profession, availed himself of the earliest opportunity that presented to place him at West Point. Here he remained the usual term; and upon his graduation, instead of entering the army, he resolved to engage in the peaceful calling of the ministry. Accordingly he applied for, and took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1838, he received an appointment as Missionary Bishop in Arkansas and part of the Indian Territory, with a provisional charge

clamour, will take a second thought on this subject, and be anxious to restore an institution of combat that has been replaced by unmatched methods of controversy, scandalous inventions, and every vile and dirty expedient. It is the *duello* that truly protects the weak against the strong, silences the bully, gives the lesson to the powerful villain, compels decency of manners, purifies the language of conversation, raises the tone of society, puts under stern guard the integrity of the household, and gives protection against that, of which Charles Dickens says, referring to the newspaper press in the northern cities of America:

"It has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the State, from a president to a postman; with ribald slander for its only stock in trade. * * * When any man of any grade of desert in intellect or character can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, and when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency or honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, without humble reference to a censorship, which for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon it, and crush it openly in the sight of all men—then I will believe its influence is lessening."

of the diocese of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and the Republic of Texas. In 1841, he was ordained regular Bishop of Louisiana, and held that post for twenty years.

His personal appearance, even at the sacred desk, was decidedly military, and in every word and glance he bore the impress of the soldier rather than that of the divine. He was a large, well-proportioned man, with florid complexion and intellectual face. His hair was slightly grey, and his whiskers, which had the military cut, were completely so. His eyes were grey and keen, his nose of the Roman order and his mouth sunken, with straight and tightly compressed lips. Affable in manner, agreeable in conversation, there was yet an expression of unconquerable determination in his countenance, and the air of one accustomed to command. An anecdote describes with great neatness and character the *tout ensemble* of the man. Stopping at the house of a Mississippi planter, when engaged in his early missionary labours in the Southwest, his host addressed him at the table as General. Being corrected and told he was *Bishop* Polk, the man replied quickly, "I knew he was a commanding officer in the department to which he belonged."

As Missionary Bishop in a wild country, and among a lawless population, he had a field of singular adventure, and we find him sometimes displaying a "muscular Christianity," in keeping with his character and constitutional bravery, and not out of place among the rude and turbulent men by whom he was often surrounded. There is a collection of anecdotes in this portion of his life, some of which we quote as showing the character of the man, and exhibiting a curious picture of the society in which he was first called to break the bread of life.

Upon one occasion, descending one of the Southwestern rivers in a small steamer, the boat struck a snag and sank. The passengers got ashore with part of their baggage, when it was proposed to walk some seventy miles to the nearest port, the chances for another boat overtaking them speedily being very slight. The Bishop, an excellent mechanic, thought the boat could be raised, and submitted a plan to the captain, who begged him to undertake it. With the aid of the crew and some deck passengers, this was accomplished; when, a boat passing, the Bishop, with the others, went to the next town below. Here, on asking the inn-keeper if

there was a place for holding church services, he was told that there never had been any preaching in the town, and that they did not want it, and that he would be mobbed if he attempted it; however, if Mr. —, the principal merchant in the place, would agree, they would not object. On being applied to, Mr. —'s exclamation was: "I left New England to get rid of preaching, and don't want it here." His consent, however, having been obtained, arrangements were being made for service on the following Sunday. Flatboatmen, always a lawless set, being in strong force in the town, declared there should be no preaching, and if it was attempted they would break it up. In the meantime, the steamer which the Bishop had assisted in raising came down, and the hands hearing of this, said "this was not a common preacher, he knew how to work, and if he chose to preach he should preach, and they would like to see the flatboat-men who would hinder it." A row between the parties was apprehended, but the steamboat hands being most numerous, the boatmen were quiet, and the services passed off without disturbance, a very large and attentive congregation being present. Four years after, the Bishop made another visit to this town, and was told there had been no preaching there since his last visit.

An incident is often related which occurred at the mouth of White River. The Bishop, from constant living in the open air, a great deal of exercise, and very temperate habits, had acquired an appearance of robust health. He always wore, even in the days of thin boots, soles as thick as the present Balmoral, and had an overcoat of pilot cloth capable of resisting all weathers. Landing at the mouth of White River, to take a boat for Little Rock, he found the regular packet did not leave until an early hour in the morning, and that no one was allowed to sleep on board. He was therefore compelled to go to the tavern, which at that time enjoyed a most unenviable reputation as the resort of robbers, gamblers, and cut-throats, the former members of Murrell's gang. There was no one in the miserable place but himself. He sat with the landlord by the fire until some time after dark, when the innkeeper advised him, if he wished a place to sleep, to secure it before *the boys* came in, as they were now drinking and gambling on board the flatboats at the wharf, and would be up before long. He was accordingly shown into a long room, with more than a

dozen beds, none of the cleanest in the world, where his host left him to go to bed, by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle. Everything was so exceedingly filthy that, protecting his head with a silk handkerchief, he turned up the collar of his coat, took off his boots, which he placed by the side of his bed—which, by the way, he had chosen near the door—and composed himself to sleep. About midnight he was aroused by the rush of feet up the stairs, and in a few moments the room was filled with men, who began to undress as soon as they entered, and appropriated the various beds. One man was left out, and coming to the side of the bed, he said, addressing himself to the Bishop: "Well, stranger, I am going to turn in with you." The Bishop merely looked up, and said: "You cannot come here, sir." "Oh! there's two to that—I'm coming." "You cannot come here, sir." "You do not mean it—I am coming," accompanied by a volley of oaths. "You cannot come here, sir," was still the quiet answer to this. The man began to falter, evidently not liking the appearance of determination. The others called out not to quarrel with the fellow, they would settle with him in the morning, and they would make room for their companion in one of the other beds.

Early in the morning, while they were in their drunken slumbers, Bishop Polk was up and away, steaming up the river. On reaching Little Rock he met some old friends, and on chancing to mention this, they told him men had been killed in that house for much less, and they considered it a wonderful escape. One asked, "Did the fellow see those boots?" "Yes, they were at the side of the bed." "Ah! that accounts for it. He concluded any man who wore such boots and such a coat, and was so quiet, must be armed to the teeth, and was certain if he had touched the bed he would have been shot." The Bishop's ignorance of the risk run saved him; but his constitutional bravery never allowed him to hesitate a moment for fear of consequences.

On entering the Confederate service as Major-General, he received a command which extended from the mouth of the Arkansas River, on both sides of the Mississippi, to the northern limits of the Confederate States, and took in the encampment at Corinth. His first notable action in this department was the battle of Belmont (November 7, 1861), in which the Federal General Grant secured a landing on the Missouri shore, nearly opposite the town

of Columbus, and, driving back Pillow's division, had almost won the day, when Gen. Polk crossed the river with Cheatham's Tennesseans, and gained a decisive victory—the Federals falling back from their main attack and seeking to regain their boats. For this action he was highly commended by his superiour, Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, and thanked by President Davis for "the glorious contribution" he had made to the Confederate cause.

An officer who was engaged at Belmont thus writes of the fluctuations of the battle and Polk's merit in striking the decisive blow: "Gen. Pillow has to thank his stars that Polk so quickly came to his succour, or, instead of being hailed as victors, we might all have been snugly provided for in some New-England fort or penitentiary. Yet his vanity is not less conspicuous now than it was in Mexico, and he is eternally carping at 'the Bishop,' as he terms Polk, who, nevertheless, is a capable and laborious commander, accessible at all times by high and low, a thorough disciplinarian and fine engineer. If he chose to leave the army in former times and enter the Episcopal Church, and become a learned bishop among his brethren, it surely does not detract from his reputation as a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, to say that he resigned his charge in answer to the especial call of the Executive, who demanded the service of all talented men in behalf of the common cause. Polk was a good Bishop; he is now an excellent and accomplished Major-General, and possesses the entire confidence, love and respect of all who know or serve under him. Pillow is annoyed, however, because he himself was not placed in chief command at Columbus—a position for which he is totally unfitted, as subsequent events will fully demonstrate."

A few days after the battle of Belmont, a serious accident occurred, which was near terminating with fatal results to Gen. Polk. A large Dahlgren gun had been loaded during the above-mentioned battle, but not fired. It was discharged on the 11th November, when it exploded, caught the magazine of the piece which was immediately below it, and killed eight men, besides seriously wounding five others. Among these latter was Gen. Polk, who was knocked down senseless by the concussion, and had his clothes rent in a number of places. Fortunately, he soon recovered, and sustained no permanent injury.

When the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled the

evacuation of Columbus, and created the necessity of selecting a defensive position lower down, Gen. Polk retreated, by the way of Humboldt, towards Corinth, where the principal portion of the armies of the West, under Gens. Beauregard, Johnston and himself, were to unite. Here he commanded one of the three grand *corps d'armée* which engaged in the battle of Shiloh, and was officially noticed by Gen. Beauregard for "the foresight and military ability he displayed, as well as for his fearless deportment in personally leading his command against the adversary."

He accompanied Gen. Bragg in the subsequent campaign in Kentucky; and the successful battle of Perrysville was fought under his direction, Bragg relinquishing to him the active command of the field. In this action Gen. Polk distinguished himself by his bravery and gallantry. After the sun had gone down on the bloody field, and the gloom of evening overhung the scene of carnage and death, even then, at intervals, bodies of the two armies would occasionally come in collision. Brig.-Gen. Cleburne's command, with which was Gen. Polk, just at night-fall, came upon an Indiana regiment. Gen. Polk was some distance in advance of the Confederates, and suddenly found himself in the very midst of the Indiana troops, who were firing briskly upon Cleburne's columns. Gen. Polk, seizing the Indiana Colonel by the shoulder, demanded "why he was firing upon his friends?" The Colonel said he did not know he was guilty of such a blunder, and asked, "Who are you?" "I'll show you who I am," replied Gen. Polk, and, rising in his stirrups, he gave the order in a firm, loud tone to the Indiana troops, "Cease firing!" Then saying to the Colonel, "You shall at once *hear* from me, sir," Gen. Polk rode quietly away. But he was no sooner out of sight than, with accelerated velocity, he came dashing at headlong speed to the spot where Cleburne stood. Pointing to the Yankees, he exclaimed: "Let them have it, boys; they are Yankees. *I have been there.*" In relating the adventure to a friend, Gen. Polk described the feeling with which he cantered down the Federal line, not daring to put his horse to his speed until out of sight, as "a sensation of one screwing up his back and calculating every moment how many bullets would be between his shoulders."

At the battle of Murfreesboro, Polk, now a Lieutenant-General, commanded the First Corps, and well shared in the terrible and

bloody struggle of those three days. The following anecdote, narrated in his report of this battle, illustrates the peculiarities of fighting in the cover of woods, at the same time that it bears witness to the gallantry of two brave men:—"A battery," writes the General, "was pouring a murderous fire into the brigade of Gen. Maney, from a point which made it doubtful whether it was ours or the enemy's. Two unsuccessful efforts had been made by staff officers—one of whom was killed in the attempt—to determine its character. The doubt caused the brigade on which it was firing to hesitate in returning the fire, when Sergeant Oakley, colour-bearer of the Fourth Tennessee Confederate regiment, and Sergeant M. C. Hooks, colour-bearer of the Ninth Tennessee regiment, gallantly advanced eight or ten paces to the front, displaying their colours, and holding themselves and the flag of their country erect, remained ten minutes in a place so conspicuous as to be plainly seen and fully to test from whom their brigade was suffering so severely. The murderous fire, instead of abating, increased and intensified, and soon demonstrated that the battery and its supports were not friends, but enemies. The sergeants then returned deliberately to their proper positions in the line unhurt, and the enemy's battery was silenced, and his column put to flight."

At Chickamauga there was an unpleasant occurrence between Gens. Bragg and Polk; and the latter, being charged with delay in bringing on the battle and "dereliction of duty," was deprived of his command. Of this event he wrote very nobly: "Without attempting to explain the circumstances of this disagreement, or prejudicing the public mind by a premature appeal to its judgment, I must be permitted to express my unqualified conviction of the rectitude of my conduct, and that time and investigation will amply vindicate my conduct on the field of Chickamauga." The vindication was not insisted upon; the investigation was recalled by President Davis; and Gen. Polk was actually promoted by assignment to a separate and important command including the department of Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana.

He assumed this command late in December, 1863, and had scarcely time to organize his troops and collect the energies of his department for the task of obstructing Gen. Sherman's progress in his Mississippi expedition. The latter left Vicksburg the 1st February, 1864, at the head of thirty-five thousand infantry, two or

three thousand cavalry, and from sixty to eighty pieces of artillery. Almost simultaneously Grierson or Smith began the march through North Mississippi with about ten thousand cavalry and mounted infantry. Mobile, at the same time, was threatened by water with the enemy's fleet of gunboats, and by land from Pensacola and Pascagoula. As Sherman advanced upon Meridian, the railroad-centre of the Southwestern department, Gen. Polk evacuated the place and retired to Demopolis in Alabama, leaving the enemy in a country of pine barrens, where subsistence was scant and his communications were in constant danger of being cut. At this conjuncture of affairs, the co-operating column of the enemy was defeated by Forrest, and the disastrous retreat of Grierson and Smith upon Memphis was decisive of the campaign. Their retreat naturally interrupted Sherman's communications all along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and deprived his army of an important source of supply, without which he was incapable of maintaining his ground. Worse still, the falling back of these two officers took away from him the cavalry force upon which he relied to prosecute his operations. He was left to retrace his steps in disappointment and disgrace, and retire to Vicksburg.

In a congratulatory order to his army, Gen. Polk said: "The concentration of our cavalry on the enemy's column of cavalry from West Tennessee formed the turning point of the campaign. That concentration broke down his only means of subsisting his infantry. His column was defeated and routed, and his whole force compelled to make a hasty retreat. Never did a grand campaign, inaugurated with such pretension, terminate more ingloriously. With a force three times that which was opposed to its advance, they have been defeated and forced to leave the field with a loss of men, small-arms and artillery."

When Sherman carried his operations into North Georgia, and Gen. Johnston required all the force that could be brought to him, Lieut.-Gen. Polk was sent, with his troops, to form the left wing of the army. At Dalton, and again at Resaca, Polk placed his troops with great skill, and in the retreat did effective service. It was in this memorable retreat towards Atlanta, that he lost his life.

He was killed at Marietta, June 14th, 1864, while making a telescopic observation of the Federal position. A projectile struck

his left arm, passing through his body, killing him instantly. The body was terribly mangled; the right arm was carried off; and the enemy afterwards curiously noticed on the spot, where the ill-fated commander had fallen, a large spatter of blood. The ghastly remains were taken to Atlanta, where funeral services were performed.

While it can scarcely be claimed that the military reputation of Leonidas Polk takes rank with the first of the war, he yet proved an able and brave commander, and his memory will be cherished on many accounts. His men were devotedly attached to him, not only for his humane and generous character, but they were filled with admiration of his noble courage and personal daring. No commander ever risked his person more in battle, or appealed more strongly to the sympathies of his soldiers.

In conversation he was always genial and agreeable. As a friend and companion he had not his equal. His manner had an indescribable charm, while at the same time it was commanding.

As an instance of his readiness in conversation and pleasant retort, the following is related: While stationed at Columbus, Kentucky, he met the Federal Gen. Buford under flag of truce, the rendezvous taking place on board a steamer in the river. Gen. Buford said that he had a toast to propose which all could drink, and then gave "the memory of George Washington." Gen. Polk drank it, adding "the first Rebel."

As an illustration of the piety and earnestness of his character, as well as the charm of his manner, it is related that after having in the course of his travels stayed at the house of a gentleman, previously unknown to him, as the Bishop drove from the gate his host remarked, "I now realize what the apostle meant when he said 'some have entertained angels unawares.'"

Only the Sunday previous to his death, stopping at a poor cabin, he sat drying himself by the fire. Children all loved him instinctively; a little girl of two years, far from clean, approached him; he took her on his knee and began singing to her some nursery song—she smiled up in his face and he said to one of his aides: "I wonder if the mother would be offended if I washed this child's face—I do so love to kiss the innocents."

His patriotism was beautiful and affecting. Col. Freemantle, an English traveller, who visited his camp in 1863, writes: "Gen.

Polk told me an affecting story of a poor widow, in humble circumstances, whose three sons had fallen in battle, one after the other, until she had only one left, a boy of sixteen. So distressing was her case that the General went himself to comfort her. She looked steadily at him, and replied to his condolences by saying, 'As soon as I can get a few things together, General, you shall have Harry too.' The tears came into General Polk's eyes as he related this incident, which he concluded by saying, 'How can you subdue such a nation as this?'

Perhaps we may thank God that he did not live to realize the answer to this question.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

CHAPTER LV.

His life anterior to the War.—His career in Congress.—Elected Vice-President of the United States.—Democratic candidate for the Presidency, 1860.—The electoral and popular vote of that canvass.—Address to the people of Kentucky.—Last service in the United States Senate.—Bold speech there against the Administration.—Remarks upon Andrew Johnson's resolution.—Excited debate with Senator Baker.—Flight of Mr. Breckinridge from Kentucky.—His farewell counsels to her people.—Appointed Brigadier-General.—Gallantry at Shiloh.—His expedition against Baton Rouge.—Causes of its failure.—At Murfreesboro.—“The Bloody Crossing of Stono River.”—At Chickamauga.—Memorial of the Western commanders to the Richmond Congress.—Gen. Breckinridge's command in Southwestern Virginia.—He is made Secretary of War.—Accompanies President Davis in his flight from Richmond.—Last Council of the Confederate leaders.—Gen. Breckinridge escapes from the country.—Reflections upon his services and character.

BEFORE the war of the Confederates the name of John C. Breckinridge was not only one of historical distinction, but he had been immediately conspicuous as Democratic candidate for the Presidency in the great political contest that preceded the appeal to arms. His life was already full of public honours. At the age of thirty-five he had served his country abroad; had been a legislator in his State and in the national legislature; had been tendered the representation of the Republic in Europe; had been elevated to the second office in the gift of the people, and now stood as candidate for the supreme honours of the Presidential Chair.

He was born near Lexington, Kentucky, January 16, 1821. He received his education at Centre College, enjoyed the benefits of some months at Princeton, and after going through the requisite law studies at Transylvania Institute, was admitted to the bar at

Lexington. Hoping to find a fruitful field in which to sow his knowledge, he emigrated to the Northwest; but after something less than two years spent in Burlington, Iowa, he returned to his native State, and took up his abode at Lexington. He entered immediately on the practice of his profession, and met with a well-merited success.

The trump of war, however, excited his military ardour, and the result was creditable service as a major of infantry during the Mexican war. He also distinguished himself as the counsel for Maj.-Gen. Pillow, in the celebrated court-martial of that officer.

On the return of Major Breckinridge from Mexico, he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and created so favorable an impression as a legislator that he was elected to Congress from the Ashland District, and being re-elected, held his seat from 1851 to 1855.

Devoted attention to his legislative duties marked his career in Congress, and his manly eloquence impressed all political parties and compelled their admiration. He introduced (on the 30th June, 1852) the resolutions of respect to the memory of Henry Clay, who had died the day previous, and pronounced an eloquent and feeling eulogy, laying the fulness of his young heart on the grave of the great Kentuckian. It was fitting occasion, in view of Clay's great and pure life, to speak of "the mere legerdemain of politics." "If I were to write his epitaph," said Breckinridge, "I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting-place, 'Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years and never attempted to deceive his countrymen.'"

In debate, Mr. Breckinridge was sharp and effective. With reference to the Compromise Measures of 1850 and the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, denied that the Federal Government had power to pass laws by which "to compel our officers and people to seize and carry back fugitive slaves." Mr. Breckinridge briefly pushed him into an enunciation of his most extreme doctrine and then said, "Against the impotent ravings of this baffled fanaticism I place the plain words of the Constitution. To his coarse and offensive language I have no reply."

With the debate on the Nebraska bill, in 1854, Thirty-third Congress, Mr. Breckinridge's name is intimately woven. It was

during this discussion that his difficulty with Mr. Cutting, of New York, took place. Mr. Breckinridge had strongly stigmatized the course of the member from New York; "the gentleman," he said, "may be for the bill, but his voice is that of an enemy." Mr. Cutting replied at length to the imputations thrown out by Mr. Breckinridge, when, the latter retorting, a scene of great excitement took place. The difficulty was carried out of the House, and for some days public curiosity was aroused at the prospect of a duel, the preparatory steps for such an affair having been taken. A settlement, however, was effected by friends, "mutually satisfactory and honourable to both parties."

In recognition of Mr. Breckinridge's identification with the views of the Administration, President Pierce tendered to him the mission to Spain; but the honour was respectfully declined, family matters compelling Mr. Breckinridge to this course. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention in June, 1856. After the nomination of Buchanan for the Presidency, several names were offered for the second office—among others, that of John C. Breckinridge, proposed by the Louisiana delegation. Acknowledging the flattering manifestation of good-will, Mr. Breckinridge begged that his name would be withdrawn. On the first ballot, however, the Vermont delegation, through Mr. Smalley, believing that no Democrat had a right to refuse his services when his country called, cast its five votes for Breckinridge. Many other States followed, and of the total he received fifty-one votes, second on the list, and only eight under the first, Gen. Quitman. The names of other candidates were afterwards withdrawn, and the whole poll went for J. C. Breckinridge, at which the Convention rose and, with waving of handkerchiefs, and the loudest vocal demonstrations, directed its attention upon the tall and graceful delegate from Kentucky, who had been so unexpectedly nominated for so exalted a post. It was long before the demonstration subsided so as to allow a word to be heard. At last, the commanding figure of Mr. Breckinridge stood fronting the mighty triumph. It certainly was a time to try a young man. He spoke briefly and becomingly. The result just announced was unexpected, and he gave the Convention the simple thanks of a true heart.

He was elected Vice-President, having received 173 electo-

ral votes, being fifty-nine over William L. Dayton, the Republican candidate for the same office.

As presiding officer of the United States Senate, he took the chair of that eminent body early in the first session of the Thirty-fifth Congress, December, 1857, and, with some intermission, caused by the illness of his family, presided during the stormy session which preceded the war.

In the Presidential contest of 1860, there were four tickets in the field, Mr. Breckinridge having received the regular Democratic nomination for President. It was through an unfortunate division in the Democratic ranks, and the split effected by Mr. Douglas, that Abraham Lincoln obtained a majority of votes in the Electoral College. Every Free State but New Jersey had chosen the entire Lincoln ticket, and the triumph of a sectional party was complete. Mr. Breckinridge received but seventy-two votes in the Electoral College, and of the popular vote 850,082. But although defeated in this great field, his native State, Kentucky, continued to do him honour, and he received the unsought-for nomination of his party for the United States Senate. He was elected to succeed John J. Crittenden from the 4th March, 1861, by twenty-nine majority on joint ballot. His Senatorial term would have expired in 1867, if war had not intervened, and he had not been disturbed by other calls of duty.

When President Lincoln made his extra-constitutional call for 75,000 troops to subdue the South, Mr. Breckinridge addressed a large audience at Louisville, Kentucky, advising the course which the State should take in the emergency of war. He denounced the President's proclamation as illegal, saying, that he could not make his 75,000 men efficient until after the meeting of Congress. He proposed that Kentucky should present herself to Congress on the 4th of July through her Senators and Representatives, and protest against the settlement of the present difficulties of the country by the sword; meanwhile, that she should call a State Convention to aid her Congressmen in presenting such a protest. Should that fail, however, it was the duty and the interest of Kentucky to unite her fortunes with the South.

Although this address drew upon Mr. Breckinridge much unfriendly and suspicious attention in the North, it did not prevent him from taking his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th

of July, 1861—Kentucky, the State which he represented, still remaining in the Union. His action and attitude in that body when the war was already raging were remarkable—standing there almost alone, as the champion of the Constitution, protesting against hostilities, surrounded by the clamours of the North, insulted, threatened, and yet exhibiting the highest moral courage in his freedom of speech ; and reflecting, in his peculiar position, the resentment of the South, and making its constant commentary on the steps of the Washington authorities to despotism. A brief record of his acts in this famous Congress is an essential part of the political history of the war, and an exhibition of personal heroism that cannot justly be omitted from his life.

No sooner had this Congress assembled in Washington (on the 4th of July, 1861), than a resolution was introduced to approve the acts of President Lincoln anterior to its sitting, designed to suppress the so-called rebellion. Mr. Breckinridge spoke in opposition to the resolution, and took occasion to deny positively a rumour of the newspapers to the effect that he had telegraphed to Jefferson Davis that the Federal Congress would not be permitted to meet in Washington, and that Kentucky would furnish 7,000 men for the Southern army. Although the Senate listened to him with impatience, he spoke steadily and bravely. "Is this a contest," he said, "to preserve the Union? If so, then it should be waged in a constitutional manner. Is the doctrine to obtain that provinces are to be entirely subordinated to the idea of political unity? Shall the rallying cry be, the Constitution and the Union; or are we prepared to say that the Constitution is gone, but the Union survives? What sort of a Union would it be? Let this principle be announced, and let us carry on this contest with this spirit, winking at or approving the violations of this sacred instrument, and the people will soon begin to inquire what will become of our liberties at the end of the experiment? The pregnant question for us to decide is, whether the Constitution is to be respected in this struggle, or whether we are called upon to follow the flag over the ruins of the Constitution? I believe, without questioning the motives of any, the whole tendency of the present proceedings is to establish a government without limitations, and radically to change our frame and character of government."

In proof of the spirit and manner in which the Republican party proposed to conduct the contest, he referred to the speech of Senator Baker from Oregon, when he declared he was for direct war, and said that for that purpose nobody was so good as a dictator. "Is anything," he asked, "more necessary to show that, so far as that Senator is concerned, he proposed to conduct the contest without regard to the Constitution? I heard no rebuke administered to the eminent Senator, but, on the contrary, I saw warm congratulations; and the Senator declared that, unless the people of these States were willing to obey the Federal Government, they must be reduced to the condition of territories, and he added, they would govern them by governors from Massachusetts and Illinois."

Mr. Baker explained. He said he was delivering a speech against giving too much power to the President, and was keeping his usual constitutional, guarded position against an increase of the standing army, and gave, as an excuse for voting for the bill, the present state of public affairs. He did say he would take some risk of despotism, and repeated that he would risk a little to save all. He hoped the States would return to their allegiance; but, if they would not, he thought it better, for civilization and humanity, that they should be governed as territories.

Mr. Breckinridge said the answer of the Senator proved what he said, and contended that it was evident that the Constitution was to be put aside. It was utterly subversive of the Constitution and of public liberty to clothe any one with dictatorial powers. He then referred to the speech of Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, who said, in substance, that if African slavery stood in the way it must be abolished.

Mr. Dixon had the secretary read what he did say on the subject, as published.

Mr. Breckinridge said it appeared to him that the most violent Republicans had possession of the Government, and referred to the bill introduced by Mr. Pomeroy to suppress the "slaveholders' rebellion," and which also contained a provision for the abolition of slavery. He contended that the very title was enough to show that the Constitution was to be put aside.

Mr. Bingham, of Michigan, asked if he contended this was not a slaveholders' rebellion.

Mr Breckinridge answered with warmth, "I do, Sir; I do." He referred to the refusal of the Republican party in the last session of Congress to make any compromise, although the Southern leaders said they would be satisfied with the Crittenden Compromise; and even now offers of peace were ruled out of order in one House of Congress, which thus deliberately refused the last effort to avert the horrors of an internal struggle. "But why," he exclaimed, "utter words? I shall trouble the Senate no longer. I know that no argument or appeal will have any effect. I have cherished all my life an attachment to the union of these States under the Constitution of the United States, and I have always revered that instrument as one of the wisest of human works; but now it is put aside by the Executive of the United States, and those acts are about to be approved by the Senate, and I see proceedings inaugurated which, in my opinion, will lead to the utter subversion of the Constitution and public liberty. It is vain to oppose it. I am aware that, in the present temper of Congress, one might as well oppose his uplifted hand to the descending waters of Niagara as to risk an appeal against these contemplated proceedings. The few of us left can only look with sadness on the melancholy drama being enacted before us."

A few days after this debate, the Senator from Kentucky again tried the temper of Congress, in opposition to a resolution introduced by Andrew Johnson, then Senator from Tennessee, since President of the United States, declaring that the "present civil war was forced upon the country by disunionists in the South, etc." This statement, Mr. Breckinridge encountered in the calm spirit of historical truth, showing that the war in its inception was not to maintain the Constitution, and predicting that its prosecution twelve months longer would make the grave of constitutional liberty on this continent.

On the 1st August, 1861, he was drawn into a remarkable debate with Senator Baker from Oregon. This Senator, although violent in his political opinions, had some polish of style, was at times eloquent, and was an antagonist not to be despised. The debate took place in circumstances of great excitement, and soon took a personal tone, in which Mr. Breckinridge found himself confronting an angry audience and insulted by the galleries. He boldly proclaimed his opinions of the war, and

reminded Senators of the dignity of the occasion. He concluded : " We are making a record here. I am met by the sneers of nearly all those who surround me. I state my opinions with no approving voices, and surrounded by scowls; but the time will come when history will put her private seal upon these proceedings, and I am perfectly willing to abide her final judgment." Mr. Baker replied to the speech, and characterized it as " words of brilliant, polished treason, even in the very Capitol." Becoming more violent, and inflamed by the applause in the galleries, he asked what would have been thought if, in another Capitol, in another Republic, in a yet more martial age, a Senator as grave, not more eloquent, or dignified than the Senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flying over his shoulders, had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Senator there had risen in his place, and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasury, and every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories? Some audible replies were made in the Senate : " He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock." Mr. Breckinridge replied with dignity, with courage, with candour : " My opinions are my own. They are honestly entertained. I do not believe that I have uttered one opinion here, in regard to this contest, that does not reflect the judgment of the people I have the honour to represent. If they do, I shall find my reward in the fearless utterance of their opinions ; if they do not, I am not a man to cling to the forms of office, and to the emoluments of public life, against my convictions and my principles ; and I repeat what I uttered the other day, that if indeed the Commonwealth of Kentucky, instead of attempting to mediate in this unfortunate struggle, shall throw her energies into the strife, and approve the conduct and sustain the policy of the Federal Administration in what I believe to be a war of subjugation, and which is being proved every day to be a war of subjugation and annihilation, she may take her course. I am her son, and will share her destiny ; but she will be represented by some other man on the floor of this Senate."

This pledge was deliberately given. But before the time came for its exaction Mr. Breckinridge, while conscious of his utter inability to restrain the war, had omitted no effort to unmask its true designs and to put on the record whatever protests might avail in history; and the service he thus performed in Congress was one of real value to the South, and showed a constant attention to her interests. On one occasion he moved the following as an amendment to a bill to reorganize the army of the United States:

“But the army and navy shall not be employed for the purpose of subjugating any State, or reducing it to the condition of a territory or province, or to abolish slavery therein.”

This was rejected by the following vote, which sufficiently revealed the object of the war and exposed the false pretence on which the North was conducting hostilities:

Yeas—Messrs. Breckinridge, Bright, W. P. Johnson, of Mo., Kennedy, Latham, Nesmith, Polk, Powell and Saulsbury—9.

Nays—Messrs. Anthony, Bingham, Browning, Carlile, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howe, Johnson, of Tenn., King, Lane, of Ind., Lane, of Kansas, McDougall, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Wade, Willey and Wilson—30.

The State of Kentucky remained in the Union, and the time came when Mr. Breckinridge felt called upon to separate himself from the choice and destiny of his native State. No sooner had this State, corrupted by every art of the Federal Government, taken a determined attitude for the Union, than President Lincoln decided to experiment on public sentiment there, and to put in force the violent measures of a so-called “strong government.” In September, 1861, ex-Governor Morehead was arrested at his residence near Louisville, and taken thence to Fort Lafayette, in New York harbour, where he was long confined. Warned by this outrage Mr. Breckinridge and a number of leading citizens of the State escaped to the Confederate camps in Southern Kentucky, and passed thence into Virginia, where he openly gave in his adhesion to the Southern Confederacy. He was afterwards indicted for “treason” at Frankfort, Kentucky, and was “expelled” from the United States Senate by a unanimous vote, although this latter penalty was absurd, as he had already resigned. His course

was explained and defended in an address to the people of Kentucky, from which we extract some memorable passages :

“The United States no longer exists. The Union is dissolved. For a time after the withdrawal of the Southern States, and while there was a hope that the rupture might be healed, it might be assumed that the Union was not yet dissolved, and such was the position of Kentucky in declaring her neutrality and offering her mediation between the contending parties. But time has now elapsed, and mighty events have occurred, which banish from the minds of reasonable men all expectation of restoring the Union. Coercion has been tried and has failed. The South has mustered in the field nearly as many combatants as the North, and has been far more victorious. The fields of Manassas and Bethel, of Springfield and Lexington, have marked with a terrible and sanguinary line the division between the old order of things and the new.”

* * * * *

“The exemption of persons from arrest without judicial warrant, the right of a citizen to have his body brought before a judge to determine the legality of his imprisonment, the security provided against searches and seizure without warrant of law, the sanctity of the home, the trial by jury, the freedom of speech and of the press—these and every other precious right which our fathers supposed they had locked up in the Constitution, have been torn from it and buried beneath the heel of military power. The States made the Constitution, placed rigid boundaries around that Government, and expressly reserved to themselves all powers not delegated. They did not delegate to the Federal Government the power to destroy them—yet the creature has set itself above the creator. The atrocious doctrine is announced by the President, and acted upon, that the States derive their power from the Federal Government; and may be suppressed on any pretence of military necessity. The gallant little State of Maryland has been utterly abolished. Missouri is engaged in a heroic struggle to preserve her existence and to throw off the horrors of martial law proclaimed by a subordinate military commander. Everywhere the civil has given way to the military power. The fortresses of the country are filled with victims seized without warrant of law, and ignorant of the cause of their imprisonment.

“The legislators of States and other public officers are seized while in the discharge of their official duties, taken beyond the limits of their respective States, and imprisoned in the forts of the Federal Government. A subservient Congress ratifies the usurpations of the President, and proceeds to complete the destruction of the Constitution. History will declare that the annals of legislation do not contain laws so infamous as those enacted at the last session. They sweep away every vestige of public and personal liberty, while they confiscate the property of a nation containing ten millions of people. In the House of Representatives it was declared that the South should be reduced to ‘abject submission,’ or their institutions be overthrown. In the Senate it was said that, if necessary, the South should be depopulated and re-peopled from the North, and an eminent Senator expressed a desire that the President should be made a dictator. This was superfluous, since they had already clothed him with dictatorial powers. In the midst of these proceedings, no plea for the Constitution is listened to in the North; here and there a few heroic voices are feebly heard protesting against the progress of despotism, but for the most part, beyond the military lines, mobs and anarchy rule the hour.”

Referring to the peculiar condition of affairs in Kentucky, he said: “Gen. Anderson, the military dictator of Kentucky, announces in one of his proclamations that he will arrest no one who does not act, write, or speak, in opposition to Mr. Lincoln’s Government. It would have completed the idea if he had added, or think in opposition to it. Look at the condition of our State under the rule of our new protectors. They have suppressed the freedom of speech and of the press. They seize people by military force upon mere suspicion, and impose on them oaths unknown to the laws. Other citizens they imprison without warrant, and carry them out of the State, so that the writ of *habeas corpus* cannot reach them. * * * * I will not pursue the disgraceful subject. Has Kentucky passed out of the control of her own people? Shall hirelings of the pen, recently imported from the North, sitting in grand security at the capital, force public opinion to approve these usurpations and point out victims? Shall Mr. Lincoln; through his German mercenaries, imprison or exile the children of the men who laid the founda-

tions of the Commonwealth, and compel our noble people to exhaust themselves in furnishing the money to destroy their own freedom? Never, while Kentucky remains the Kentucky of old!—never, while thousands of her gallant sons have the will and the nerve to make the State sing to the music of their rifles!”

The eloquence of these passages is only exceeded by the interest of the historical truths which they contain. As an exhibition of the constitutional heresies at Washington, and as a picture of the times, they furnish a forcible lesson, and add another to Mr. Breckinridge's former examples of manly protest against the progress of tyranny. He had not fled from Kentucky in any mean fear of personal consequences; but, obeying the guidance of his principles and sympathies, he made his choice when there was no longer room to debate or to hesitate, and came to the South to offer his sword in behalf of a cause which he had vainly hoped Kentucky would finally embrace. And yet it was fortunate for his personal safety that he came within the lines of the South. Had he lingered but a few days longer in Kentucky, there is no doubt that he would have been transported beyond the State, to languish in some Federal fortress during the pleasure of the oppressor.

On arriving at Richmond, Mr. Breckinridge received the commission of Brigadier-General, and was appointed to take command of a brigade of Kentuckians. His record in the Army of the West is distinguished for his frequent exhibitions of personal gallantry in the field. On the second adverse day of Shiloh, he was posted with his command so as to cover the withdrawal of the Confederate army, when it became necessary for it to yield the hard-fought field. He was approached by Gen. Beauregard, who told him it might be necessary for him to sacrifice himself; for, said he, “*This retreat must not be a rout!* You must hold the enemy back, if it requires the loss of your last man.” “Your orders shall be executed to the letter,” said Gen. Breckinridge with stern pride. The enemy, sorely chastised, did not pursue; Breckinridge's jaded and decimated command was not put to the last, desperate trial of the field; but the resolution of the commander deserves none the less praise, and the brief, emphatic, heroic words of his assurance to Gen. Beauregard are none the less memorable. In the battle he was twice struck by spent balls.

In July, 1861, an expedition against Baton Rouge was entrusted to Gen. Breckinridge, now promoted a Major-General. On the 27th of that month he left Vicksburg with 5,000 men; but so reduced was his force by dysentery, that scourge of armies, that when he arrived at Baton Rouge he found that he could carry into action not more than 2,600 men. Yet he was willing to risk a battle against nearly double his own numbers; and he telegraphed to Gen. Van Dorn that he would undertake to capture the garrison, if the ram "Arkansas" could be sent down to clear the river, or divert the fire of the gun-boats. In momentary expectation of the arrival of this ally, the attack was made on the 5th August. It was the desperate work of the bayonet. Gen. Breckinridge led his division, and his presence had a magical effect upon the men. There was no danger he did not share with them. His tall form seemed ubiquitous—here, there and everywhere in peril, where there was an enemy to drive or a position to gain. A young son, Cabell Breckinridge, was in the action fighting near his father. The General led personally several charges, and towards the close of the action, coming up to the 4th and 5th Kentucky, who had fallen back utterly exhausted, he drew his sword, and with one appealing look said, in his clear, musical tones: "My men, charge!" The Kentuckians rushed forward with a determination that disdained danger and could not be thwarted. The enemy was driven a mile and a half from the position where he was first encountered. The Confederates had seized all his camps, and forced him through the suburbs of the town. But in the pauses of the fight, when the roll of musketry and the sharp crack of artillery were hushed, all ears were strained to catch some note of intelligence from the ram "Arkansas." Long since she should have been engaging the enemy's gunboats, which had already poured a dreadful rain of shot and shell into the midst of Breckinridge's troops. But there was no welcome sound from her guns. At last came the unwilling thought that a fatal accident had befallen her. "We had listened," says Gen. Breckinridge, "in vain for the guns of the 'Arkansas.' I saw around me not more than 1,000 exhausted men, who had been unable to procure water since we left the Comite river. The enemy had several batteries commanding the approaches to the arsenal and barracks, and the gunboats had

already reopened upon us with a direct fire. Under these circumstances, although the troops showed the utmost indifference to danger and death, and were even reluctant to retire, I did not deem it prudent to pursue the victory further." Slowly and sullenly the men fell back, although exposed to the heavy firing of the gunboats. About one mile and a half from the town they were halted, and the poor wearied, jaded soldiers threw themselves upon the ground to rest.

Gen. Breckinridge had not accomplished the success he had designed and desired. Had the "Arkansas" participated in the action, the victory would doubtless have been one of the most brilliant of the war. But it was an occasion of proud congratulation that the troops who made the land attack had done so well; and Gen. Breckinridge, expressing his sense of their gallant conduct, wrote: "After marching all night through a country destitute of water, you attacked an enemy superiour to you in numbers, admirably posted, and supported by the fire of their fleet; you forced them from their positions, taking prisoners and several flags, killing and wounding many, destroying most of their camps, and large quantities of public stores, and driving them to the bank of the river, under cover of the guns of their fleet. The inability of the 'Arkansas' to reach the scene of conflict prevented the victory from being complete; but you have given the enemy a severe and salutary lesson, and now those, who so lately were ravaging and plundering this region, do not care to extend their pickets beyond the sight of their fleet."

At Murfreesboro' we find again that record of personal gallantry which made Gen. Breckinridge so remarkable, and gave him a constant title to admiration even in the story of defeat. In the first day's battle, when Rosecrans rallied his centre and crowned it with a powerful artillery, Breckinridge's division was brought up and formed for the assault of the hill held by the enemy. The troops advanced to the attack under Gen. Breckinridge in person; but the Federals, who had recovered from their reverses, and knew the advantages of the ground, poured in so heavy a fire from their powerful artillery, that the Confederates, although evincing great bravery, could not stand against it, and retired. Again, in the "bloody crossing of Stono River," which closed the third day's action, was Breckinridge called to the front,

and directed to carry by assault the position of the enemy. Again the attack failed; the enemy's artillery fire devoured the advancing columns; two thousand brave Confederates fell in less than half an hour; but the gallant commander was constantly abreast the storm, ringing out the command, "Up, my men, and charge." It was a grand and terrible scene. The enemy's artillery opened a sweeping fire from the ridge; a whirlwind of minie balls and shot and shell filled the air; and meeting and contending with this tempest of death, were shattered columns of devoted men, with great gaps in their ranks, which they yet closed up at the word of command, going forward firmly, dashing through sheets of fire, recoiling, advancing, and anon swaying in the excitement. Again and again they were rallied. Rushing forward with almost superhuman devotion, completely enveloped by the tornado, they reached within a hundred paces of the coveted crest, but were again repulsed. Night at last closed in, and the men were compelled to relinquish the attempt to take this stronghold; and darkness closed that troubled day, and gave to history one of the bloodiest chapters of the war.

In the battle of Chickamauga, Breckinridge's division, composed principally of Kentucky and Louisiana troops, was included in the corps of Lieut.-Gen. D. H. Hill, and encountered one of the bloodiest actions of the day. In the last charge it advanced with intrepidity under a severe fire, and dashed over the left of the enemy's entrenchments. Gen. Hill had ordered another Major-General to make this attack, telling him that Breckinridge's men, after the severe action of the morning, were scarcely in a condition to make another charge. The officer replied that the orders given him by Gen. Polk were to support Breckinridge and he could do nothing else. Gen. Hill at once rode up to Gen. Breckinridge, told him of the conversation, and asked if his troops were ready to renew the attack. He answered, "yes." "Well then," said Hill, "move promptly, and strike hard." The division responded to the order with a cheer, moved off in beautiful style, made a most glorious charge, and soon had the enemy in full retreat.

The termination of the campaign of 1863 constituted an interesting period in the history of the Southern Confederacy. The public mind was deeply concerned at the prospect of the future, especially with reference to supplies of men and material for the

continued prosecution of the war. Up to this time Gen. Breckinridge had been constantly with the armies of the West; he knew their wants, and his broad and enlightened mind had contemplated important changes in the military policy of the country. His reflections in this regard are very interesting, and show that his intelligent counsel to the Richmond authorities was as valuable as his services in the field. In December, 1863, a memorial was read in the Confederate Congress, signed by Gen. Breckinridge and other officers of the Army of Tennessee. It was brief and compact, as follows:

“In the existing condition of affairs it is hoped your honourable bodies will pardon the variance from custom of addressing you from the army. It is done in no spirit of dictation, but in the conscientious conviction that the necessities of the country demand the voice and labour of all, and that delay, even for thirty days, in enacting proper measures, may make present disorders incurable, and the dangers of the moment omnipotent for our destruction.

“In our opinion, it is essential to retain, for the term of during the war, without reorganization, the troops now in service; to place in service immediately, for the same term, all other white males between eighteen and fifty years of age, able to perform any military duty; to provide for placing in service, at the discretion of the President, for the same term, all white males between fifteen and eighteen, and between fifty and sixty years of age; to prohibit substitutes; to prohibit exemption, except for the necessary civil offices and employments of the Confederate States and the several States; to prohibit details, except for limited times, and for carrying on works essential to the army; to prohibit discharges, except in cases of permanent disability, from all duty; to prohibit leaves and furloughs, except under uniform rules of universal application, based, as far as practicable, on length of service and meritorious conduct; to prohibit, to the greatest extent, the details of able-bodied officers and men to posts, hospitals, or other interior duty, and to place in service as cooks, labourers, teamsters, and hospital attendants, with the army and elsewhere, able-bodied negroes and mulattoes, bond and free.

“These measures, we think, if promptly enacted as laws, so as to give time for organizing and disciplining the new material,

would make our armies invincible at the opening of the campaign of next year, and enable us to win back our lost territory and conquer a peace before that campaign shall be ended.

“ We beg further to suggest that, in our opinion, the dissatisfaction, apprehended or existing, from short rations, depreciated currency, and the retention of old soldiers in service, might be obviated by allowing bounties, with discriminations in favour of retained troops; an increase of pay; the commutation to enlisted men of rations not issued; and rations, or the value thereof, to officers.”

In the campaign of 1864, Gen. Breckinridge was detached for important service in South-western Virginia, commanding two brigades of infantry and a battalion of artillery. Having united his forces with Imboden's brigade of cavalry, or mounted infantry, he met and defeated Sigel at New Market on the 15th May, breaking up this part of Grant's combination against Richmond, and joining Gen. Lee at Hanover Junction, as he moved back upon the capital. His infantry then numbered less than 3,000 muskets, although the enemy, in accounting for his victory over Sigel, had put it at 15,000! In the subsequent months of this year, Gen. Breckinridge assisted in the defence of Lynchburg, and accompanied Gen. Early in his expedition towards Washington and the consequent campaign.

In the last winter of the war he was made Secretary of War, a post for which he was eminently fit, and to which it would have been well if he had been assigned when he first made, in 1861, the unqualified offer of his services to the Confederate government. Brilliant though he was as a soldier, and with a record of services that had traversed nearly the whole breadth of the Confederacy, the character of his mind and the experience of his life qualified him better for the council than the field; and when he was appointed Secretary of War, people wondered that he had not been chosen such long before, especially as this office, for years, had gone begging, and had been filled with men who were mere experiments on the public confidence. His short term of executive office in Richmond was acceptable to all parties, and was marked by an infusion of vigour which was gratefully noticed by intelligent men, although it was too late to save the Confederacy.

Gen. Breckinridge accompanied President Davis in his flight from Richmond, as one of his small party of personal adherents; but, in North Carolina, he was persuaded by the President to visit the camp of Gen. Johnston, and consult with him on the terms of surrender. He was present at the famous conference at Durham Station, when Gen. Sherman offered certain important guaranties for the pacification of the country, which were afterwards revoked. He rejoined President Davis at Charlotte, where the fragments of a few brigades, less than 800 men, attended the fugitive chief of the Confederacy, determined to march, if possible, to Gens. Taylor and Forrest, in Alabama. The force moved through South Carolina with great deliberation. At Abbeville, in this State, was held the last Confederate council of the war; and here President Davis exhibited his peculiarly sanguine temperament and his utter want of realization of the extremity of his cause. A member of the council thus describes the pitiable scene: "Mr. Davis desired to know, from his brigade commanders, the true spirit of the men. He presided himself. Besides Gens. Breckinridge and Bragg, none others were present than the five brigade commanders. Mr. Davis was apparently untouched by any of the demoralization which prevailed—he was affable, dignified, and looked the very personification of high and undaunted courage. Each officer gave, in turn, a statement of the condition and feeling of his men; and, when urged to do so, declared his own views of the situation. In substance, all said the same. They and their followers despaired of successfully conducting the war, and doubted the propriety of prolonging it. The honour of the soldiery was involved in securing Mr. Davis's safe escape, and their pride induced them to put off submission to the last moment. They would risk battle in the accomplishments of these objects, but would not ask their men to struggle against a fate which was inevitable, and forfeit all hope of a restoration to their homes and friends. Mr. Davis declared that he wished to hear no plan which had for its object only his safety—that *2,500 brave men were enough to prolong the war until the panic had passed away, and they would then be a nucleus for thousands more.* He urged us to accept his views. We were silent, for we could not agree with him, and respected him too much to reply. He then said, bitterly, that he saw all

hope was gone—that all the friends of the South were prepared to consent to her degradation. When he arose to leave the room, he had lost his erect bearing, his face was pale, and he faltered so much in his step that he was compelled to lean upon Gen. Breckinridge.”*

At Washington, Georgia, the small force of cavalry that yet escorted what remained of the Confederate government divided, and Gen. Breckinridge, accompanied by a few Kentucky soldiers, took a different route from that fatally pursued by President Davis and his party. He had proceeded but a short distance when he learned of the surrender of the Southwestern department and of the vicinity of a battalion of Federal cavalry. He formed his forty-five men; he told them of his resolution to risk an attempt at escape; but he counselled them to surrender, for he wished them to return to Kentucky—to their homes and kindred. He forbade any effort to assist his escape. “I will not have,” he said, “one of these young men to encounter one hazard more for my sake.” Taking an affectionate farewell of the brave men who had adhered to him to the last extremity, and bidding them return to the loved land of their birth, he went off into exile.

At Durham Station, Gen. Breckinridge had been satisfied of the termination of the war on a basis that afforded no protection to the civil rights of those who had participated in it. Acting on this conviction, he determined to accept the alternative of exile rather than to incur proscription in his own land. He has since the war resided at different times in Europe and in Canada, and is reported to live in circumstances of great poverty. Fallen

* The account of this conference strongly displays the justice of an estimate of President Davis' character made by the author in another work—“The Lost Cause.” In that work (at page 685) the author wrote:

“The speeches of the President offended the sober sense of the Confederacy; and it was frequently said that he attempted to blind the people as to the actual condition of affairs, and never dealt with them in a proper spirit of candour. But this estimate of President Davis is probably a mistaken one. He was not insincere; in all his strange and extravagant utterances of confidence he probably believed what he spoke; and to the last he appears never to have apprehended the real situation. He was blinded by his own natural temper; in the last moment he was issuing edicts, playing with the baubles of authority, never realizing that he was not still the great tribune; he was sustained by a powerful self-conceit, and a sanguine temperament; and he went down to ruin with the fillet of vanity upon his eyes.”

from his high estate of worldly prosperity, an impoverished wanderer in foreign lands, he yet has an abiding love in the hearts of his countrymen and a fee of glory which, though disputed now, posterity will surely render.

Gen. Breckinridge has a striking and noble presence. There is no description which fits his person so well as the single word "superb," with its Latin significance and classic associations. Perfect and well-proportioned in all his parts, dignified without a sign of stiffness, graceful as a woman, a veteran of society, and a man who for his age has had the largest political experience in his generation in America, he appears born both to command and to please. A prominent, bulging brow, with deep-set eyes, large and brilliant, gives a massive grandeur to the face, while the lower features show the chiselled, clear-cut marks of noble blood. He was admired as one of the handsomest men in the Confederacy. He was always a favourite of society; he was one of those men who always did and said just what the occasion demanded; and in his public speeches and addresses, although he gave evidences of a great intellect and was numbered among the orators of America, he was yet more remarkable for that nice adjustment of the proprieties which shows the cultivated scholar, and constitutes the perfect gentleman.

MAJ.-GENERAL MANSFIELD LOVELL.

CHAPTER LVI.

His early life and politics.—Story of the fall of New Orleans.—Importance of its line of water-defence.—Gen. Lovell's hands tied by red tape at Richmond.—Not to be blamed for the disaster.—His gallant services after the loss of New Orleans.—President Davis refuses to give him a command under Johnston.

THE father of Mansfield Lovell was a citizen of New York; but he came on the maternal side from a Georgian family. He was born in the District of Columbia, was educated at West Point, and, graduating there, was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Fourth Artillery, July 1, 1842. In the Mexican war he acted as aide-de-camp to Maj.-Gen. Quitman, was wounded in the assault of Chapultepec, and was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in that battle. When the war broke out between the North and South, Gen. Lovell had resigned his commission in the United States army, and was living in New York city, and discharging the duties there of deputy Street-Commissioner. He determined to abandon his office, and to cast in his lot with the fortunes of the South. He had always been a strong Democrat, his antecedents were Southern, and he had been a slave-owner all his life. In the old army he had made considerable reputation as an artillerist; and he came to Richmond with high military and political recommendations.

The name of Mansfield Lovell is connected with one of the greatest and most astounding disasters of the war; and in this respect his reputation has suffered so unjustly that it is difficult even now to obtain his dues, and to recall the real merits of the man. That disaster was the fall of New Orleans, and its story is one of the most remarkable of the war. Having obtained the commission

of Major-General, Lovell assumed command of the department of Louisiana on the 18th October, 1861. Before quitting Virginia, he had an interview at Fairfax Court-House with Gen. Beauregard, to consult with him and obtain the benefit of his skill as an engineer, with reference to the defences of New Orleans. It was agreed that it was very important that the channel of the river below the city should be obstructed, and that the safety of New Orleans depended chiefly on the line of *water-defence*.

But it was with respect to this critical part of the defence, that Gen. Lovell was rendered powerless, and his hands tied by red tape at Richmond. Secretary Mallory of the Navy, insisted that none of the matters belonging to that department should pass out of his control, and when Gen. Lovell applied for authority to make such dispositions of the naval force as he might deem best to aid in the defence of the city, he was flatly refused, and told to keep within the strict limits of his duty, as commanding only the army at New Orleans. And even within these limits, he was obstructed by the authorities at Richmond, who could not be persuaded that the city was in any real danger, and who indulged the fancy that the enemy only contemplated an attack from the *upper* portion of the river, and that there was to be fought the battle that would decide the tenure of the Mississippi. It was in this fatal delusion that New Orleans was stripped of troops, to be sent to Columbus and adjacent points; and, that while other places on the sea-coast were defended with ten-inch columbiads, the great commercial metropolis of the South had, on her line of defence, nothing above an eight-inch, and, on some parts of it, no other reliance than double-barrel guns of the militia, and 32-pound carronades.

Yet Gen. Lovell did all that was possible. It may be safely said that the interior lines of fortification adopted and completed by him were a sufficient defence of the city against a land attack by any force the enemy could probably bring. But the true danger lurked in another direction; and while the New Orleans journals contained accounts of the wonderful preparations of defence, the range of forts at every few miles, the impassable rafts, the vast chains, the combinations of a thousand kinds, which no enemy could resist, they had no idea of the slight tenure on which hung the fate of their city.

The raft—consisting of a line of eleven dismasted schooners—

between Forts Jackson and St. Philip, having been broken by a storm, it remained for the enemy only to try the problem that "ships under steam can pass forts in open channel;" and having once run the gauntlet, they had but little to fear from the Confederate naval structures in the harbour, as the two iron-clads which were designed to rival the exploits of the "Virginia-Merrimac" were, through the almost criminal neglect of the Navy Department, either uncompleted or unserviceable. This is the whole story of the New Orleans disaster. A few days' bombardment of two forts, eighty miles distant, which are not substantially injured, and in which scarcely any lives are lost, and a triumphant fleet steams quietly up to the city and demands its surrender! The world was amazed at the event. The Southern Confederacy received a blow in the fall of New Orleans from which it never recovered. This city was regarded the key to the Valley of the Mississippi, and its possession almost of vital consequence, in enabling the Confederates to preserve their hold upon the Trans-Mississippi, and obtain vast supplies of grain and meat necessary to the support of the army.

Gen. Lovell was not to be blamed. It was by the incompetency of the water-defence that the city was virtually surrendered; and Gen. Lovell did all he could do, which was to save his little army—less than 3,000 men—and stores, so as to make renewed effort to hold the Mississippi River in another position. But popular indignation in the South demanded a victim, and, instead of being intelligently directed against the Richmond Cabinet, it seized upon the man whose name was intimately connected with the disaster. The appointment of Lovell had never been agreeable to the people of New Orleans, or of his department. They had murmured constantly against him; they did not know him; they did not trust him; they would have preferred Bragg to Lovell, and Beauregard to either. Now they accused him as the author of their great calamity. There was great injustice in this popular passion; and it is only now, when it is perceived how much at variance it is with historical truth, that justice can be hoped for Gen. Lovell, and grateful recognition of a patriotism which no sense of personal wrong could corrupt or subdue.

After the fall of New Orleans, Gen. Lovell fought gallantly at Corinth and Coffeeville; and it was he who fortified Columbia. He afterwards resigned his rank as commander of the department,

and was relieved by Gen. Van Dorn. The clamour of the people still followed him, and was only satisfied when he was withdrawn to comparative obscurity, waiting orders, or nobly volunteering his services on subsequent battle-fields of the war. But it is especially remarkable that, during this persistent popular censure, Gen. Lovell enjoyed for all the time the highest opinions and utmost confidence of his military superiours, the most distinguished leaders of the Confederacy. Gen. Beauregard vindicated his part of the defence of New Orleans, and testified to its skill.* Gen. Lee, a few

* We give below some testimony of Gen. Beauregard (never before published) relative to the defence of New Orleans, and exculpating Gen. Lovell in the court of inquiry summoned in his case. It is interesting as an expression of the judgment and skill of one universally acknowledged the first engineer in the armies of the Southern Confederacy.

QUESTION.—From your knowledge of the country about New Orleans, and the peculiarities, would you think it the proper plan to concentrate the main strength in artillery at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, in connection with obstructions at that point, rather than to place the guns at many points along the river which the enemy would have to pass in succession?

ANSWER.—The true plan for the defense of a river from the passage of steamers, etc., is, when practicable, to obstruct its navigation with rafts, piles, torpedoes, etc., at the most favourable points for such obstructions, then to defend the latter by a concentration of the greatest number of and heaviest guns at one's command, separating them from each other, however, by traverses, when necessary to protect them from an enfilade fire.

Such was the system proposed by Gens. Bernard, Totten, Majors Chase, Delafield, etc., when they planned Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the batteries contiguous to those works. Detached batteries are very good when properly located and supported, otherwise they are apt to be overpowered successively by a naval attack, or to be taken in the rear by a land force.

It is evident that since the enemy's steamers and gunboats passed the concentrated fires of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, etc., etc., without much injury, they would have done so even more easily if our guns had been scattered over 75 miles, from those works to New Orleans. Moreover, the river being very high and the country between those two points being low, it could easily have been submerged by cutting the levee at night near any batteries which might have been constructed along the river, thereby cutting off their garrisons from succour or retreat.

I will remark that Forts Jackson and St. Philip were placed that low down the river to protect from the enemy's depredations as much of the country liable to cultivation as practicable, and also to increase the obstacles to a regular siege, resulting from the lowness of their sites, which does not admit of the construction of boyaux and parallels, especially when the river is high.

QUESTION.—The battle having been fought at the forts, and the fleet having passed, do you consider New Orleans a tenable military position—did its evacuation

days after the fall of New Orleans, wrote to him: "I think you may confidently rely upon the judgment of intelligent and reflecting men for the justification of your course, as soon as the facts, as they actually existed, shall be known." Gen. Joseph E. Johnston continued to have such a high opinion of his military abilities that, when he took command of the Army of Tennessee, in 1864, he desired his services, and proposed to give him command of one of the corps of his army. But even these high testimonials did not suffice to restore Gen. Lovell to the confidence of the people, or to the favour of the Executive. The Secretary of War endorsed a disapproval on his application for a command under Gen. John-

by the infantry force necessarily follow as a matter of course when the enemy were in full possession of the river?

ANSWER.—The forts commanding the river having been passed, New Orleans necessarily lay at the mercy of the enemy's heavy guns afloat, which, owing to the high stage of the river, commanded the banks on both sides to the swamp skirting the river at a distance from one-half to one mile. An army of 50,000 men or more could not then have saved the city from destruction. Whether the latter was desirable at the time, before New Orleans had experienced Butler's iron rule, could only have been determined by the State or Confederate authorities, who should have considered whether the destruction of so large a city would have done more injury to the enemy than ourselves.

It is evident that to him Baton Rouge is a better strategic point than New Orleans, and the destruction of the latter would have relieved him of the necessity of keeping a garrison of 5,000 or 6,000 men there to guard it—this act would have been a mere empty bravado, a wanton destruction of an immense amount of private and public property, which would have shaken at the time the Confederacy to its very centre, and thrown upon its Government a helpless population of about 150,000 non-combatants (men, women, and children), to feed and provide for, when already overburthened to supply the wants of the armies in the field.

When the Russians burnt Moscow, it was for the purpose of annihilating Napoleon's army of 300,000 or 400,000 men, which had invaded that country. When they again consented to the slow but certain destruction of Sebastopol, it was to prevent the allies from taking possession of its immense docks, arsenals, military stores, and the fleet which had sought refuge under the guns of its forts. The possession of the harbour of Sebastopol would also have afforded them a magnificent base for future operations in the Crimea.

As I have already stated, the Mississippi River being extremely high, the streets of New Orleans could have been swept from one extremity to the other by the heavy guns of the enemy's fleet, or had Commodore Farragut preferred reducing the place to submission without using his guns, it would have been only necessary to have cut the levee above and below the city, and the whole population would have been utterly defenseless and in a starving condition in a few days. Without the command of the Mississippi River, New Orleans is not worth holding as a military or strategic position.

ston, saying, in his opinion it would be injudicious to place a corps under command of Gen. Lovell, and it would not give confidence to the army. The paper came back from President Davis, endorsed, "Opinion concurred in."

For these unjust and cruel prejudices there remains for Gen. Lovell only the satisfaction of history. An unfortunate man, placed in difficulties from which he could not extricate himself; a sacrifice, as many another, to the faults and errors of President Davis's administration, he cannot be judged harshly, or without reference to the circumstances which surrounded him; and no account of his military life can deny his ingenuity, his activity, his ceaseless industry, or justly question his fidelity and earnest patriotism in the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

MAJ.-GEN. EARL VAN DORN.

CHAPTER LVII.

His capture of Federal troops in Texas at the beginning of the war.—Temporary command in North Virginia.—Assigned to the Trans-Mississippi.—Battle of Elk Horn.—Correspondence with Gen. Curtis on civilized warfare.—Gen. Van Dorn crosses the Mississippi River.—The Department of Louisiana.—Heroism of the first defence of Vicksburg.—Battle of Corinth.—Gen. Van Dorn removed from command.—His reflections on the sentence.—His command of cavalry.—Destroys Grant's depot of supplies at Holly Springs.—Dies by the hand of private violence.—His genius as a commander.

THE career of Earl Van Dorn in the war was not well sustained; but it was very brilliant in some of its parts; and it was terminated by a painful and well-remembered tragedy. He was a native of Port Gibson, Mississippi. He graduated at West Point in 1842, and entered the Seventh Infantry. He served in the Mexican War, was promoted first lieutenant, March 3, 1847, and was brevetted captain, April 18, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro-Gordo. He obtained another brevet, that of major, at Contreras and Churubusco, and was wounded in entering the city of Mexico.

The State of Texas seceded from the Union on the 1st February, 1861, and volunteer forces were at once started to capture the Federal garrisons and munitions of war within her limits. Van Dorn, holding from the State a Commission as Colonel, organized an expedition, consisting of not more than eighty men, which by a brave enterprise, on the 20th April, 1861, captured the Federal steamer, *Star of the West*, in the harbour of Galveston, with the troops on board of her. Under cover of night he put off in the lighter which had been used in transporting the

Federal soldiers; and, approaching the side of the steamer, whose commander thought he was about to take on his own men, the band of daring Texans, swift as lightning, were over the bulwarks, and in instant possession of the vessel. Not satisfied with this exploit, Col. Van Dorn, collecting a larger number of volunteers, proceeded by water to Saluria, and on the 24th April, anchored within sight of the schooners having on board United States troops to the number of 400 or 500, under command of Major Sibley. A summons to surrender was obeyed; and the officers were released on parole and the men on their oaths not to take up arms against the Southern Confederacy.

These early exploits in Texas obtained considerable fame for Van Dorn, and, when he offered his services at Richmond, he was commissioned a Major-General. He had a temporary command in Gen. Beauregard's army after the battle of Manassas; but when that army was re-organized, Van Dorn was sent West, and assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi department, which comprised the larger part of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, the State of Louisiana as far south as Red River, and the Indian territory west of Arkansas. In this department he coöperated with Gen. Price, and in conjunction with his forces fought the brilliant but fruitless battle of Elk Horn.

Before this battle, Gen. Van Dorn had meditated an expedition by which he hoped to capture St. Louis. But while at Pocahontas, Arkansas, he received a despatch from Gen. Price, informing him that the enemy had forced McCulloch and himself out of Missouri, down into Boston Mountains, where the two Confederate forces lay on opposite sides of the mountain without coöperation, and without the recognition of a common head. This was the occasion of Gen. Van Dorn assuming command, which he did, riding across Arkansas to Boston Mountains, accompanied only by his chief of staff and a single aide; and, on reaching there, he immediately reorganized the army into a division of cavalry, under McIntosh, and two corps of infantry and artillery under Price and McCulloch. In the battle which ensued, there is good reason to suppose that if the subordinate commanders and the troops had been in a better condition of discipline, a complete surprise of the force of Gen. Curtis would have been effected, and the Federal army beaten in detail.

The following correspondence between the commanders of the two armies consequent on the battle of Elk Horn, is interesting as a commentary on the text of "rebel barbarities;" and the reader will notice the honourable and chivalrous terms of Gen. Van Dorn's reply on the subject, characteristic of himself and faithful in its representation of the true spirit of the South:

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT, March 9, 1862.

To the Commanding Officer of the United States Forces on Sugar Creek, Arkansas:

SIR:—In accordance with the usages of war, I have the honour to request that you will permit the burial party whom I send from this army, with a flag of truce, to attend to the duty of collecting and interring the bodies of the officers and men who fell during the engagement of the 7th and 8th inst.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EARL VAN DORN,

Major-General Commanding Army.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST,
PEA RIDGE, March 9, 1862. }

Earl Van Dorn, Commanding Confederate Forces:

SIR:—The General commanding is in receipt of yours of the 9th, saying that, in accordance with the usages of war, you send a party to collect and bury the dead. I am directed to say all possible facilities will be given for burying the dead, many of which have already been interred. Quite a number of your surgeons have fallen into our hands, and are permitted to act under parole; and, under a General Order from Maj.-Gen. Halleck, further liberty will be allowed them, if such accommodations be reciprocated by you. The General regrets that we find on the battle-field, contrary to civilized warfare, many of the Federal dead who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled, and expresses a hope that this important struggle may not degenerate to a savage warfare. By order of

S. R. CURTIS,

Brigadier-General.

T. J. MCKINNEY, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following communication was received from Van Dorn, in response to the above:

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT,
VAN BUREN, ARK., March 14, 1862. }

GENERAL:—I am instructed by Maj.-Gen. Van Dorn, commanding this district, to express to you his thanks and gratification on account of the courtesy extended by yourself and the officers under your command, to the burial party sent by him to your camp on the 9th inst.

He is pained to hear from your letter, brought to him by the commanding officer of the party, that the remains of some of your soldiers have been reported to you to have been scalped, tomahawked, and otherwise mutilated.

He hopes you have been misinformed in regard to this matter—the Indians who formed part of his forces having for many years been regarded as civilized people. He will, however, most cordially unite with you in repressing the horrors of this unnatural war; and that you may cooperate with him to this end more effectually, he desires me to inform you that many of our men, who surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were reported to him as having been murdered in cold blood by their captors, who were alleged to be Germans. The General commanding feels sure that you will do your part, as he will, in preventing such atrocities in future, and that the perpetrators of them will be brought to justice, whether German or Choctaw.

The privileges which you extend to our medical officers will be reciprocated, and as soon as possible means will be taken for an exchange of prisoners.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

D. H. MAURY, A.A.G.

From the battle-field of Elk Horn, Gen. Van Dorn retired to Van Buren, where he refitted his army. Perceiving that the enemy could accomplish nothing more in Arkansas at that time, and appreciating the importance of concentrating the Confederate armies, he proposed to add his force to the command of Gen. A. S. Johnston, on the other side of the Mississippi River. He made the offer to Gen. Johnston, and almost simultaneously received from that commander a general order to undertake the movement, if practicable. When it is remembered that at this time Van Dorn

had the position of a sort of viceroy, commanding the vast region of the Trans-Mississippi, with all its resources for war yet undeveloped, the action by which he sought, from conviction of the true interests of the country, to surrender a position so important and great, and become corps or division commander in another army, furnished a rare instance of self-abnegation, and shows an honesty of purpose much to be commended. He applied himself with all diligence to effect the meditated junction with Johnston, and was anxious to do so before a decisive battle was fought. His troops were moved from Van Buren to Memphis with great dispatch; but the 2d Texas regiment was the only portion of his army that reached Corinth in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh. Shortly thereafter Gen. Van Dorn joined Beauregard, adding 15,000 effectives to his army.

In June, 1862, Gen. Van Dorn was appointed in the place of Lovell, to command the "Department of Louisiana;" and on assuming command, he published an order advising "all persons living within eight miles of the Mississippi River to remove their families and servants into the interior, as it was the intention to defend the Department to the last extremity." The most brilliant service of his military life, rendered in this department, was the first successful defence of Vicksburg, which obtained for it the title of "the heroic city." The fortifications around Vicksburg had not been commenced until five days after the fall of New Orleans. The enemy commenced his bombardment in the last days of May, 1861, and continued it at intervals for two months, at one time concentrating the fire of more than forty vessels of war and mortar-boats. The following passionate address of Gen Van Dorn to his troops shows the spirit that animated the defence:

HEADQUARTERS VICKSBURG, June 28, 1862.

DEFENDERS OF VICKSBURG:—The enemy are attempting to destroy this beautiful city, and a heroic people have determined to sacrifice it rather than give it up to the invaders of their homes.

It may be considered, therefore, in ruins, for it may be battered down and burnt up, but the earth it stands upon is ours, and will never be given up. The shot and shell now playing through these streets, through lovely villas, and sacred churches, and deserted homes, are but "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The contest will commence when the enemy attempts to put his foot upon our soil. Stand coolly by your guns, and deliver your fire only when he comes too near.

EARL VAN DORN, *Major-General Commanding.*

The enemy abandoned this first attempt on Vicksburg, after the Confederate ram "Arkansas" succeeded in running the gauntlet of the whole upper-fleet, and arrived safely under the batteries of the city. Gen. Van Dorn congratulated his troops, entitled Vicksburg as invincible, and wrote in his rhetorical way: "When the enemy is master of the great river that flows at your feet, and which has become the eternal custodian of your names and glory, every wave that ripples by its shores will crimson with your blood, and every hill that looks down upon it will be the sepulchre of a thousand freemen."* He never lived to see the sequel.

It was said of "the heroic city" that she had furnished twenty-

* The following lines on the defence of Vicksburg were "dedicated with respect and admiration to Maj.-Gen. Earl Van Dorn:"—

For sixty days and upwards
 A storm of shell and shot
 Rained round as in a flaming shower,
 But still we faltered not!
 "If the noble city perish,"
 Our grand young leader said,
 "Let the only wall the foe shall scale
 Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
 The eye of heaven waxed dim,
 And even throughout God's holy morn,
 O'er Christians' prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult,
 As if the fiends of air
 Strove to engulf the voice of faith
 In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
 There was trembling on the marts,
 While the tempest raged and thundered,
 'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
 But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
 And ere a month had sped,
 Our very women walked the streets
 With scarce one throb of dread.

three full companies of volunteers during the first year of the war ; that she had also voluntarily contributed as much money to carry on the war as any city of equal population in the Southern Confederacy ; and, lastly, that she had conquered and driven back two combined Federal fleets, one of which conquered and subdued New Orleans, the largest city in the Confederacy, and the other the rising and prosperous city of Memphis. It was in fact Vicksburg that gave the lesson to the Southern Confederacy that iron-clad gun-boats were not invulnerable.

Gen. Van Dorn's happy and brilliant fortune at Vicksburg did not follow him to the field. When Bragg made his famous campaign into Kentucky, in 1862, Gen. Van Dorn was left to take care of the enemy in West Tennessee, and on the 2d of October he fought the battle of Corinth. Here he failed to carry the strong works of the enemy, and was censured for the desperateness of his enterprise and a want of proper combination in the attack. His sentence for that misadventure was severe. He wrote

And the little children gamboled—
 Their faces purely raised,
 Just for a wondering moment,
 As the huge bombs whirled and blazed !
 Then turning with silvery laughter
 To the sports that children love,
 Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
 That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
 From scores of flame-clad ships,
 And above us denser, darker,
 Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
 Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
 Like a type of doom and ire,
 Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
 Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
 These death-shafts warned aside,
 And the dove of heavenly mercy
 Ruled o'er the battle tide ;
 In the houses ceased the wailing,
 And through the war-scarred marts
 The people strode with the steps of hope
 To the music in their hearts.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1862.

of it: "The attempt at Corinth has failed, and in consequence I am condemned, and have been superseded in my command. In my zeal for my country, I may have ventured too far with inadequate means, and I bow to the opinion of the people whom I serve. Yet I feel, if the spirits of the gallant dead who now lie beneath the batteries of Corinth see and judge the motives of men, they do not rebuke me, for there is no sting in my conscience, nor does retrospection admonish me of error, or of a disregard of their valued lives."

The true history of the attack on Corinth furnishes much excuse for Gen. Van Dorn, so far as it appears that he made the attempt with inadequate means. In the month of August he had endeavoured to get Gen. Price to join him in an attack on Corinth, when the combined force would have been 30,000 men, and there was every prospect of success. But Price, under the orders received from Gen. Bragg, could not make the junction until the battle of Iuka was fought, and by that time the combined forces had, from various causes, been reduced to about 17,000 men. The Federal commander, General Grant, had about 30,000 men in the works of Corinth, besides the corps under Ord, which Gen. Maury fought at the Hatchie Bridge, which was reported 12,000 strong. The consequence of an attempt against these odds was a bloody field and a disastrous repulse.

But Van Dorn's services in the war did not cease at Corinth; and with a diminished command, mostly cavalry, he performed several exploits in the following winter of the war, the most adventurous and valuable of which was the destruction of the grand depot of Grant's army at Holly Springs, Mississippi. On the 19th December, 1862, he approached the town. The pickets, if there were any, gave no alarm, and whilst a brigade, stationed on rising ground, acted as a reserve, Van Dorn dashed into the place at the head of his cavalry. Little resistance was attempted. A few of the Federal cavalry escaped, but the majority of the garrison of upwards of a thousand men surrendered. Col. Murphy was taken prisoner, and most of the Federal officers—surprised in the houses in which they were lodging—were marched off in succession to Van Dorn's temporary headquarters, and, with their men, paroled. An eye-witness of the confusion and hunt after concealed officers describes some ludicrous scenes. One

lady said: "The Federal commandant of the post is in my house; come and catch him;" and a search was instituted, but without success, when the woman insisted that he was there, concealed; and finally, after much ado, the unhappy Col. Murphy was pulled out from under his bed, and presented himself in his nocturnal habiliments to his captors. The Provost-Marshal was also taken, and, addressing Gen. Van Dorn, said: "Well, General, you've got us fairly this time. I knew it. I was in my bed with my wife when I heard the firing, and I at once said: 'Well, wife, it's no use closing our eyes or hiding under the clothes, we are gone up.'" After the captures commenced the war of destruction. Vast accumulations of flour, cotton and stores of all sorts were burned, the railway was torn up, the station and locomotives set on fire, and at length, the flames spreading to a building used as a magazine, caused it to blow up, and led to the demolition of a considerable portion of the town.

On the 8th May, 1863, the career of Gen. Van Dorn was terminated, and the commander, who had so often braved death in his country's service, fell by the hand of private violence. He was shot dead by Dr. Peters, a citizen of Maury county, Tennessee. The common story of the newspapers was that the unhappy commander had been surprised with Mrs. Peters in a private room at his headquarters, in circumstances which left no doubt of the dishonour of her husband, who took his vengeance on the spot. It is not our office or inclination to go into the details of this domestic tragedy. But it is proper to notice that the staff officers of the deceased General published a card in the newspapers, questioning the common rumour, and suggesting the belief that he had fallen a victim to a private enemy, who, as he had before the act very well prepared his means of escape, might also have provided a story of justification. The homicide escaped into the Federal lines, and was never brought to trial.

The career of Gen. Van Dorn was scarcely a just test of his merits as a commander. That he did have some of the best gifts of a good General is apparent, despite the disasters that clouded his reputation, and drove too readily from the public mind the happier records of his life. The excuse of bad luck is not easily admitted into the judgments of history; but Van Dorn was so plainly a sufferer from circumstances that it may be pleaded in his behalf with

some effect. He never gave way to disaster, and he had that fine courage which draws new inspirations from misfortune. His extrication of his army from the forks of the Hatchie, after its defeat at Corinth on the previous day, with 22,000 men under Rosecrans attacking his rear, and 12,000 under Ord attacking his flank, was a remarkable instance of resource, energy, and unconquerable pluck. But it was as a commander of cavalry that Van Dorn was in his best element. His small, lithe figure was an embodiment of grace and activity; his eyes struck fire into men, and could yet speak eloquently the tenderest language of love; he had a brilliant and sentimental courage. A gallant companion-in-arms writes: "Gen. Van Dorn was the most daring man I ever knew. He loved danger for its own sake; he rejoiced in the smoke and tumult of battle; there his blue eyes blazed, his nostrils dilated, and he appeared the impersonation of animated, high, exulting courage. Withal, he was kind, gentle, and thoughtful of others. He was incapable of a warm feeling of enmity, or of envy, or of personal resentment. His ear and hand were open to every appeal to his humanity, and no unprotected being failed to find in him a friend." It may be added that his great virtue, courage, was excessive, and ran into something like a defect. If anything brilliant was before his eyes, he could not see, or estimate justly the difficulties which lay between him and his prize. He was impatient of success, which he yet desired in a higher sense than personal gratification; and in his devotion to the cause he fought for, he was as unselfish as he was brave.

BRIG.-GEN. BENJAMIN M'CULLOCH.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Early romance of his life.—His fame as a hunter and pioneer.—Service in the Texan war of independence.—Battle of San Jacinto.—The Mexican War.—Adventure at Buena Vista.—Appointed United States Marshal for Texas.—His life in Washington City.—His appearance and manners at the capital.—Relations to President Buchanan.—Seizes the property and arms of the United States at San Antonio.—Surrender of Gen. Twiggs.—McCulloch's command in the Indian Territory.—His part in Price's Missouri campaign.—Defects of his military character.—Killed in the battle of Elk Horn.

THE life of Benjamin McCulloch, anterior to the war, was of singular interest. It illustrated much of the romance of the American frontier. Living almost constantly on the limit of the American settlements; remarkable for his singular capacities for Indian warfare; following the track of adventure with wild courage and hardihood, he had already made a name for history, and was pointed out as one of those famous adventurers whose lives were in transition between the backwoods and the present standards of civilization. He had originated the name of "Texas Ranger," and, with Walker, Hays, and Chevallie, had given it a world-wide renown. Twenty-six years before he drew his sword for Southern Independence he had served in the battle of San Jacinto; had afterwards passed his time on the Texan frontier in a succession of hardships and dangers; and subsequently in the Mexican War, on the bloody field of Buena Vista, he had received the public and official thanks of Gen. Taylor for his heroic conduct and services. A career, running through scenes so remarkable and extensive, may be traced with interest from its commencement.

The subject of our sketch was born in Rutherford county, Tennessee, about the year 1814. His father was aide-de-camp to Gen.

Coffee, and served under Gen. Jackson in the Creek war, fighting at Talladega, Tallahassee, and the Horse Shoe Bend, and exhibiting that reckless daring which is peculiarly efficient against savages, and which since rendered his son so famous. Young McCulloch was fourteen years old when his father removed to the western portion of the State, and settled in Dyer county. This neighbourhood was then a wilderness, covered with swamps and dense forests, and infested by wild animals. The principal meat of the settlers was what was obtained in the chase.

Ben McCulloch acquired here his first fruits of fame, and became renowned throughout the settlement as an expert and successful hunter. A youth spent in such occupations could not fail to kindle a love of enterprise and roving adventure in the bosom of the ardent Tennessean. At the age of twenty-one he set out for St. Louis, to join a company of trappers on their way to the Rocky Mountains. Much to his disappointment, he arrived in that city after the expedition had started. He then applied for admission into a company of Santa Fé traders; but here again he was unsuccessful, as their number was complete. He returned home, yet cherishing there, until other and greater opportunities, his resolution to seek his fortune in distant and dangerous lands. The erection in Texas of the standard of revolt against Mexico aroused his spirit, and gave him the opportunity of danger and adventure which he coveted.*

*A friend relates the following interesting circumstance attending McCulloch's journey to Texas—showing how at least one of his disappointments proved his good fortune, and was turned to his safety.

“Soon after his arrival home, McCulloch called on Col. David Crockett, who was making up an expedition to go to Texas, and take part in the revolution that had then broken out against the authority of Mexico. The whole southwest at that time was alive with sympathy for the Texans, and numbers were daily flocking to their standard. McCulloch agreed to accompany Col. Crockett on his expedition. Nacogdoches had been appointed as the rendezvous, and the Christmas of 1835 was named as the day for the meeting, when, as ‘Old Davy’ said, they were to make their Christmas dinner off the hump of a buffalo. By some mischance McCulloch did not arrive until the January following, and finding the party gone, he proceeded alone to the river Brazos, where he was taken very ill, and did not recover until after the fall of the Alamo. His disappointment was very great at not being able to join the gallant band of patriots at the time; but it afterwards proved very fortunate for him. Col. Travis, in whose command he would have been, after having sustained a siege for thirteen days, with only one hundred and eight Texans against Santa Anna's army, fell with his brave little band, having previously killed *nine hundred* of the enemy!”

He entered the Texan army as a private, joining it at Grass Plant, where it had assembled under Gen. Houston. He was attached to an artillery company, in which he remained until the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Anna was made prisoner, and his army of 1,500 killed or captured. He participated in that famous struggle, and was a sergeant in charge of the gun on the right. There were two guns on that field, known as "the Twin Sisters," under the command of Capt. Isaac N. Moreland, of Georgia. These guns subsequently fell into the hands of the Mexicans, but were eventually recaptured and left at New Orleans, where they remained until a few years ago, when they were presented to the Texan government by the State of Louisiana.

At the termination of the Texan war, McCulloch settled in Gonzales county, where he remained for some time. He was elected a member of the State Congress, as it was then called, which honourable position he held until war broke out between the United States and Mexico. He then resigned his seat, and, like many of the Texans who had fought in the Texan revolution, he hurried forward to meet his old enemies. He raised a company of "Mounted Rangers," and joined Gen. Taylor on the Rio Grande, after the battle of Matamoras, not having been able to organize his command soon enough to participate in the first battles of the war. His company was used principally for scouting, and acted generally under his own direction, or the immediate command of Gen. Taylor. It formed part of the regiment of Texan Rangers, commanded by Col. Jack Hays, which marched with Gen. Worth to assist in storming the Bishop's Palace in Monterey. In all the operations of Gen. Worth's division, McCulloch distinguished himself, and obtained the repeated commendations of his superiours.

Just before the battle of Buena Vista, McCulloch performed a daring exploit and did one of the most valuable services of the war. With one companion, he left camp in the night, and proceeded to make a reconnoissance within the lines of the enemy, then advancing with Santa Anna at their head. He entered the Mexican lines, where he spent several hours in close observation within hearing of the groups gathered around the watch-fires. He discovered the numbers of the enemy, learned his plans, and obtained all the information necessary to Gen. Taylor. He immediatly returned, and related to that officer the result of his reconnoissance; and, upon

that information, it is said that Gen. Taylor acted, in retreating to the strong point, Aguas Nuevos, where the battle of Buena Vista was fought. For this service and his conduct on the field, McCulloch received the thanks of Gen. Taylor, and obtained the admiration of the whole army.

For gallant conduct during the siege of Monterey, McCulloch received an appointment in the quartermaster's department, with the rank of Major, which position he either never accepted, or served in but a short time. In 1855, upon the organization of four new regiments of horse in the United States army, he was tendered by President Pierce the appointment of Major in one of the regiments, which favour he declined, and returned to his home in Texas. He was afterwards appointed United States Marshal for the District of Texas, which office he held up to the year 1859, when he resigned it.

In the two or three years which intervened between this time and the war for the independence of the South, McCulloch lived principally in Washington City, where he was often remarked by curious crowds for his hard and weather-beaten visage, and the terrible services in which he had acquired his morose countenance and habits of solitude. He was often seen on Pennsylvania Avenue companionless, taciturn, and with an air of harsh abstraction about him; or he was pointed out in hotels where, cynical and silent, he contemplated the idle and dainty crowds in their rounds of fashionable dissipation. But despite these repulsive appearances, it is said that he was really fond of society; only it must be of his choice, and then he was open and lively in his conversation. His friends claimed for him some of the finest qualities of mind and temper. His intellect was calm and vigorous; he was independent in his opinions, and very firm; his manners and habits were very simple, and his attachments to his friends were ardent and strong, and had the virtue of inspiring them with as much of admiration as of love. One of them testifies: "Adversity had upon McCulloch's noble nature the effect of fire upon frankincense, causing the purest and finest essences to evaporate." He was a marked favourite of President Buchanan, and, by some means, had acquired such intimacy with him as almost to constitute himself a member of his household. It was said that there was no favour at the White House which he could not obtain, and that the President

sought to honour him in every way. It was at the instance of Mr. Buchanan, when the difficulties in Utah were the occasion of most serious alarm to his administration, that McCulloch was persuaded to undertake a special mission to pacify the hostile tribes of Indians in that territory. He returned to Washington in the midst of the Secession excitement. He again enjoyed the confidence of the President; and it was noticed that he was on terms of equal intimacy with all the Southern leaders. He certainly did not disguise his opinions to obtain so delicate a position between the Government and the advocates of a sectional breach of its authority. He was an ardent advocate of Secession from the beginning, and of the firm opinion that it would be followed by war. He was assiduous in his endeavours to stimulate the States to prompt action, and to prepare themselves for any emergency.

It will be recollected by those who witnessed the period of excitement in Washington, which followed the announcement of the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, with what interest McCulloch was regarded, and how the newspapers made his name one of peculiar terror. It was McCulloch who was popularly reported at the head of the conspiracy which Gen. Scott imagined was to blow up the Capitol, assassinate President Lincoln, and lift the standard of revolt in the Federal city. His movements were watched with the most persistent curiosity, and were reported in the newspapers, with every variety that excited imaginations could suggest with reference to time and place. Even when Washington was garish with arrivals and parades of Northern troops, it was suspected that McCulloch lurked in the vicinity with some mysterious force. A Richmond journal said: "We are not enough in the secrets of our authorities to specify the day on which Jeff. Davis will dine at the White House, and Ben. McCulloch take his siesta in Gen. Sickles's gilded tent. But it will save trouble if the gentlemen will keep themselves in readiness to dislodge at a moment's notice."

But for many weeks before the date of these anticipations, McCulloch was far away, with a different matter in hand. He had been suddenly missed from the circles of excitement in Washington. "The Commissioners of Public Safety," in Texas, had called him to his adopted State, and had unanimously selected him to raise and command men for the purpose of securing the property

and arms of the United States at San Antonio. There were at this time about 2,500 United States troops within the boundaries of Texas, and the enterprise of conquering the State from such a force looked serious, and demanded dispatch in its execution. "But," said McCulloch, "to Texans a moment's notice is sufficient, when their State demands their services." On the 16th February, he stood before San Antonio with 400 men, and demanded the surrender of its garrison. It was conceded without bloodshed, and with the ultimate result of an agreement, on the part of Gen. Twiggs, that all the forts in Texas should be forthwith delivered up, the United States troops to march from the State by way of the coast. By this measure there was obtained for the State more than \$1,000,000 worth of property; its soil was freed, without bloodshed or trouble, from the presence of the Federal troops; and all opportunities were closed for the hostile force to go to New Mexico or Kansas, and possibly there organize a new army, or menace the Texan frontier in future.

Subsequently McCulloch accepted a mission to go abroad to procure arms for the State of Texas. But before he had arranged for this, President Davis appointed him Brigadier-General, and assigned him to the command of the Indian Territory. He was soon on a larger and more active field than he had anticipated, and his first important services in the war were rendered in coöperating with Gen. Price in his famous Missouri campaign.

The events of this campaign are given elsewhere in this work with more detail than is necessary here in associating them with the name of Gen. McCulloch. Although he claimed to be the superiour officer in the operations in Missouri, and the claim was generally allowed by the *State* officers, yet the honours of the campaign belong peculiarly to Gen. Price, and it was his inspiration that achieved the most of its wonders and glories. Indeed, candour compels the statement that the conduct and figure of Gen. McCulloch, in the first campaign of Missouri, were not very creditable; that he was unnecessarily harsh in compelling Price to serve as a division commander under him; and that he did some acts of very questionable generalship. He had the misfortune of a high and domineering temper; he repelled advice; and his contempt and disdain of the enemy were such that he was apt to treat the counsels of prudence as the suggestions of timidity. His

experiences of Indian and Mexican warfare had made him a sagacious partizan and a desperately brave man; his activity was wonderful, his senses keen, his personal courage marked, even in the company of the most famous adventurers; but it is not this school of prowess which makes great Generals and qualifies men to lead large armies against equal and well-organized foes. Gen. McCulloch, bravest of the brave, was not above those errors which, while they may not actually disfigure courage, yet rob it of much of the utility which elevates and ennobles it. He was headstrong, over-confident and imperious. At the battle of Oak Hill, he was virtually surprised by the enemy, and disdained his attack until the last moment; and he was saved only by that steady valour of Southern troops, which so often in the war redeemed the errors of the commander. A great victory was obtained, and Gen. McCulloch himself announced: "The General-in-chief of the enemy is slain, and many of their other general officers wounded; their army is in full flight; and now, if the true men of Missouri will rise up and rally around our standard, the State will be redeemed." But, so far from realizing these anticipations, Gen. McCulloch withdrew from the campaign which was directed by Price towards Lexington, and aimed to destroy the enemy's power on the Missouri River. Retiring to Arkansas, he committed the error of dividing the forces which should have contained the enemy in Missouri, and discouraging its population by withdrawing in their face at the very time he was calling them to arms.

Perhaps Gen. McCulloch might have retrieved these early errors, contracted in a narrow though active school of military experience, and developed better generalship as the war extended, and called for large and comprehensive purposes. But Providence did not permit it, and death terminated his career in the first year of the war. He fell in the battle of Elk Horn, which was fought under the direction of Gen. Van Dorn, and where he commanded one of the wings of the Confederate army. It was a weary and bloody contest; an engagement of fifteen hours, extending through the larger portion of two consecutive days. The field exhibited sterner features of war than had yet been seen. Some of the Texan soldiers had used their large, heavy knives, and there were cleft skulls lying in pools of blood. A remarkable feature of the battle, and one adding strange horrors to it, was the employment of

several thousand Indian warriors on the Confederate side. An actor in this extraordinary drama of arms says: "As the sound of cannon came the third or fourth time, like the noise in spring-time on the marshy margin of a lake, only more shrill, loud, and apparently more numerous than even the frogs, came the war-whoop and hideous yell of the Indians." The battle was at its height, and Gen. McCulloch was leading the victorious advance on the enemy's left, when a fatal bullet arrested his career. He fell within the vortex of fire. He was struck by a minie rifle ball in his left breast, and died of the wound about eleven o'clock in the night. He insisted that he would recover, and turned his head incredulously from the physician when told that he had but brief time to live. His remains were taken to Texas, and buried at Austin. His untimely end was greatly lamented, and there was not a pulse among the thousands of brave hearts, who called the flag of the "Lone Star" their own, that did not beat with emotion for the loss of the commander who, whatever his faults, had defended that flag with the devotion of many years, and a courage of immortal memory.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

CHAPTER LIX.

Morgan raises a company in the Mexican war.—“The Captain.”—His natural aptitude for arms.—His personal appearance.—His escape from Kentucky.—A tr.ck on the enemy.—His early services on Green River.—How he captured six Federals.—Adventure with a telegraph operator.—His first expedition into Kentucky.—A new engine of war.—Freaks of the telegraph.—The affair of Hartsville.—His expedition through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.—Its captures and ravages.—Gen. Morgan a prisoner.—Cruelty and indignities of the enemy.—His escape from the Ohio penitentiary.—Detailed account of his escape and travel through the enemy’s lines.—An ovation at Richmond.—His new command on the Virginia border.—Disfavour and prejudice of the Government.—Gen. Morgan’s last expedition into Kentucky.—Its defeat.—Affair of Mt. Sterling.—Cruel slanders of Gen. Morgan.—Attempts an expedition to Bull Gap, East Tennessee.—Surprised and killed by the enemy.—Different versions of his death.—A brief review of his campaigns.

JOHN H. MORGAN was the oldest of six brothers, all of whom, save one too young to bear arms, did military service for the Southern Confederacy. He was born at Huntsville, Alabama, June 1, 1825, was reared in Kentucky, and was a lineal descendant of Morgan of revolutionary fame.

In 1846, when the call came for “more volunteers” in the Mexican war, John H. Morgan, then scarcely of age, raised a company; but before it could enter upon active service the news came that a treaty of peace had been concluded. Upon the disbanding of the company, the conduct of young Morgan was remarkable. He indemnified out of his own means every man for the loss of his time during the period of recruiting. It was at this time that he gained the title of captain; and so familiar and dear was the word that, for a long time, when he was ascending the heights of fame in the great war between North and South, and had made a name for the world’s tongue, many of the

Kentuckians in his command refused to recognize or apply any other title to him than that of "THE CAPTAIN."

Shortly after the Mexican war Morgan purchased an establishment, and engaged in the manufacture of jeans, linseys and bagging for the Southern market. He was detained by the sickness and death of his wife from taking up arms at the outset of the war, which President Lincoln had fully declared in his proclamation of April, 1861; but some months thereafter he secretly collected a little band of followers, not over twenty-five in number, and left his home, making his way to Green River, where he reported himself to the Confederate officer in command "ready for duty."

Such was the small beginning of a career that was to obtain the applause of his countrymen and the wonder of the enemy. Morgan's little command was rapidly increased by the arrival of exiles from Kentucky, who knew well the worth and valour of the man as a leader. He was not a graduate of West Point; but he had a natural aptitude for arms, a restless activity, and a faculty of adaptation in his manners which made him a favourite in every grade of society. He was six feet high, broad-shouldered and magnificently proportioned; had soft auburn hair, gray eyes, a fair complexion, and a smile of wonderful sweetness. Of excessive animal spirits and a jovial disposition, he was at home among the rudest people; and although there he would sometimes display an uncultivated humour and join in the coarsest entertainment, yet he readily adapted himself to whatever company he entered, and his perfect self-possession and modest, unassuming style of speech indicated him in the highest classes of society as a genuine and thorough Kentucky gentleman. His general appearance was that of a gentleman of leisure,—his carriage exceedingly graceful and manly, with rather an inclination to be fastidious in his dress. But the man who graced a parlour, and practiced all the accomplishments of polite society, presented another picture in the field. There the neat dress, the dainty gloves, *les objets de luxe* were laid aside, and "the Captain" appeared wearing a grey roundabout, a wide-brimmed black felt hat, with boots drawn over his pantaloons, and presenting that carelessness of attire which denotes severe and earnest work. At the commencement of the war, he was possessed of great wealth, all of which he left

in the hands of the enemy when he came South. In this respect his generosity was unbounded; he always dispensed his means with a liberal hand; and he was one of those who would have spent his last dollar on the score of principle, or shared it with the necessity of a friend.

Morgan's escape from Kentucky was attended by a little incident showing his characteristic adroitness and fondness for a practical joke. An order had been issued by the authorities of Kentucky, from head-quarters at Frankfort, that all the arms in the State should be forthwith forwarded to the State armory, there to be inspected and repaired for the use of the "State Guard," who were to maintain what the Lincolmites in disguise called Kentucky's "Armed Neutrality." Morgan, then captain of the "Lexington Rifles," was suspected of having evil intentions against the peace and quiet of the Federal Government, and hence the Lincolmites kept a sharp eye on the guns held by his company. He knew that they had determined to get the arms out of his hands, and he had made up his mind that they should not have them. So in the dead of night the guns were removed some distance from the city, and the boxes, in which they were to have been placed, were neatly filled with bricks instead, and marked, "Guns from Capt. Morgan, State Armory, Frankfort." The next day, while the boxes were exposed to view at the *dépôt*, and Morgan's political enemies were chuckling over the acquisition, he, at the head of his brave band, was thirty miles on his road to the South, having in his possession eighty excellent United States rifles.

The command of Morgan, upon reporting, were placed with some other cavalry upon duty on the Green River. Here he at once began a series of daring exploits, unequalled for their boldness and the manner of their execution. As the leader of a partisan force he was in his element, and for months the country between Green River and Bacon Creek was scoured by his rough-riders to the terror of the enemy.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, he was attached to Gen. Hardee's command, and put to watch the movements of the Federals, which he not only did effectually, but enacted a number of daring adventures within the lines of the enemy, even approaching their stronghold at Nashville. While the main armies were

resting, he and his active partisans were at work. They attacked scouting parties; they rushed into the camps of regiments and carried off trains of wagons, and scarcely a day passed when they did not bring in a lot of prisoners. A picket of six of the enemy was once taken by Morgan himself. Riding, alone, towards Murfreesboro', he discovered the picket in a house, and having on a Federal overcoat, assumed a bold front, and confronting the sergeant rebuked him for not attending properly to his duty, and ordered that the whole party should consider themselves under arrest, and surrender their arms. The soldiers, not doubting for a moment that they were addressed by a Federal officer, delivered up their muskets. As they were marched into the road, with their faces turned from the camp, the sergeant said, "We are going the wrong way, Colonel." "We are not," was the reply; "I am Captain Morgan."

On one occasion, with forty of his men, he appeared at Gallatin, twenty-eight miles from Nashville. After capturing all the Union men in the place, and confining them in a guard-house, Capt. Morgan, dressed in a Federal uniform, proceeded to the telegraph office at the railroad-dépôt, a short distance from the town. Entering the office, the following conversation took place between him and the telegraph-operator: Capt. Morgan.—"Good day, sir. What news have you?" Operator.—"Nothing, sir, except it is reported that that d——d rebel, Capt. John Morgan, is this side of the Cumberland with some of his cavalry. I wish I could get sight of the d——d rascal. I'd make a hole through him larger than he would find pleasant." While thus speaking, the operator drew a fine navy revolver and flourished it as if to satisfy his visitor how desperately he would use the weapon in case he should meet with the famous rebel captain. "Do you know who I am?" quietly remarked Capt. Morgan, continuing the conversation. "I have not that pleasure," remarked the operator. "Well, I am Capt. Morgan," responded that gentleman. At these words the operator's cheeks blanched, his knees shook, the revolver dropped from his hands, and he sank to the floor. After the frightened individual had recovered himself sufficiently, Capt. Morgan required him to telegraph some messages to Louisville. Awaiting the train for Nashville, he captured and destroyed it, burned all the cars to cinders, and

with a large addition to his prisoners, including the luckless telegraph man, made his way safely to the Confederate camp.

The rising genius of Morgan in the war appears to have attracted the attention of Gen. Beauregard strongly; and it was by his earnest recommendation he was promoted Colonel, and very shortly thereafter he was nominated by Gen. Bragg Brigadier-General. With this enlarged command, he had an opportunity now to fulfil what appears to have been the first, the last, the constant desire of his military life—to return to his native, beloved State, Kentucky, and take revenge upon her invaders. When he was compelled to flee from his home, he made a vow, should his command ever become numerous enough, to return to pay the debt of vengeance he owed. He was now, in the summer of 1862, able in some measure to make good his vow. The following appeal, which he made to the people of Kentucky, as soon as he entered the State, shows the spirit of the man and the hopes which animated him:—

“Kentuckians, I am once more among you. Confiding in your patriotism and strong attachment to our Southern cause, I have, at the head of my gallant band, raised once more our Confederate flag, so long trampled upon by the Northern tyrants, but never yet disgraced. Let every true patriot respond to my appeal. Rise and arm yourselves! Fight against the despoilers! Fight for your families! your homes! for those you love best! for your conscience! and for the free exercise of your political rights, never again to be placed in jeopardy by the Hessian invader. Let the stirring scenes of the late Richmond fight be constantly before you. Our brave army there and everywhere is victorious. McClellan and his foreign hordes are groveling in the dust. Our independence is an achieved fact. We have bought it with privation and suffering, and sealed the contract with the seal of blood. Be not timorous, but rise, one and all, for the good cause, to clear our dear Kentucky’s soil of the detested invaders. Kentuckians! fellow countrymen! you know you can rely upon me.

“JOHN MORGAN.”

The expedition was a complete success, a circuit of victories. It was the first exploit which gained for Morgan an extensive reputation, and made his name familiar to the country. On the

4th of July, he left Tennessee with less than a thousand men, only a portion of whom were armed; penetrated 250 miles into a country in full possession of the enemy; captured towns and cities; met, fought, and captured a Federal force superior to his own in numbers; captured 3,000 stand of arms at Lebanon; and, from first to last, destroyed during his raid, military stores, railroad bridges, and other property, to the value of eight or ten millions of dollars. In his official report to Gen. Kirby Smith, Morgan thus summed up the results of the expedition: "I left Knoxville on the 4th day of this month (July) with about 900 men, and returned to Livingston on the 28th inst., with nearly 1,200, having been absent just twenty-four days, during which time I travelled over a thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed about 1,500 Home-guards, and paroled nearly 1,200 regular troops. I lost in killed, wounded, and missing, of the number that I carried into Kentucky, about ninety."

The rapidity and secrecy of these movements, the swiftness of Morgan's attacks, and the originality of his schemes, excited the alarm of his enemies, as they gained the admiration of his friends. We can judge what must have been the state of feeling produced by this expedition, when the newspapers of Cincinnati described the condition of the population of that city as "bordering on frenzy," and Gen. Boyle commanding the Federal forces at Louisville, issued the remarkable order that every person who did not bear arms "will remain in his house forty-eight hours, and will be shot down if he leaves it." For months after the expedition, men, far north, even in Ohio, trembled at the name of Morgan, and the tales of his exploits tended to increase his success in subsequent raids.

In this expedition, too, he had mystified the enemy by an engine hitherto unused as offensive weapon in war. This weapon was a portable electric battery. It was only necessary in traversing the country to take down the telegraph wire, connect it with his pocket instrument, and the General might read off and answer as suited him the several despatches passing between Louisville and Nashville. A young man, Mr. Ellsworth, skilled in the use of the telegraph, represented himself as the operator at Louisville; and Gen. Morgan and himself, seated on a heap of stones by the

side of the railway, received reports, dispatched information, and ordered and counter-ordered the movements of the Federal troops and stores for many hours. Some of these colloquies were very amusing, and introduced no little humour in the usual serious business of war. Mr. Ellsworth reports the following incident:— ‘At 7-30, an operator, signing Z., commenced calling B., which I had ascertained by the books in the office was the signal for the Lebanon office. I answered the call, when the following conversation between Z. and myself ensued:—“To Lebanon: What news? Any more skirmishing after the last message?—To Z.: No. We drove what little cavalry there was away.—To B.: Has the train arrived yet?—To Z.: No; about how many troops on train?—To B.: Five hundred, 60th Indiana commanded by Col. Owens.” My curiosity being excited as to what station Z. was, and to ascertain without creating any suspicion, I adopted the following plan: “To Z.: A gentleman here in the office bets me two cigars you cannot spell the name of your station correctly.—To B.: Take the bet. L-e-b-a-n-o-n J-u-n-c-t-i-o-n. Is this not right? How do you think I would spell it?—To Z.: He gives it up. He thought you would put two b’s in Lebanon.—To B.: Ha-ha-ha! he is a green one.—To Z.: Yes, that is so.—To Z.: What time did the train with soldiers pass?—To B.: 8-30 last night.—To Z.: Very singular where the train is,” &c., &c.’

On his retreat, Gen. Morgan took possession of all the telegraph offices on his route, and countermanded all the orders which Gen. Boyle had sent to intercept him. Before leaving Somerset he despatched the following messages, the first to Mr. Prentice, at Louisville, the second to Gen. Boyle:

“Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam’s property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie.

“JOHN H. MORGAN,
“*Commanding Brigade.*”

“Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution.

You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend Ellsworth has all the despatches since the 12th of July on file Do you wish copies?

“JOHN H. MORGAN,
“*Commanding Brigade.*”

“TO GEN. J. T. BOYLE, LOUISVILLE.”

The summer and autumn months of 1862 passed without special incident in Gen. Morgan's command, he uniting with Gen. Bragg in the Kentucky campaign, and on the subsequent retreat harassing the enemy after his own peculiar fashion. In December happened a pleasant and peaceful episode in the life of the gallant cavalry chief. At Murfreesboro, on the 4th December, 1862, he was united in marriage to Miss Ready, daughter of the Hon. Charles Ready, and sister of Mrs. Cheatham of Nashville. However, he was soon on the war-path again, and but two days after his marriage, he was gathering fresh laurels on the battle-field.

While his cavalry brigade covered Bragg's front in the direction of Hartsville, Tennessee, he discovered that the enemy's forces at that point were somewhat isolated, and organized an expedition to attack them. Under cover of feints, by an extraordinary night march on the 6th December, he reached his point of destination. The attack was made at break of day. In one hour and a half, the troops under Morgan's command, consisting of 500 cavalry, 700 infantry, with a battery of artillery, in all about 1,300 strong, defeated and captured three well disciplined and well formed regiments of infantry with a regiment of cavalry, and took two rifled cannon, the whole encamped on their own ground, and in a very strong position, taking about 1800 prisoners, 1800 stand of arms, a quantity of ammunition, clothing, quartermasters' stores, and sixteen waggons. The success was all that was desired. Morgan wrote to Gen. Bragg: “I must have forgiveness if I add with a soldier's pride, that the conduct of my whole command deserved my highest gratitude and commendation.”

In the early part of 1863, the history of Morgan's command is desultory, and he appears to have had no opportunity for his peculiar and daring style of adventure. In February he was at Sparta, Tennessee, and during that month, and March and April,

had frequent engagements with parties of the enemy sent against him. In June, however, he planned another expedition into the enemy's lines, the boldest and most important he had yet undertaken.

With a command consisting of detachments from two brigades, numbering 2028 effective men, and four pieces of artillery, he left Tennessee, crossing the Cumberland river on the 2d July. The crossing was effected near Burkesville in canoes and dug-outs hastily prepared. Driving back a force of Federal cavalry, Morgan marched on Columbia, defeated Wolford's Kentucky command, and then dashed on to Green river bridge, where he found the enemy protected by well-constructed stockades, and too strongly posted to be attacked with advantage. Turning in the direction of Lebanon, he had a hard fight of five hours here, captured the place, with a vast amount of stores and four hundred prisoners, and then proceeded to Bardstown, where he captured some cavalry. On the 7th July, Bragdensburg was reached; two fine steamboats captured; the Federal gunboats, and three hundred Home-guards fought, and then the bold raiders crossed the Ohio river to the Indiana shore, next day. The following day they arrived at Corydon; engaged over four thousand State militia; dispersed them; moved on, without halting, through Salisbury and Palmyra to Salem; and it was here that Morgan first learned from the telegraph wires of the extent of the alarm his invasion had created, and that nearly thirty thousand men were afoot to intercept and capture him. The country was too hot for him, and it was time to look after his line of retreat.

He moved rapidly to Lexington, thence to Vernon, and from Vernon to Versailles, scattering destruction and dismay along the route. The Ohio line was struck at a place called Harrison, and here a feint was made upon Cincinnati. Some of his scouts advanced to its suburbs, and in the night of the 13th July the whole command closely skirted it under cover of the darkness. At daylight they were eighteen miles east of the great city, having traversed more than fifty miles since the sunset previous. The men were terribly jaded, and many fell asleep on their horses. But their commander was untiring; up and down the line he rode, laughing with this one, joking with another, and assuming a fierce demeanour wherever he saw any disposition to shirk duty.

Fatigued and worn down, the command at last reached the Ohio River at a ford above Pomeroy. But it was only to find an enemy in the path; a large body of troops was there to dispute their passage, assisted by the fire of gun-boats in the river. Fourteen miles beyond they attempted the passage of the river again, the men plunging their horses in the stream and swimming across its strong current. Three hundred and thirty men had effected a crossing, when again the enemy's gun-boats were upon them. Again Morgan and what was left of his command on the Ohio side moved up the river. It was a race of life and death, a running fight. In the confusion of breaking through the enemy's lines, Morgan had by some means got into a carriage. A Federal major saw him, and, galloping up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off at full speed.

The fugitive commander, with the remainder of his scattered forces, pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued his flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back conveying intelligence of the route taken, which it was believed was with the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio River higher up. Forces were immediately dispatched from Wellesville to head him off, whilst another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th July, these various detachments closed in around Morgan in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellesville. The Confederates were driven to a bluff from which there was no escape, except by fighting their way through or leaping from a lofty and almost perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus surrounded, Morgan and the remnant of his command surrendered.

It was generally thought that in this expedition Gen. Morgan ventured too far, in crossing the Ohio, and committed the error of going into a populous country, where the people for self-defence would be compelled to concentrate and cut him off. But the adventure can scarcely be considered a failure when we put against the Confederate loss in prisoners, the immense damage

done the enemy. An officer of the expedition thus sums up its results: "We paroled, up to the 19th July, near 6,000 Federals; they obligating themselves not to take up arms during the war. We destroyed thirty-four important bridges, destroying the track in sixty places. Our loss was by no means slight; twenty-eight commissioned officers killed, thirty-five wounded, and 250 men killed, wounded, and captured. By the Federal accounts, we killed more than 200, wounded at least 350, and captured, as before stated, near 6,000. The damage to railroads, steamboats, and bridges, added to the destruction of public stores and dépôts, cannot fall far short of \$10,000,000."

This large sum of destruction was done in legitimate warfare; and although the North congratulated itself on whatever similar results it had achieved in the South, yet it could not appreciate even the plea of retaliation in Morgan's case, and had no other name for his exploits than those of robbery and murder. In their rage, they refused to regard Gen. Morgan as a prisoner of war, and sent him and twenty-eight of his officers to the Ohio Penitentiary. Here they were subjected to every possible indignity. First they were stripped naked, and washed by negroes; then their hair was cut off close to the scalp; and attired in the garb of felons. they were then immured in stone cells, where they were closely guarded day and night. The cruelties which followed exceeded those even of the prison discipline of obdurate and contumacious felons; they were disgraceful to the age; and yet there was a public sentiment in the North that not only tolerated, but applauded the atrocious inhumanity.

On the 27th November, Morgan and six of his officers escaped from the confinement and torture of their infamous prison. The work by which they accomplished their escape was almost superhuman; for twenty-two days they were secretly occupied in cutting through a granite wall six feet thick, with no other instrument than case-knives, and then they had to tunnel some distance through the ground before they emerged to the surface. Happily it was a dark and rainy night, when these brave men slipped down into the narrow air-chamber and emerged from the earth; the dogs they mostly feared had retired to their kennels, and the sentinels had taken refuge under shelter. Scaling the wall the party scattered on the other side, and Gen. Morgan, accompanied only by

Captain Hines, made boldly for the down train to Cincinnati. As in the early hours of the next morning the train approached Cincinnati, Gen. Morgan had reason to fear that the news of his escape had been telegraphed there, and saw the necessity of avoiding the city. He said to Captain Hines: "It's after six o'clock; if we go to the dépôt we are dead men. Now or never." They went to the rear and put on the brakes. "Jump, Hines!" Off he went, and fell heels over head in the mud. Another severe turn of the brake, and the General jumped. He was more successful, and alighted on his feet. There were some soldiers near, who remarked, "What do you mean by jumping off the cars here?" The General replied: "What is the use of my going into town when I live here; and, besides, what business is it of yours?"

They went immediately to the river. They found a skiff, but no oars. Soon a little boy came over, and appeared to be waiting. "What are you waiting for?" said the General. "I am waiting for my load." "What is the price of a load?" "Two dollars." "Well, as we are tired and hungry, we will give you the two dollars, and you can put us over." In a few moments he was standing on the soil of Kentucky.

Here, however, his path was beset by dangers, and he moved every mile at the peril of detection and death. Sometimes disguising himself as a government cattle-contractor and again assuming the character of a quartermaster, he got to the Tennessee River. But here he found all means of transportation destroyed, and the bank strongly guarded; however, with the assistance of about thirty men, who had recognized him and joined him in spite of his remonstrances, he succeeded in making a raft, and he and Captain Hines crossed over. His escort, with heroic self-sacrifice, refused to cross until he was safely over. He then hired a negro to get his horse over, paying him twenty dollars for it. The river was so high that the horse came near being drowned, and after more than one hour's struggle with the stream was pulled out so exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand.

The General threw a blanket on him and commenced to walk him, when suddenly, he says, he was seized with a presentiment that he would be attacked, and remarking to Capt. Hines, "We will be attacked in twenty minutes," commenced saddling his horse. He had hardly tied his girth, when there was a report of

musketry. He leaped on his horse, and the noble animal, appearing to be inspired with new vigour, bounded off like a deer up the mountain. The last he saw of his poor fellows on the opposite side, they were disappearing up the river bank, fired upon by a whole regiment of Federals. By this time it was dark and also raining. He knew that a perfect cordon of pickets would surround the foot of the mountain, and if he remained there until morning he would be lost. So he determined to run the gauntlet at once, and commenced to descend. As he neared the foot, leading his horse, he came almost in personal contact with a picket. His first impulse was to kill him, but finding him asleep, he determined to let him sleep on.

From this time forward he had a series of adventures and escapes, all very wonderful, until he got near another river in Tennessee, when he resolved to go up to a house and find the way. Hines went to the house, while the General stood in the road. Hearing a body of cavalry come dashing up behind him, the latter quietly slipped to one side of the road, and it passed by without observing him. Hines was not so fortunate; he was discovered, pursued, and taken—although he afterwards escaped from his captors. The hunt being drawn off, Gen. Morgan crossed the river at leisure; but when he got down to Middle Tennessee, he found it almost impossible to avoid recognition. At one time he passed some poor women, and one of them commenced clapping her hands and said, "Oh! I know who that is, I know who that is!" but, catching herself, she stopped short, and passed on with her companions. A few days' further travel brought the General safe within the Confederate lines, after having accomplished one of the most wonderful escapes on record.

No parties outside the prison had assisted in his escape from it; and an announcement thereafter, in the newspapers, that he had been seen in Toronto, Canada, was a fortuitous coincidence, and greatly aided him in giving a false scent to the detectives. His appearance in Richmond astounded the North, and put to shame all the efforts at Washington to scour the borders of Canada for his recapture. His countrymen hailed his delivery with an enthusiasm that testified their appreciation of his services, and their affection for the man. An ovation awaited him in Richmond; the freedom and the hospitality of the city were

voted him ; and his receptions at the Ballard House were more numerous attended than those of President Davis himself. On one of these public occasions, Judge Moore of Kentucky spoke of the worth of Gen. Morgan, and the great credit with which he had served his country. He was now receiving the grateful testimony of Virginia, "the mother of States." With eloquent sincerity, the speaker promised that Morgan and other Kentuckians, who were battling for the liberties of the South, would not sheathe their swords until her liberty was achieved. Despite the thralldom in which Kentucky was held, the muster-rolls of the Confederate army showed that 49,000 of her sons had joined their fortunes with the South, and this, despite the fact that the heel of the tyrant was on her neck.

The pledge given for Gen. Morgan was soon redeemed ; and in the outset of the campaign of 1864 we find him holding an important position in South-western Virginia, at a distant but critical point in Grant's extensive combination against Richmond. His force was small for the emergencies it had to meet ; it consisted of two Kentucky cavalry brigades and the militia or "reserves" of that region, a total of about 2,200 men. Some sharp interviews had taken place in Richmond between the authorities and Gen. Morgan's friends. President Davis was, indeed, averse to the restoration of the General, since the experiment of the Ohio "raid," to any important post, and, at last, was sparing and exacting in assigning him a force and preparing it for the field. But in this embarrassment the popularity of Morgan served him. Contributions were made in all parts of the Confederacy to equip his new command, and took the shape of patriotic donations. Among the contributors was Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, who gave five hundred dollars. We mention the slight circumstance in view of the political consequents of this man, and as an instance of that demagoguism which, rampant, at one time, for all sorts of deadly and destructive enterprises against the enemy, has since professed an unwilling participation in the war.

At the time when Gen. Morgan assumed command of the department of South-western Virginia (which also included a portion of East Tennessee), the enemy was moving in two strong cavalry columns, under Crook and Averill, threatening to cap-

ture the salt-works and coal-mines near Wytheville, and to carry out the general design of cutting off communication with Richmond, preventing the transmission of supplies from all the region westward to Gen. Lee's army. Making a forced march from Saltville, Gen. Morgan arrived at Wytheville with his mounted men in time to save that town from Averill, and to completely defeat that boasted cavalry officer, with a considerable loss of killed, wounded, prisoners, and horses. Having accomplished this much, he determined to take the offensive and make an irruption into Kentucky. He was anxious to retrieve the losses of the Ohio raid; he saw clearly that if he remained on the defensive he would be unable to resist the forces of the enemy if they united and bore down on his department; and he hoped to defeat the plan of such a junction by falling upon the enemy's rear in Kentucky, diverting his designs and confounding him by a surprise.

In the first days of June, 1864, Gen. Morgan was again within the boundaries of Kentucky, and directing his movements towards Mount Sterling, the general Federal *dépôt* of supplies, and most important post in that portion of the State. On the 8th June the post was taken, with some 300 or 400 prisoners; and Gen. Morgan, believing that no enemy was near, and having been informed by his scouts that Gen. Burbridge was moving towards Virginia, left but a portion of the force at Mount Sterling, and marched immediately for Lexington with the second brigade. It was a fatal movement, undertaken on false information, that thus divided his command, and exposed him to the enemy. Gen. Burbridge, making a wonderfully swift march, reached Mount Sterling before daybreak on the 9th June, surprised the Confederate force there, and then moved rapidly after Morgan, who had passed through Lexington and Cynthiana, captured the garrisons and destroyed considerable stores. On the 12th June Morgan found himself forced to battle, near the Kentucky Central railroad, against 5,000 of the enemy. His command had been reduced to about 1,200 men, and was nearly out of ammunition. The fight was soon decided; many of Morgan's men became unmanageable, and dashed across the Licking River; they were re-formed on the other side, and charged a body of cavalry which then confronted them, and made good their retreat, although scattered and in confusion.

Forced back to South-western Virginia, Gen. Morgan found his fame on the decline, and the force at his disposal limited to a much smaller scale of operations. They were dark and desponding days in a life that, perhaps, was too much accustomed to popular applause, and took too much of its inspiration from it. One of his officers writes of him at this time: "He was greatly changed. His face wore a weary, care-worn expression, and his manner was totally destitute of its former ardour and enthusiasm. He spoke bitterly, but with no impatience, of the clamour against him, and seemed saddest about the condition of his command." He was especially hurt by a vile report that had found convenient and malicious ears in official circles at Richmond, to the effect that he had connived at or shared in the robbery of a bank at Mount Sterling; and to Secretary Seddon, of the War Department, he wrote: "Until very recently, I was ignorant how the rumours which had already poisoned the public mind, had been received and listened to in official circles, and I cannot forbear indignant complaint of the injury done my reputation and usefulness by the encouragement thus given them."

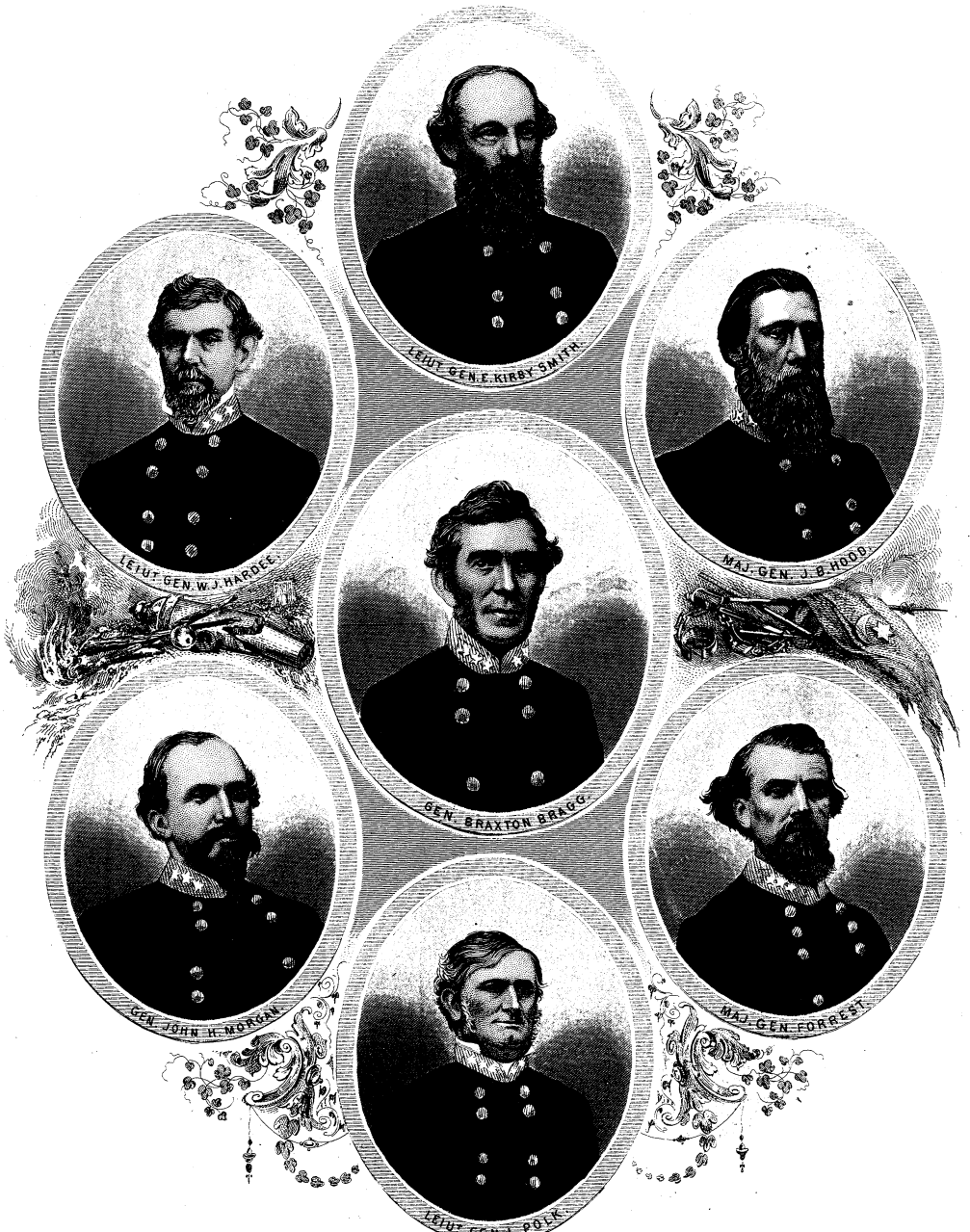
Opportunity was never obtained for the vindication; and the sense of justice did not return to the public mind until the once idolized commander was laid low in death, and men reflected that the hasty and passionate wrongs done his reputation, might have driven him to a desperate enterprise, and an untimely end. A few weeks after his return to South-western Virginia, Gen. Morgan determined to attempt the enemy in East Tennessee, and suddenly conceived the intention of attacking him at Bull's Gap, this place lying on the line of railroad from Knoxville. He reached Greenville on the 3d September, and made his headquarters for the night at the house of Mrs. Williams. A daughter-in-law of this woman was said to be bitterly opposed to the Confederate cause, and to have an especial dislike for Gen. Morgan, because, on another occasion, he had revoked the parole of a Federal officer, on suspicion of his treasonable communications with her. Before the General approached the house, she mounted a horse and rode several hours in the night to Bull's Gap, to give the alarm to the enemy.

The day was breaking, when a body of about 100 Federal cavalry dashed into Greenville, and surrounded the house where

Gen. Morgan had slept, accompanied only by three or four of his staff officers—his troops being camped on the skirt of the town. Aroused by Major Gassett, the General left the house; but finding every street guarded he went back to the house, and for some moments remained concealed in the cellar. Here the two were discovered again by the art and persistence of a woman. Major Gassett ran to the upper part of the house, and by some means, managed to effect his escape. Gen. Morgan made his way to the garden and attempted to conceal himself behind some vines. A few minutes later, and he was shot through the heart, with no witness to the homicide, but the man who did it. The enemy's story was that he was shot while offering resistance. The account on the Confederate side is that he was brutally and infamously murdered—shot after he had surrendered; and such is the belief induced by the facts, that he was wholly unarmed, and that his corpse, while it was yet warm, was thrown across a mule, while Federal soldiers were permitted to follow its exhibition and parade about the town, shouting and screaming in savage exultation, "Here's your horse thief." When his body was at last taken from the hands which defiled it, it was so covered with mud as to be scarcely recognized, and it was found in a road one mile from the place where the fatal shot had been fired. Gen. Gillem, who commanded the enemy's force, but was not up with the party that first entered the town, humanely recovered the body and sent it to the Confederate lines under flag of truce. It was buried first at Abingdon, and thence removed to the cemetery at Richmond, where repose so many heroic ashes of the war.

The military reputation of Gen. Morgan has been erected since his death. However the malice of enemies may have assailed his good name, or at some time the impatience of his countrymen have detracted from it, the curiosity which comes after the death of distinguished men, has not been able to testify to a single disgrace, and reflection pronounces his career one of the most extraordinary of recent military times. It was, indeed, a rapid career; one crowded with incidents, and appealing strongly to the passions; and through its shifting scenes of romance and adventure ran the mark of a strong will, an original mind, and peculiar military talents. He originated new uses for cavalry;

he was the proper author in the war of the far-reaching "raid," so different from the mere cavalry dash; and, in cutting loose from the traditions of former wars and the systems of schools, he founded a strategy as effective as it was novel. The record of his activity is comprised in the extraordinary declaration, sustained by official testimony: that, with a force which at no time reached 4,000, he *killed and wounded* nearly as many of the enemy, and captured more than 15,000!



Eng^d by H B Hall, N.Y.

LIEUT.-GEN. JOHN B. HOOD.

CHAPTER LX.

Peculiar glory of the soldier-State of Texas.—Early recollections in the war of "Hood and his Texans."—Hood's cavalry command on the Peninsula.—Commands the Texas Brigade.—The peculiar losses of Gaines' Mills.—Gen. Hood in the battle of Sharpsburg.—"The two Little Giant Brigades."—Gen. Lee's opinion of Texas soldiers "in tight places."—Gen. Hood wounded at Gettysburg and at Chickamauga.—Commands a corps in Johnston's army.—Remarkable letter to the War Department.—Appointed Commanding General of the Army of Tennessee.—An ascent in rank, but a fall in reputation.—A list of errors in the Georgia-Tennessee campaign.—Failure of that campaign.—Magnanimous confession of Gen. Hood.—His chivalry.—His admirable military figure.

ANY history of the war of the Southern Confederacy is imperfect that fails to notice the large and peculiar measure of glory obtained in it by the soldier-State of Texas. The history of this distant State had, indeed, been a noble school of character; here had been planted a choice seed of manhood; and a population had grown up remarkable in this: that even in its rudest and wildest types was the exquisite mixture of honour and chivalry. This peculiarity was well illustrated in the war. Wherever the rough sons of Texas fought there was blood and glory, the terrible spasm of battle, the desperate achievement; and yet no soldiers of the Confederacy were more generous to the enemy, more magnanimous to prisoners, and more fully alive to all the sentimental appeals of the cause for which they fought. They were the men in the Army of Northern Virginia upon whom Gen. Lee most relied for all desperate enterprises, and whom he once designated by the strongest compliment he was capable of bestowing. Fighting with a fierce, apparently untamed courage, capable of sublimest self-devotion, the soldiers of Texas yet carried through the war a reputation

for generosity, and in their tattered uniforms yet bore the true ornaments of manhood, the rough diamonds of chivalry. Their deeds alone, taken apart from the general story of the war, would fill a volume and be a complete testimony of the best manhood of the living age.

But the subject of our sketch is a single individual—one, however, well illustrating the character and temper of Texas in the war. No Confederate leader was more unfortunate than Gen. Hood; and whatever we have to say of him we may well preface by declaring the common maxim, that mankind is more inclined to censure than to praise, and more apt to remember a disaster than a success. The public has a distinct and painful memory of Gen. Hood's unfortunate campaign in Georgia and Tennessee; but this is no good reason that it should forget his earlier glorious services and overlook brilliant pages of the history of the war on which his name shone; nor is it sound argument that because he failed in the command of a large army and had not the combination of qualities necessary for a great General, he cannot be admired in other capacities, and for virtues other than those of strategic skill. It is mainly to correct this injustice, to rescue the margin of fame that is rightly his, and to revive some recollection of those brilliant deeds in which "Hood and his Texans" deserve to be immortalized, despite any sequel of misfortune, that we design this sketch.

Although properly accounted a citizen of Texas, John B. Hood was born in Owensville, Bath county, Kentucky, 1831. His early education was obtained at Mt. Sterling. He entered upon his collegiate course at West Point in 1849, and graduated in 1853. He was then assigned to duty in the Fourth Infantry in California, where he served twenty-two months. When the two new regiments, raised by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, were called out, he was transferred, July, 1855, to the one (2d cavalry), of which Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, was in command, and Gen. R. E. Lee the Lieutenant-Colonel. This regiment furnished many valuable officers to the Southern Confederacy. Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, Fields, Evans and Hardee were from its ranks.

In the winter of 1855-6, Hood entered upon the frontier service of Western Texas, where, in July following, he had a spirited engagement, and was wounded by the Indians on Devil's River.

A short time before the beginning of hostilities between the North and South, he was ordered to report for duty at West Point, as Instructor of Cavalry. But anticipating the dissolution of the Union, he was allowed, at his own request, to return to duty in Texas—his object being, in prospect of war, to be in that portion of the country which he most loved and honoured. He could see no hope of reconciliation or adjustment between the aroused sections of North and South, but every indication of a fierce and bloody war, and he had determined to cast his destiny with the South. On the 16th April, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States army, and tendered his services to the Southern Confederacy. His name was entered upon the roll with the rank of first lieutenant, and he was ordered to report to Gen. Lee in Virginia, who ordered him to report to Gen. Magruder, on the Peninsula.

He was immediately assigned to the command of all the cavalry on the Peninsula, and given the temporary rank of Major, until the appointment could be confirmed from Richmond. He at once made his mark in this service, attracting the attention of his superiors, and commencing a reputation, which grew rapidly to higher rank and honour. The inexperienced and unorganized cavalry was soon converted into an active and disciplined force; the marauding parties of the enemy were beaten and driven in at all points, and it was said that the shivering garrison at Newport News could not cut a stick of firewood, without the risk of ambuscade and death.

In September, 1861, Hood was ordered to Richmond, and receiving the rank of Colonel of Infantry, was placed in command of the 4th Texas regiment, then in camp near the city. In the following month the 4th and 5th Texas regiments left Richmond, and were moved to Dumfries on the Potomac, where, with the 1st Texas, they were to be organized into a brigade under Col. Louis S. Wigfall, who had just been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. But as Wigfall was the Senator elect from the State of Texas, he resigned his commission in the army, on the meeting of Congress. On the 3d March, 1862, Col. Hood was appointed to take his place and have command of the Texas Brigade.

He soon obtained the good-will of his rough and hardy recruits, and the Texans claimed in their youthful leader a proprietary inter-

est which was asserted to the close of the war. His commanding appearance, manly deportment, quick perception, courteous manner and decision of character readily impressed the officers and men. His thorough acquaintance with every department of the service, satisfied every one with his competency for the position. The men found not a strait-laced officer of the schools, but one able and ready to give them all necessary instruction, not only in drilling them for the field, but also in the forms and technicalities of the clothing, commissary, ordnance and transportation departments—for lack of which information, regiments just entered the service frequently went hungry, and commissaries and quartermasters made many fruitless trips.

The Texas Brigade accompanied Johnston to the Peninsula. With his new and enlarged command, and on a more important field of enterprise, Hood's higher qualities were rapidly developed. His untiring watchfulness and ardent zeal, were subjects of constant praise. It was his good fortune on the 7th May, 1862, to prevent the landing of Gen. Franklin's forces near West Point, on the York River, and thus defeat McClellan's attempt to cut off Johnston's retreat from Yorktown.

But in the battles around Richmond, the grandest opportunity the war had yet offered, was to be given on its most important and difficult field, for the display of the desperate valour of the soldiers of Texas led by Hood. It occurred at Gaines' Mills. Repeatedly in this volume of biographies have we dated at this field the rise of the reputations of some of the most distinguished Southern commanders. It was fruitful of glory; it introduced many new names to fame. But "Hood and his Texans," were the peculiar heroes of the memorable occasion, and the phrase which designated this body of troops became from that day a familiar one in the popular vocabulary of the war. It was Hood's brigade which made the decisive charge upon the enemy's works near McGee's house, and in the light of the declining sun of the 27th June, engaged in a conflict of unspeakable desperation and bitterness, achieved a miracle of valour, and planted its colours on two tiers of the enemy's works.

In making the charge, Hood's Texans had to pass down a precipitous ravine, leap a ditch and stream, and then press forward over the enemy's abattis. Hood himself, on foot, led the charge,

and placing himself at the head of the glorious 4th Texas,* he gave the command in his clear ringing voice, "Forward, quick march." Volleys of musketry, and showers of grape, canister, and shell ploughed through the men, but were only answered by the stern "Close up—close up to the colours," and onward they rushed over the dead and dying, without a pause, until within about one hundred yards of the breastworks. It was at this point that preceding brigades had halted, and beyond which none had yet gone, in consequence of the terrible concentrated fire of the concealed enemy. At this critical juncture the voice of Gen. Hood was heard above the din of battle, "Forward, forward, charge right down on them, and drive them out with the bayonet." Fixing bayonets as they moved, the desperate troops made one grand rush for the fort; down the hill, across the creek and fallen timber, pressed on the glittering line of pointed steel, and the next moment the battle-flag of the 4th Texas was planted upon the captured breastworks. Half of this heroic regiment was killed and wounded; the brigade lost 1000 men, but it took fourteen pieces of cannon, and nearly a regiment of prisoners. When next day Stonewall Jackson surveyed the ditch and abattis over which they charged, he said: "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed." No prouder inscription could testify to the glory of Texas on this field, and no other exclamation of glory better mark here the monument of her dead.

In the subsequent campaign of 1862, Hood continued to do service, commanding a division composed of two brigades: 4th

*Gen. D. H. Hill, in some recollections of this field, writes: "We heard the next day that, on some previous occasion, Hood had quieted his old regiment (which had felt aggrieved by another being selected for a certain duty), by the promise to lead it in person in the next fight. When the regiment found itself in front of earth-works and battery of artillery rising above battery, the men called out to their General to remember his promise. Placing himself in their front, he carried them through as awful a storm of projectiles, as ever beat upon the heads of devoted troops."

The same writer relates the following incident: "Hood's scouts were known to be the most daring as well as the most trustworthy, in the army. We happened to be present on the morning of the battle of Malvern Hill, when he directed one of his scouts to go through a ravine and bring in a prisoner. The man replied, 'General, if it is more important to get one from the top of the hill, I think that I can manage it.' 'Twas not very clear how a prisoner was to be brought off, in the face of all that army of infantry and artillery. The General laughed, and said that a man from the outpost would answer."

Alabama, 2d and 11th Mississippi, and 6th North Carolina, Col. Law commanding, and his old brigade, 1st, 4th and 5th Texas, 18th Georgia, and the Hampton Legion. In the second battle of Manassas, the Texas brigade became engaged with a heavy force of the enemy, and captured a battery of four guns crowning the heights near the Chinn House. But the most remarkable record of Hood's command, after the brilliant story of Gaines' Mills, occurred on the soil of Maryland in Gen. Lee's first experiment of invasion.

Of his part in the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. Hood writes: "On the morning of the 17th September, about three o'clock, the firing commenced along the line occupied by Gen. Lawton. At six o'clock I received notice from him that he would require all the assistance I could give him. A few minutes after, a member of his staff reported to me that he was wounded and wished me to come forward as soon as possible. Being in readiness, I at once marched out on the field, in line of battle, and soon became engaged with an immense force of the enemy, consisting of not less than two corps of their army. It was here that I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms, by far, that has occurred during the war. The two little giant brigades* of this division wrestled with this mighty force, losing hundreds of their gallant officers and men, but driving the enemy from his position and forcing him to abandon his guns on our left. The battle raged with the greatest fury until about nine o'clock, the enemy being driven from four to five hundred yards."

It was in this great campaign of 1862—this most glorious part of the history of the Army of Northern Virginia—that the soldiers of Texas obtained, as we remarked in the commencement of this sketch, peculiar and transcendent titles to fame. One of those titles is recited in the words of Stonewall Jackson. Another is recited in the words of Gen. Lee. No better evidence could be given than the following letter of the Commander-in-chief of the confidence he placed in Gen. Hood and the gallant soldiers composing his command, and of the peculiar value of the soldiers of Texas. The brief letter deserves a place in the records of that State.

* One of these brigades numbered only 846 men. The 4th Texas lost its flag, but not until (in the words of Gen. Hood) "it was buried under a pile of its defenders."

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,

“NEAR MARTINSBURG, September 21, 1862.

Gen. Louis T. Wigfall:

“GENERAL—I have not yet heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments which you promised to endeavour to raise for the army. I need them much. I rely upon those we have *in all tight places*, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them in, and send them on to me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more such regiments as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel much more confident of the campaign.

“Very respectfully yours,

“R. E. LEE, *General.*”

In the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Hood was severely wounded in the arm, and never recovered perfect use of it. He was able, however, to accompany Longstreet in August, 1863, to the Western theatre of the war, to reinforce Bragg, then preparing for the battle of Chickamauga. In this brilliant action Gen. Hood was hotly engaged, fighting on the left, and he sustained a wound so severe as to make necessary amputation of his leg near the hip. He was highly complimented by his corps commander, Gen. Longstreet, who wrote an urgent letter to the War Department recommending his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General, to date from the field of Chickamauga.

The promotion was made; but it was six months before Gen. Hood, suffering from a shattered constitution and a sadly mutilated body, could again take the field. In March, 1864, he proceeded to take command of his corps in North Georgia, under Gen. Johnston. He appears to have had at this time a very clear view of the situation, and he wrote a remarkable letter to the War Department, urging the junction of Polk's and Loring's troops, making the Confederate force some 60,000, and then uniting with Longstreet's army (in East Tennessee) perhaps 30,000 more, and getting in rear of the enemy, so as to drive him out of Tennessee and Kentucky. This conclusion he maintained as certain; the enemy had then only about 50,000 troops on the Georgia-Tennessee frontier; and the danger was that if time was allowed him, he would

accumulate overwhelming numbers and penetrate further into the country.

The Government at Richmond declined these views, and accepted the danger which the alternative threatened. The consequence was the retreat of Gen. Johnston to Atlanta. Dissatisfied with the result itself had procured, the Government resolved on a change of commanders, and affected that its choice was of a "fighting man" to command the Army of Tennessee. On the 18th July, Gen. Johnston having been relieved, Hood was appointed in his place, and assumed command in the following address:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, July 18, 1864.

"SOLDIERS—In obedience to orders from the War Department, I assume command of this army and department. I feel the weight of the responsibility so suddenly and unexpectedly devolved upon me by this position, and shall bend all my energies and employ all my skill to meet its requirements. I look with confidence to your patriotism to stand by me, and rely upon your prowess to wrest your country from the grasp of the invader, entitling yourselves to the proud distinction of being called the deliverers of an oppressed people."

It was an ascent in rank, but a fall in reputation. It was an evil star, and malignant influences that brought this promotion to Gen. Hood, and transferred him from a department, in which his brilliant execution and brave and chivalrous part had won and deserved fame, to a higher range of service for which he was unfit. A great General, one who plans campaigns and conducts entire armies, is a *combination* of many qualities. That Gen. Hood did not have the multitude of virtues necessary for the highest success in military life we may truly say, and yet persist in the opinion that he had much in which he might assert a brilliant reputation. His campaign, commencing at Atlanta, and ending on the banks of the Tennessee River, was full of errors. In saying this the writer is well aware that he encounters an absurd vulgar prejudice, which denies the right of one unskilled in arms to criticize military operations. This prejudice has some foundation in truth—and in this volume the writer has shown a certain regard for it; but admitted to its fullest extent, it is the most inscient nonsense, for

it would require the historian, who writes on the general affairs of mankind, to be an expert in every one of these affairs; to be a General, to treat of military events; to be a statesman, to discuss political topics; to be an artist, to deal with the subjects of letters and manners. But in all these things there is a common-sense superiour to the technicalities of schools; and the comment of history and the verdict of posterity, are nothing more than its declarations. It is within the limits of general intelligence that men have a right to criticise even those affairs in which they are neither experts nor partners.

With reference to the disastrous period we have referred to in the life of Gen. Hood, there are errors which must stand confessed in history, despite all technical controversies of military schools. The fact to be admitted at once is, that although a brilliant lieutenant, he was not a competent chief. He committed an error in fighting at Atlanta, and consuming lives in an army whose numbers afforded no margin for fanciful attacks and experiments, when, if he had maintained the situation which Johnston had left, with Sherman unable to invest Atlanta on the one hand, or to retreat on the other, he would have held the Federal army suspended for destruction. He committed an error in sending off his entire cavalry towards Chattanooga, to raid on Sherman's communications, permitting his antagonist to swing his army entirely around Atlanta, to take a new position at leisure and to effect a lodgment on the Macon road. He committed an error, when expelled from Atlanta, in not maintaining the next best defensive position. He committed an error, in which Gen. Grant has justly criticised him, in "supposing that an army that had been beaten and fearfully decimated in a vain attempt at the defensive, could successfully undertake the offensive." He committed an error in attempting to recover Tennessee, when the effort uncovered the whole State of Georgia, and left it undefended to the sea.

But with this list of errors there runs a series of excuses; and the Georgia-Tennessee campaign is eminently one that must be judged in the light of all its circumstances. Gen. Hood was unfortunate in not possessing the confidence of his army, and in taking command of it when it was malcontent and demoralized in consequence of the removal of its favourite leader. He found new difficulties, and was embarrassed much more seriously than was generally known at the time by the suspicious machinations and

appeals of the Governor of Georgia. The history of this man, Joseph E. Brown, is not yet clearly written, and his changeful sentiments and capricious moods more than once in the course of the war, excited the curiosity of the public, and challenged the suspicions of a portion of it. Had the records of the Confederate War Department not perished in the conflagration of Richmond, there might be produced from them a letter written by this man shortly after the fall of Atlanta, not only offensively criticising the management of military affairs, but *demanding the return* of all the Georgia troops in Gen. Lee's army in Virginia. It is sentiments like these which corrupt armies and make them an easy prey to their own distrust. Gen. Hood found himself in command of soldiers who no longer fought as in the early days of the Confederacy. His division commanders had no good feeling for him, and he had not the faculty of inspiring confidence and obtaining obedience in spite of personal disaffection. The great opportunity of his campaign in Tennessee was lost, when by disconcert in the execution of his plans he failed to cut off the enemy's retreat from Spring Hill. "In the stratagem of war, a man fails but once." Then followed the unequal battles of Nashville; the evidence of demoralization in troops strangely flying from the field when victory plainly asked but one more effort for its purchase; and the painful retreat in which an army, having lost ten thousand of its numbers and nearly all of its artillery, terminated its existence, so to speak, as "the Army of Tennessee," being only used thereafter in a feeble reconstruction of the forces south of Richmond.

This campaign concluded Gen. Hood's military career. He took leave of his army in the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
 "TUPELO, MISS., Jan. 23, 1865. }

"SOLDIERS—At my request, I have this day been relieved from the command of the army. In taking leave of you, accept my thanks for the patience with which you have endured your hardships during the recent campaign. *I am alone responsible for its conception, and strove hard to do my duty in its execution.* I urge upon you the importance of giving your entire support to the distinguished soldier who now assumes command, and shall look with deep interest on all your future operations, and rejoice at your success.

"J. B. HOOD."

Whatever may be the military judgment of the events thus concluded, there is a generosity of soul in this brief address that it is impossible to resist. It calls for tender and noble responses. The man who could thus accept the responsibilities of failure must have had a great spirit, and compels admiration at the last. He illustrated what is most difficult in human lives—even manners and perfect self-possession in misfortune. The most ill-starred General of the South; the man perhaps the least esteemed among the great military leaders of the Confederacy, yet after all, the bravest of the brave, the lion-hearted Texan was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of chivalry, when, recounting to a friend his story of disaster and mortification, he paused and said: “And yet there is something very pleasant to ride in the tide of battle, and hear the whistle of the bullets!”

The fine commanding appearance of Gen. Hood in battle will long be recollected, for it impressed all observers. About six feet two inches in height, with full broad chest and a long brown beard flowing over it, blue eyes piercing though kindly, he was the picture of manly vigour; and even when crippled by his severe wounds, he maintained the appearance and port that had at first won upon his soldiers, and made him one of the most admirable figures in the army. He was remarkable for a powerful melodious voice, that rang out words of command as with the blast of a trumpet, and never failed to be heard in the storm of battle. Since the war, Gen. Hood has resorted to commercial pursuits in New Orleans. Some of his friends, affected by the disability he had sustained in the war, recently proposed a subscription for his benefit; but he proudly declined it in a few becoming and touching words, declaring that despite his maimed body and feeble health, he was yet able to win from the world the few things necessary for a livelihood.

LIEUT.-GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

CHAPTER LXI.

His ancestry in South Carolina.—His service in the United States Army.—Aide to Gen. Beauregard at Fort Sumter.—Commands Virginia cavalry.—Assigned to Artillery.—Gallant and important action of his batteries at Second Manassas.—Anecdote illustrating the spirit of that day.—Gen. Lee in command at Vicksburg.—Extraordinary compliment from President Davis.—Gen. Lee repulses Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou.—Battle of Baker's Creek.—Wonderful escape of Gen. Lee in the retreat.—Siege of Vicksburg.—Action of the 22d June, 1863.—Heroism of Texan soldiers.—Gen. Lee commands the cavalry in Mississippi.—His operations against Sherman.—He commands the Southwestern Department.—Raids of the enemy.—Assignment of Gen. Lee to Hood's Army.—The Tennessee campaign.—Gen. Lee protects the retreat.—Reflections upon his extraordinary career.

STEPHEN D. LEE was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 22d September, 1833. His family was of the most distinguished of the State, and of historical note. During the Revolutionary war, when the British took Charleston, they seized forty of the principal citizens, and confined them on prison ships at St. Augustine, until the close of the war. Among those who thus suffered for their country's cause was the great-grandfather of the subject of our sketch. His grandfather was United States Judge in South Carolina; he was a man of great talents, and he was remarkable for the prominent and brave part he took in the "Nullification" difficulties on the Union side. A long and interesting account of his life, and this phase of it, may be found in O'Neil's "Bench and Bar of South Carolina."

In 1850, Stephen D. Lee entered West Point, and graduated with J. E. B. Stuart, Curtis, Lee, Pender, Pegram, Gracie, Villepigue, and others afterwards distinguished in the war of the Con-

federates. Among his class-mates were, also, O. O. Howard, Weed, and others of note in the Federal army. Lee served six years as second-lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery, doing duty at various times on the frontiers of Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. In 1856, he was promoted to a first lieutenancy in the company commanded by Captain Pemberton (afterwards Lieut-Gen. Pemberton in the Confederate service), and was made regimental quartermaster. In 1857, he served under Col. Loomis against the Indians in Florida.

As soon as it was evident what course events, arising from the sectional controversy between the North and South, would take, Lee resigned from the army—being then at Fort Randal, Nebraska. Although he took this step with regret, and although he was never sanguine of the success of the Southern movement for independence, he could not hesitate to follow the fortunes of his State. He was made a Captain in the volunteer forces of South Carolina; and in the formation of the Confederate army, the same rank was obtained. Commencing at this low step in the military service of the South, long without opportunities of conspicuous service, the glorious distinction yet awaited him of serving through every grade from Captain to Lieutenant-General, accomplishing each ascent of rank and fame by the force of individual merit, and with the disdain of any other influences to recommend him.

His first active service in the war was as aide to Gen. Beauregard, and he participated in the attack on Fort Sumter. He and another officer carried the demand for surrender, and being refused, gave the orders to the nearest batteries to fire on the fort. He was subsequently appointed commissary, then quartermaster, then engineer officer in Charleston, in 1861. The duties of these posts were distasteful to him, and he accepted the position tendered him by the election of the men, of Captain of a light battery in Hampton's Legion. In this command he was engaged for several months in harassing the Federal gunboats and transports on the Potomac River, and in turning the enemy's attention from the construction of heavy batteries near Dumfries. In November, 1861, he was promoted Major of artillery. He accompanied Johnston's army to Yorktown, and back to Richmond in the Peninsular campaign. For his services he was promoted Lieut.-Colonel; was engaged at Seven Pines in Whiting's division; and was afterwards in Magruder's division in the "seven days' battles" around Richmond,

fighting the enemy at Savage Station and Malvern Hill, and commanding six batteries. After Malvern Hill, when the Confederate army was drawn back towards Richmond, Col. Lee was assigned to the command of the 4th Virginia cavalry, whose field officers were wounded.

For a number of weeks he was constantly engaged in active scouting duty. His regiment had several skirmishes and affairs with the enemy near Malvern Hill, and was complimented for its activity and gallantry by the Commanding General. When the army moved into Northern Virginia, Lee was assigned to a battalion of artillery, with the rank of Colonel.

The part his batteries played in the second battle of Manassas was decisive, and has claimed a brilliant page in every history of the war. They occupied a high and commanding ridge between the corps of Longstreet and Jackson, and during the early part of the action carried on an artillery duel with the enemy. In the evening a heavy attempt was made to crush Jackson, when Lee's batteries turned upon the advancing columns of the enemy, and engaged in one of the most desperate and furious actions of the war. For three quarters of an hour the twenty guns played into the ranks of the enemy at a distance not exceeding 800 yards. At one time there were Federal troops not more than 100 yards from the muzzles of the guns. The slaughter was terrific, and after a vain attempt of the enemy to encounter the fire of the batteries he gave up the field. The affair was so conspicuous as to bring Col. Lee into the notice of the whole army, and for the first time introduced him to the attention and favour of President Davis, who was pleased to say that his services at the critical juncture in which he had been engaged, saved the day.

He had fought here with some interesting incidents. In the artillery duel of the morning, Lt. Elliott was handling two Parrott guns with great dexterity. Seeing a caisson of the Federals moving in the field, he called Col. Lee's attention to it, as he intended to strike it. They estimated the distance, and he sighted his gun for 3,500 yards. The shot must have almost struck the caisson, which took the gallop from a position which had been supposed secure from its distance. A second shot killed the two wheel horses, and disabled it. It was a most remarkable shot for distance and precision, and showed the proficiency of a battalion.

which, besides its laurels on this field, obtained much subsequent distinction in the war.

An anecdote illustrates the spirit of this glorious day in Lee's battalion. In the afternoon, as the action became hotter, Capt. Parker was serving his guns with admirable steadiness and zeal. The Captain was an elderly man, very pious; and many of his company were boys placed specially under charge for his good example and fatherly care. As the different reserves of the enemy were driven back two or three times in their effort to reach their front line, engaged with Jackson, it became evident that they must capture the batteries in the way of a successful assault. Animated by the necessity of penetrating this fire, the enemy rushed gallantly on, some of the men getting within 100 yards of Parker's guns. They were repulsed in great disorder, and with terrible loss. The excitement was intense, and one little fellow of sixteen years rushed up to Capt. Parker, and exclaimed, "Captain, God has given us the victory!" "Yes, my son," was the reply, "but go back to your gun. We will thank God *after a while*."*

Col. Lee shared in the Maryland campaign, and was engaged in the battle of Sharpsburg, where his command lost heavily—more than 100 men and 90 horses out of four batteries. On the return of the Army of Northern Virginia to its old lines of defence, his connection with it ceased. Although his transfer to another theatre of operations was accompanied with promotion, he quitted Virginia with regret. The general opinion was that there was the head and front of the war, and that the officers who remained in the army that operated there had the best chance of distinction. The Western army was under a cloud; with fine officers and good troops, fortune was against it; and a malignant star had cast upon

* The artillery which Lee commanded in the second battle of Manassas, and which made there its first well-recognized mark of glory, was composed of Rhett's South Carolina Battery, under Lieut. William Elliott, and Parker's, Eubank's and Jordan's Virginia Batteries. This, with Moody's Mississippi Battery (afterwards added), constituted the command of Gen. W. E. Alexander (afterwards Chief of Artillery in Longstreet's Corps), when Lee, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, was sent to the West. It greatly increased its reputation at Fredericksburg, where it relieved the Washington Artillery, and repulsed the last charge of the enemy at dark at Marye's Hill. It was also engaged at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and in all important actions of the Army of Northern Virginia. Its career after Lee left it, was always watched by him with great pride and pleasure, and it was said that he took more interest in it than in any other subsequent command.

it shadows of defeat and disaster which had already made many dark days for the Confederacy.

Lee was made a Brigadier-General, and sent to Vicksburg. About this time President Davis visited Mississippi. The South-west was jealous of Virginia, and open in expressing it. "Virginia," it was said, "got everything, the best troops, all the clothing, the best guns; nobody in Richmond cared what became of the Mississippi Valley." President Davis made a speech at Jackson, Mississippi, to allay the rising discontent. Vicksburg, he said, was to be defended; his native State, Mississippi, was dear to his heart; and he had reason to hope that within her borders there would be achieved victories decisive of the success of the Southern cause. He argued that there were two prominent objects in the programme of the enemy. One was to get possession of the Mississippi River, and to open it to navigation in order to appease the clamours of the West, and to utilize the capture of New Orleans, which had thus far rendered them no service. The other was to seize upon the capital of the Confederacy, and hold this out as a proof that the Confederacy had no existence. "We have recently repulsed them," said the President, "at Fredericksburg, and I believe that under God, and by the valour of our troops, the capital of the Confederacy will stand safe behind its wall of living breasts. * * * * Vicksburg will stand, and Port Hudson will stand, but let every man that can be spared from other vocations hasten to defend them, and thus hold the Mississippi River, that great artery of the Confederacy, preserve our communications with the Trans-Mississippi Department, and thwart the enemy's scheme of forcing navigation through to New Orleans. By holding that section of the river between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, we shall secure these results; and the people of the West, cut off from New Orleans, will be driven to the East to seek a market for their products, and will be compelled to pay so much in the way of freights that those products will be rendered almost valueless. Thus, I should not be surprised if the first daybreak of peace were to dawn upon us from that quarter."

In the close of this speech the name of the young Brigadier-General, who was to command at Vicksburg, was for the first time heard by many of the people of Mississippi. The President said: "Some time since, for reasons not necessary to recapitulate, I sent

a General unknown to most of you, and, perhaps, even by name known but to a few among you. This was the land of my affections. Here was situated the little of worldly goods I possessed. I selected a General who, in my views, was capable of defending my State and discharging the duties of this important service. I am happy to state, after an attentive examination, that I have not been mistaken in the General of my choice. I find that, during his administration here, everything has been done that could be accomplished with the means of his command. I recommend him to your confidence as you may have confidence in me, who selected him. For the defence of Vicksburg, I selected one from the army of the Potomac, of whom it is but faint praise to say he has no superiour. He was sent to Virginia at the beginning of the war, with a little battery of three guns. With these he fought the Yankee gunboats, drove them off, and stripped them of their terrors. He was promoted for distinguished services on various fields. He was finally made a Colonel of cavalry, and I have reason to believe that, at the last great conflict on the field of Manassas, he served to turn the tide of battle and consummate the victory. On succeeding fields he has won equal distinction. Though yet young he has fought more battles than many officers who have lived to an advanced age and died in their beds. I have therefore sent Gen. Stephen D. Lee to take charge of the defences of Vicksburg."

Such praise, than which none could be higher or more acceptable to the patriotic soldier, raised public expectation, and stimulated all the pride and ambition of Lee to execute the great and difficult trusts confided to him. On reporting at Vicksburg, he was assigned to a brigade of Louisiana and Mississippi troops, and given immediate command of the country from Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluff on the Yazoo, including the batteries at the latter place for blockading the river. His force for the field did not exceed three thousand men. With such a force he was called upon to meet the advance of Sherman on Vicksburg, in the winter of 1862-3, and to give the first lesson to the insolence of that charlatan commander.

The enemy made his first demonstration by disembarking his army at the north of Chickasaw Bayou five miles from Vicksburg on the Yazoo River, and at once commenced pushing towards the city in the direction of the road leading from Snyder's Bluff. Encountering him with his small force, Gen. Lee disputed the

ground, inch by inch, to the Bluff, two and a half miles. By holding the enemy in check for an entire day, he was enabled to construct a few rifle pits, to shelter his small command on the long line he had to defend, a distance of twelve miles from Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluff. The enemy seeing the small force in front of him, determined on an assault, and crossing Chickasaw Bayou moved gallantly to the attack, Blair's Missouri division and part of Morgan L. Smith's in the lead. Curiously enough, a week before the action, Gen. Lee had reconnoitred the precise field, and had then remarked to one of his officers that "it was the weakest point around Vicksburg, and that if the enemy ever came towards the city he would try this route." His predictions were exactly realized. But the assault of the enemy was repulsed; four hundred of their dead and wounded were left on the field, and four hundred prisoners; and so decisive was the repulse, and so blind was Sherman to the advantages he had fallen upon, that he desisted from further action, embarked on his transports, and left the Yazoo to try some other plan or point of attack. The victory was a most important one; it came near extinguishing Sherman's then flickering reputation; and it was achieved by Gen. Lee in the most unequal and desperate circumstances.

When Lieut.-Gen. Pemberton undertook the defence of Vicksburg, to conclude its heroic memories by an ill-starred chapter of disaster, Lee's forces were drawn into the city, and, in addition to his brigade, he was assigned command of all the heavy batteries. In the unfortunate campaign against Grant, when Gen. Pemberton entangled himself with his columns, in such a way as to be defeated in detail and finally shut up in Vicksburg, Gen. Lee took the field with the Alabama brigade in Stevenson's division, and by the gallant service of his command did much to relieve the general story of misfortune. In the battle of Baker's Creek, Lee's brigade was on the left, covering the roads to Jackson and Raymond. The battle was a clever surprise on the part of the enemy. He was supposed to be eight or ten miles off, when he was actually turning the left flank of the Confederates, screened only by a skirt of woods. The surprise was ascribed to Pemberton's want of cavalry, but is more justly attributed to lack of vigilance of those he did have. Gen. Lee was the first to discover the danger of the army, and immediately sent word to his superiour officer, Maj.-Gen. Stevenson,

at the same time endeavoring to check the enemy, and losing heavily in the encounter. His troops were compelled to move constantly to the left while engaged, to prevent the enemy from gaining the road to Vicksburg in the rear of Pemberton's forces. There was hot fighting that day on the part of some of the Confederate commands, but to no purpose. Pemberton was defeated, and commenced retreating at 4 o'clock P.M. The loss was heavy, especially in Bowen's and Lee's brigades—the latter losing more than 1,000 men, or about one-third of its effective numbers. Gen. Lee was highly complimented by his division commander, for his display of personal gallantry in the action. Several times during the day he rallied different regiments by taking their colours and leading them in person. He had three horses shot under him within a period of twenty minutes; several balls passed through his clothes, and he was slightly wounded in the shoulder.

During the retreat he made a yet more wonderful escape. He and his Adjutant, Capt. Elliott, were conducting some troops to reinforce at a bridge, on a road about a mile from the one by which the main army was retreating. Gen. Lee was informed that the road was still in possession of the Confederates. Seeing troops in advance, the two galloped ahead to reconnoitre. The enemy seeing them approach, with a column in their rear, halted in the woods and proceeded to ambush them. Two Federals in gray shirts were sent out to ride leisurely along a fence, as a decoy, to take the two officers before they could give the alarm to the column, now about half a mile in the rear. So perfect was the deception that Gen. Lee and Capt. Elliott rode up within six paces of the men, and within seventy-five yards of the enemy's infantry and artillery. Two pistols were presented, and they were called on to surrender. They wheeled their horses, the pistols were discharged without effect, while the infantry and artillery both opened fire on them. Their escape seemed miraculous. After the surrender of Vicksburg, a Federal officer who witnessed the affair, recognized Gen. Lee as one of the parties, and told him he could not account for his escape from such a fire.

The sorrowful siege of Vicksburg was not without its incidents of glory. A terrible assault was made by the Federals on the 22d June, 1863. The fighting was heavy all along the line, the enemy carrying part of one of Gen. Lee's redoubts, and planting three

stands of colours on it. Lieut.-Col. Pettus was ordered to retake it. He made several attempts to get his command to assault, but without success; the men were, in a measure, demoralized by the previous events of the day. Col. Waul, commanding the Texas Legion, was ordered to detail forty men for the assault, and to take the Federal colours floating over the narrow breach. An entire company of noble Texan volunteers stepped out for the work. But forty of them were selected, and as they reported themselves ready, the bravery and coolness of the men made them a remarkable spectacle, even at a time when the excitement of battle was thrilling along the whole line. Fuses were cut from six-pounder shell to use as hand grenades to be thrown over the traverse. Before the Federals could imagine such a desperate assault, Pettus and his forty Texans were upon them; the colours were captured, and in the onset a hundred prisoners taken. Instantly about thirty guns of the enemy were trained on the narrow spot where stood the bold adventurers; they were almost buried in the earth and debris which the shot threw up around them, but strange to say, though some were wounded, not a man was killed, and the captured colours were carried back in triumph. They were presented to Col. Waul, as due to the bravery of the Texans. It was another instance of the heroism of the soldiers of the "Lone Star," another instance of that terrible courage which so often tried the balance between life and death, was ready for all desperate enterprises, and made the name of Texans one of peculiar terror to the enemy.

During this assault, Gen. Lee, Col. Waul, and the Adjutant of the latter were standing in an exposed position on the line, in full view of the assaulting column. The Adjutant was shot through the heart. Two days afterwards, the Federals, under a flag of truce, reclaimed their dead for burial. One of the party pointed out a place on the line, saying that during the assault three Confederate officers had stood there, that he made forty men fire a volley at them, and he asked if one had not been killed.

The surrender of Vicksburg took place when the trenches of the enemy were only twenty feet from some parts of the line held by Gen. Lee. He was a prisoner but a short time, and being exchanged, he was promoted on the 3d August, 1863, and was a Major-General at the age of thirty. He was now assigned to the command of all the cavalry in Mississippi, to operate against Grant.

But the latter did not advance further than Brandon, being satisfied to hold Vicksburg, and withdrawing his troops to other points. Gen. Lee was then directed to operate upon the enemy's communications towards Chattanooga, and to assist the enterprise of Wheeler, who had just returned from his famous raid through Middle and West Tennessee. When Sherman moved from Memphis to reinforce Grant at Chattanooga, rebuilding the road from Florence to Tusculumbia, Gen. Lee, although he had but two small brigades, threw them in front of his old enemy, and disputed his progress obstinately from Bear Creek. He succeeded in destroying the railroad to Tusculumbia so thoroughly, that Sherman gave up the route, retraced his steps to Eastport, and then crossed the Tennessee River, marching on the north side to meet Grant. The delay thus effected was important, and Gen. Lee was complimented by Bragg for the vigour and efficacy of his operation.

Returning to Mississippi, he was engaged in the difficult task of gathering and organizing the scattered cavalry. There were but two effective brigades in the State at that time. Gen. Lee had an extensive country under his command, but only a few troops for its defence—enough, perhaps, to raise the expectations of his countrymen, or to allure an advance of the enemy, but not enough to effect anything. It was a disheartening command, where the utmost bravery could secure but little glory.

When Sherman made his bootless expedition from Vicksburg to Meridian, looking to some remote strategy not easily apprehended—for there was no rich country to despoil, and he traversed a region of pine barrens and sand-hills—Lee, with his little force, was again in his front, falling back day by day, but at every step skirmishing and harassing the enemy. He hung upon his march from the Big Black to Meridian. Gen. Polk, with his small army, had retired to Demopolis; and Sherman, with his thirty thousand men, marched back to his starting-point, burning a few dépôts on his route, but finding nothing of considerable value to destroy. The railroad, after he left it, was in running order in a month. Gen. Lee moved towards Okalona, to assist Forrest; but the latter had already driven the Federal cavalry back into Memphis.

In April, 1864, Lieut.-Gen. Polk was ordered to reinforce Gen. Johnston, then commanding the Army of Tennessee, at Dalton; also to turn over the command of his department (consisting of

Alabama, Mississippi, West Tennessee and East Louisiana), to Maj.-Gen. S. D. Lee. This placed the latter in a delicate position, as there were two senior officers, Major-Generals, ranking him in the Department. Gen. Polk took with him all the infantry, including even the garrison of Mobile, and the division of cavalry Gen. Lee had commanded, leaving the latter with a large department, exposed on all sides to the enemy, and no troops except a division of cavalry under Gen. Forrest, in North Mississippi. Memphis and Vicksburg were heavily garrisoned by the enemy, and he at once commenced making raids into East Louisiana, towards Jackson and from Memphis. At Gen. Johnston's urgent request, Gen. Forrest was started into Middle Tennessee, to interrupt railroad communications in rear of Sherman. Scarcely had he started, when Gen. Lee recalled him from the vicinity of Tusculumbia, to meet Sturgis, marching from Memphis with about seven thousand infantry and cavalry. This force Forrest easily routed with less than half its numbers.

Shortly thereafter, Lee, now made Lieutenant-General, was called upon to meet another raid, moving out from Memphis, under A. J. Smith, and consisting of about 16,000 men, a large portion being veteran infantry, with some cavalry. Gen. Lee could not bring more than 6,000 cavalry against this force, but to show his weakness was to surrender his department to the enemy, to be overrun at their pleasure. Along the Mobile and Ohio railroad lies an exceedingly fertile country, which had never been ravaged by the Federals, and which at that time was furnishing untold supplies to Johnston's army. It was of vital importance to protect it. Gen. Lee took command of his forces in person. He met Smith near Pontotac, and after three days' desperate fighting, culminating in the action of Harrisburg, one of the severest fights of the war, he drove the enemy and compelled his retreat before a force one-third his numbers. The troops which achieved this victory were mostly those of Gen. Forrest's command under Brig.-Gen. Buford, Chalmers, Rucker and Mabry.

When Gen. Hood was put in chief command of the Army of Tennessee, Gen. Lee was assigned to the command of the corps from which the former had been promoted. He reported on the 20th July, and was at once put on active duty. His corps was first engaged with a part of Stewart's in trying to prevent the enemy's

extension of his line towards the west around Atlanta. There was a severe engagement, resulting, as did the actions of the 20th and 22d July, in no advantage to the Confederates. The next action of importance in which Lee was engaged was at Jonesboro, where his own and Hardee's corps fought the enemy without success.

In the Tennessee campaign, following the fall of Atlanta, Lee's corps was the first to cross the Tennessee River, at Florence. At Columbia, the Federals evacuated the place and formed in line of battle on the other side of the river. Gen. Lee engaged them with two divisions of his corps (Stevenson's and Clayton's), while Hood with the other troops made a detour and gained their rear at Spring Hill. At Franklin, but one division of Lee's corps was engaged (Johnston's), but he was with it. His command took three stands of colours. In the two days' battles around Nashville, his corps was on the extreme right, and repulsed every assault of the enemy; but it was compelled to withdraw in some disorder when the other forces were found to have given way. The three days following, were those of flight, the enemy closely pursuing.

Order was necessary to save Hood's army. Lee's troops made the rear-guard; and when retreat was determined they confronted the victorious pursuers, falling back slowly and steadily, and halting the night after the fatal battle, eight miles from the field. The next day at early dawn, the Federal cavalry under Wilson, 8,000 or 10,000 strong, came down upon them; they were well managed and confident; they charged front and flanks up to ten o'clock in the morning. But Lee, with desperate courage, held them in check. So bold was the enemy's cavalry that numbers of them were captured by being dragged from their horses. About 2 P. M., Gen. Lee was painfully wounded in the foot, but kept command until 11 o'clock that night. About 4 P. M., the enemy's cavalry again tried to rout the rear-guard, their efforts being more persistent than in the morning. At one time they succeeded in getting between Stevenson's and Clayton's divisions, assaulting both continuously for half an hour, but without breaking either. Next morning Gen. Forrest with his cavalry was sent to the assistance of the rear-guard. Up to that time the only cavalry with it was a small force under Gen. A. Buford, who received a sabre-cut on the head, in a hand to hand encounter. Lee's corps was the only organized command during the day after the battle, and all day it had to oppose the

exultant charges of the foe. He was the only corps commander complimented in Gen. Hood's official report.

Gen. Lee followed the army across the Tennessee River, and being disabled by his wound, proceeded to Columbus, Mississippi. Here he found a brief time in which to indulge tenderer sentiments than those inspired by war's rough usage, and he was married to Miss Harrison, of the place, a lady known and admired for her intellectual accomplishments as well as for her large portion of the beauty, wit, and amiability belonging to her sex. He rejoined his command on crutches. As soon as he was able to travel, he reported to his corps headquarters in North Carolina. At Smithfield, the army was reorganized; but he was retained in command of his corps, and was surrendered and paroled with Gen. Johnston's army.

In person, Gen. Lee is tall, six feet high, with dark hair and eyes. Of a high-toned and circumspect life, of unobtrusive and modest manners, he is a man who commands respect without sensation, and wins the steady regard of friendship, without protestation. Shy and reserved except with those he knows well, it is only in such company that he does himself justice. His character is not one of single, striking features; but he presents a fine mixture of the elements of manhood, and as a military commander he was noted for the range and just balance of his accomplishments. A remark of President Davis was reported during the war in which, speaking of some officers, and their special fitness for different arms of the service, he added: "I have tried Stephen D. Lee in cavalry, infantry and artillery, and found him not only serviceable, but superiour in all." Fortune did not favour him; but on the contrary, his frequent shiftings to different fields and arms disturbed the growth of his reputation, and multiplied the tests of his superiourity. When he was rising in reputation as an artillerist, in the second battle of Manassas, he was promoted, and sent to a brigade of infantry at Vicksburg. Here the actions of Chickasaw Bayou and Baker's Creek were bringing him into public notice, when he was transferred to a command of cavalry. Again, commencing another ascent of reputation, when he had organized his forces, and commenced to realize what success he could, out of the most disheartening material, and over almost insurmountable obstacles, he was returned to the command of infantry, but this time with the full reward of a Lieutenant-General's com-

mission, and a veteran corps in the Army of Tennessee. Prompt and equal to all these various tests of his abilities, he accomplished one of the best-founded reputations of the war. It may be said of him that he gave additional interest and lustre to the most glorious and magical name of the war—that of LEE—now thrice recorded in this volume, and celebrated in an unvarying story of virtuous sentiments and heroic deeds.

MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

CHAPTER LXII.

His first military experience as a private in the British Army.—Campaign, under Hardee, in Missouri.—His part in the Kentucky campaign.—Gallantry at Murfreesboro'.—Splendid conduct of his division at Chickamauga.—Affairs with the enemy at Tunnel Hill and Ringgold.—Gen. Cleburne's last order in the battle of Franklin.—Effect of his death on the army.—His qualities as a commander.—His humour.—Anecdotes of the camp.—The society or order of "Comrades of the Southern Cross."—The battle-flag of Cleburne's division.

THE military fame of Patrick R. Cleburne is summed in the title he won in the war—"the Stonewall Jackson of the West." He was an Irishman by birth, and having crossed the Channel to better his fortune, found his life in England so difficult, that, as a last resort, he joined the British army. He was then only twenty-two years of age. In the low condition of the private soldier he took his first military lessons, and what he learned here of drills and discipline was often recalled to his mind on fields he then little dreamed of. At one time he was promoted, for good conduct, to the rank of corporal. After remaining about three years in the British army, he procured his discharge through the influence of some friends, and, conceiving a larger adventure, crossed the ocean to make his home in the Western wilds of America.

The opening of the war of 1861 found the Irish emigrant in Arkansas, practicing law at Helena, and enjoying a distinction in his profession and in society won by years of honourable labour. He was among the first to raise a company for the defence of the State. With this company he joined the 15th Arkansas Regiment, and, when it was organized for active service, the choice of the men almost unanimously designated Cle-

burne as their Colonel. His first campaign was with Hardee, in Missouri. On the termination of this brief, though severe campaign (especially severe, as the troops were then unaccustomed to hardships), he crossed the Mississippi River, accompanying the command of Gen. Hardee to Bowling Green, Kentucky.

During these short campaigns he had displayed such fine soldierly qualities that he was assigned to the command of a brigade. At the battle of Shiloh, and around Corinth, he fully sustained the estimate his superiors had formed of him; and in the re-organization of the army at Tupelo, Mississippi, it was remarked that no officer laboured harder to improve its discipline and effectiveness. At the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, he commanded a division, and to the fire and energy of his attack was mainly due the defeat and almost total destruction of "Bull" Nelson's army. In this battle he was painfully wounded; yet, in two or three weeks thereafter, we find him amidst the carnage at Perryville, and gathering some of the bloodiest laurels of that field.

In the fierce and protracted contest of Murfreesboro, Gen. Cleburne commanded a division with the rank of Major-General. There he took part in the memorable attack on the right of the Federal army, the desperate power of which was arrested only when the mass in its front became too dense for penetration. On the repulse of the last charge, in the confused mass of men and banners, amid showers of grape, shell and canister, cutting down the cedars like wheat-straw, Gen. Cleburne was seen endeavouring to restore order, and braving the death whose threats shrieked and howled in the air around him. His time had not then come, and he was unscathed by the storm.

At Chickamauga, he was one of the most prominent actors. In the first day's battle his division (of Hill's corps) was called up late in the evening to dislodge the enemy from a position he had stubbornly maintained during the day. It was about sunset; all was then quiet, with the exception of an occasional shot from a picket; suddenly came the order for Cleburne to advance, and there was a blinding flash in the air and a deafening roar, the work of an instant. The enemy was within a short distance, and as Cleburne's division advanced it was wrapped in fire and smoke, and for fifteen minutes there was one continuous roar of arms, in

which the ear could not distinguish a moment's cessation. In that fifteen minutes the position was won and held; and in the night that followed Cleburne, wrapt in his blanket, slept close to the enemy's lines, taking rest for the work of the morrow which made the Confederate victory complete.

After Chickamauga, and until the retreat of the Confederate army from the disastrous field of Missionary Ridge, Gen. Cleburne had but little opportunity to distinguish himself. In that retreat his division brought up the rear, and about the time it reached Tunnel Hill it had to sustain an assault of about 10,000 men of all arms. Here Gen. Cleburne, by the excellent disposition of his men and the inspiration of his commands, repulsed three different attacks made on his position by Sherman, chastising that insolent commander so severely that he fell back and fortified, while the Confederates passed safely across the Chickamauga. The fording of this stream was an event often recalled by the hardy soldiers of Cleburne's command, whose boast it had been to have been "foremost in every fight and hindmost in every retreat." It was about three o'clock in the morning and a freezing atmosphere when the men plunged into the water and struggled to climb the frozen and slippery opposite bank. Just beyond the stream lay the little town of Ringgold, through which Confederate troops were already moving; the main army struggling in a confused mass among the network of running streams beyond the gap through which it had effected its retreat. Cleburne's division had almost cleared the town, and the safety of the army was thought assured, when again the enemy made his appearance, and compelled a last and desperate contest. Orders were dispatched to Gen. Cleburne to form his line of battle on a commanding ridge, and informed him that the progress of the army was so impeded that something must be quickly done to save it. The Federals advanced boldly up the ridge, attempting it bravely and struggling up the ascent, until in some places they had advanced within twenty paces of the Confederate line. But there were men there animated by the appeals of a favourite General, and determined to die rather than yield an inch of the critical ground. The Federals were cut down by well-directed shot; stones were hurled upon them by men whose muskets were impracticable; and at last they retreated in confusion, leaving about 1,000 killed

and wounded and 250 prisoners. The victory won here by Gen. Cleburne convinced the enemy that the Confederates were not a demoralized fugitive army, and determined Gen. Grant to recall the pursuit, impressed as he already was with the necessity of despatching reinforcements to aid Burnside at Knoxville.

In the series of defensive operations in which the Army of Tennessee was engaged under the command of Gen. Johnston, during the summer of 1864, Gen. Cleburne was not conspicuous, and there was nothing calling for especial mention of his name. He accompanied Gen. Hood in that famous and fatal attempt to recover Tennessee, which probably lost the Southern Confederacy. On the 20th November, 1864, the Army of Tennessee approached Franklin, and Gen. Cleburne arriving on the heights that overlooked the town, took his position on the right of the road leading from Spring Hill. He formed his brigades into column; and before the hour of attack came, he instructed his Brigadiers to impress upon the men the advantages of carrying the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet. The works, he declared, *must* be carried, and the quicker they were in them, the shorter would be the time they were under fire, and the smaller their loss. No man was to stop to fire; all were to move forward as rapidly as possible. It was half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when the signal of attack was given, Cleburne's division then being some 300 or 400 yards from the front line of the enemy's works, and sheltered by slightly rising ground. Then came the command, from Gen. Cleburne, "Fix bayonets!" delivered in a voice as clear and piercing as was the cold, sharp, deadly steel the men were told to handle. Another instant and the word, "Forward," rang down the line. It was Gen. Cleburne's last order; for, in obeying it, he and half of his division marched to death. He was within twenty paces of the rear-rank, his sharp eye upon his brigadiers, searching the conduct of his troops, when he fell from his horse, pierced by three wounds. He died on the battle-field.

With Cleburne expired much of the spirit of the Army of Tennessee. His hardy and tried veterans were principally from the Southwestern States, beyond and bordering on the Mississippi River, and were distinguished for impetuosity in the charge—that part of the battle where the ardour of the soldier comes most

into play, and courage flames most grandly. It has been said, "his division would have made the reputation of any man that commanded it." There is some truth in this remark; but it is also true that Gen. Cleburne made his division what it was, and educated it up to the point of uniform success. He was a good disciplinarian; he was remarkable for his close personal attention to details; he gained the steady regard of his troops by a conscientious care for all their reasonable wants; and impetuous on the field, he showed his appreciation of that method of attack which at once acquires momentum and inspires men by the rapidity and decision of the movement.

In person, Gen. Cleburne was of the medium height, sparely made, growing thinner as the war progressed, and mind and body were worn by a restless activity. He had a grey eye of very changeful expression, sometimes as cold and dead as that of a fish, yet when excited, flashing like a broadsword. His hair that was originally black became very grey before the close of the war, and being closely cropped, it stood above his forehead in bristly individuality. High cheek bones, with thin lower visage, a rather sallow complexion, with but little beard, and remarkably large ears, with long limbs and heavy emphatic steps in walking, he was not one who, in appearance or manners, would have won admiration or confidence. His features were not repulsive, they were very plain; but when on duty he habitually wore on his countenance a somewhat terrible expression which not a little impressed his men, and signified the earnestness he really possessed. This expression was partly natural and partly due to an ugly wound from a minié ball at Richmond, Kentucky, which had carried away two of his front teeth, and disfigured his mouth. His accent would at any time have betrayed his nativity; but it was especially remarkable when he gave emphatic orders. Habitually thoughtful and grave, he was considered cold and repellent in manner by those who only met him in his official capacity; but to his intimate friends, he was genial and pleasant in conversation, with, at times, a real sparkling of Irish wit and humour that would bring the hearty laugh from auditors, responsive to his rather grim smile.

The men who served under him relate many anecdotes of his peculiar humour. His usual habit was to wear an old brown

hat, and a coat, originally of Confederate grey, dyed a dingy dirty black, his appearance being described as "more like a waggon-master than a General." For the former character he was mistaken once by some of his men, at whose expense he enjoyed a hearty laugh. Joining a group of shivering tatterdemallions on a wintry day, he asked "why they did not get some rails and make a fire." One of them said "it would not do, they were too near Pat Cleburne's headquarters." The reply was, "never mind Pat Cleburne, get some rails and make a fire." "Well," said one of the group, "if you are not afraid of him, get the rails yourself, and I'll bet in five minutes Pat Cleburne will be down here, with his guard at his heels, and have you marking time in front of his tent." "I will take the bet," said the General, "and now get the rails and if anybody says anything to you, say *General Cleburne* told you to get them"—considerable emphasis being put on the word "General," for the title had been entirely neglected in the conversation.

He prided himself in being up to all the "tricks" of the men; and indeed his former experience, as a common soldier, made him a master detective in this particular. In the season when apples ripened, it happened on the march that some of the men often got ahead of the division to strip the trees on the road-side of their fruit, and afterwards sell it in camp or trade it for biscuit. This nice arrangement was spoiled by Gen. Cleburne in a notable way. About the time when the stragglers would be cooling themselves under the shade of some apple-tree, and discussing the probabilities of obtaining buttermilk at the next house, Cleburne's escort would come up, arrest the party, and then compel them to carry a load of apples to the road-side for the men as they passed by. The General himself superintended this part of the operations. He would pass an order down the column for each man to take two apples from the pile as he marched by; he would then take his position near the apples, to see that the men took their allowance, and woe to the unlucky wretch who exceeded it. The duty was performed by him with the utmost gravity, until he saw completed the last distribution of the stolen fruit.

Gen. Cleburne is reported to have instituted, or originated, the secret order (approximating the order of the "Cincinnati")

of the old revolution) known as the order of the "Comrades of the Southern Cross," which, though partially philanthropic in its object, was intended mainly to bind together as one man the soldiers of the Southern army, obligating themselves to stand by each other, and never to desert their comrades in distress, or the cause of their country in any adversity, while she maintained an organized opposition to threatened tyranny. He attributed the valour of his troops mainly to the effect of this organization, and he was anxious that it should be extended throughout the Southern armies.

There was a peculiarity of Cleburne's division that distinguished it to the time of the death of its commander. It never fought under the flag of the "Southern Cross," but retained the original blue battle-flag with white moon in the centre, adopted originally by Gen. Hardee, previous to the battle of Shiloh. The union of the Confederate flag, the "St. Andrew's Cross," when adopted as the battle-flag of the Confederate armies, was, on more than one occasion, brought on parade to be presented to the different regiments of this division, but at the urgent solicitation of the Major-General and his entire command, they were allowed to retain their old bullet-riddled blue flags, *each* of which had earned the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of *every* battle in which they had been engaged. It was, indeed, a compliment to their commander and the gallantry of the men that this division should have been the only one in the Confederate service allowed to carry into battle other than the national colours. This azure flag became well known to friends and foes; it clearly defined Cleburne's position in the line; and if not always on the track of victory, it never moved where lurked disaster and shame.

LIEUT.-GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Services in the United States Army.—His command of cavalry under Gen. Bragg.—Important service at Murfreesboro.—Desperate encounter with the enemy at Shelbyville.—Personal gallantry of Gen. Wheeler.—His famous raid into Tennessee.—Summary of services in the Western Army.—Operations of Wheeler's cavalry on Sherman's march through Georgia.—Gen. Wheeler's farewell address to his troops.—What he accomplished in the war.—His career and genius.

JOSEPH WHEELER was born in Augusta, Georgia, on the 10th September, 1836. His youth was spent in the first schools of the country, and, in 1854, he was appointed to West Point, and was among the first that graduated under the five year rule.

In October, 1859, he was ordered to the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and there remained on duty during the winter. In the spring of 1860, we find him in New Mexico, stationed, successively, at Forts Union, Craig, and Fillmore, and engaging in several important scouts against the hostile Indians. Early in March, 1861, seeing the storm-cloud gathering over his country, he at once decided his course, and when his native State seceded, forwarded his resignation and returned to Georgia. On his arrival, he was commissioned 1st lieutenant of artillery in the regular army, and assigned to duty at Pensacola, Florida. He was subsequently promoted to the Colonelcy of the 19th Alabama Infantry Regiment, and bore brave part in the great battle of Shiloh.

In the latter part of July, 1861, he was placed in command of the cavalry of the Army of Mississippi, which had been idle, and had worn away, for want of care, to a mere squad. In four days after taking command, he had penetrated the ene-

my's lines, and was destroying bridges on the line of communication near Bolivar and Jackson, Tennessee. A large force, not less than twenty times his own, was sent to capture him, but he eluded his pursuers and brought his command out in safety. From this period, the true genius of the young soldier began to expand and show itself, and it soon became manifest that the cavalry was to shine forth and aid our cause in a manner never before conceived by our military men.

Upon the march of Bragg's army into Kentucky, Col. Wheeler struck many a well-aimed blow at the flanks of the enemy, as he rapidly retreated to the Ohio River. His gallantry and the brilliancy of his charges at Mumfordsville, elicited the admiration and compliments of the enemy. During the battle of Perryville, he handled his command with ability, keeping back, during the day, by his stubborn resistance, an entire corps of the enemy. Gen. Polk commended his gallantry for leading a charge in which a battery and a number of prisoners were taken.

When Gen. Bragg determined to leave Kentucky, he appointed Col. Wheeler chief of cavalry, and entrusted to him the work of covering the retreat. Although this responsibility was of a magnitude sufficient to appal many an older soldier, this gallant and intrepid soldier bore it, and distinguished himself in many a brilliant engagement. From Danville to Loudon, the blush of the grey dawn and the shades of night alike bore testimony to the able manner in which the enemy's exultant columns were met and handsomely repulsed. His soldiers soon learned, from his always being in front and ever watchful at night, that their labour was not only one of great importance, but about to reflect honour alike upon officer and man. During this retreat, his effective force did not exceed, at any time, one thousand men; but so ingeniously did he dispose it, that he protected every approach to the Confederate army, and forced the enemy to advance in long lines of battle, under the impression that a large infantry force was in his front. Thus was his advance restricted to six or seven miles per day. So successfully was the retreat covered by the cavalry, that, in no instance, was an infantry soldier ever called upon to fire his musket. Gen. Buell, who was severely censured and relieved from the command of his army, for allowing Gen. Bragg to escape from Kentucky, stated,

officially, that the Confederate rear was covered by cavalry, handled with more skill than had ever been known under similar circumstances.

After this campaign, Wheeler, upon the combined recommendation of Gens. Bragg, Polk, Hardee and Buckner, was commissioned Brigadier-General, and immediately sent to Middle Tennessee. Here he was very active, sallying forth almost daily, frequently capturing foraging parties with their trains from Nashville, and keeping his pickets in view of the spires of that city. In one of these engagements his horse was torn to pieces by a cannon ball, his aide killed at his side, and he himself painfully wounded by the fragment of a shell. During two months, he was engaged in twenty distinct fights, besides many skirmishes, at all times exhibiting so dauntless a spirit that the soldiers of his command gave him the sobriquet of "the Little Hero."

Just before the battle of Murfreesboro, Gen. Wheeler did most valuable service in manœuvring his command so as to hold the enemy in check until the Confederate army was prepared to grapple with him on the banks of Stono River. In his official report of the battle, Gen. Bragg stated: "To the skillful manner in which the cavalry, thus ably supported, was handled, and the exceeding gallantry of its officers and men, must be attributed the four days' time engaged by the enemy in reaching the battlefield, a distance of only twenty miles from his encampments, over fine macadamized roads." During these four days it is said that Gen. Wheeler did not sleep as many hours, and was in the saddle eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, now directing a scout, now posting a picket, and then dashing like a phantom on some unsuspecting body of the enemy.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, Wheeler was at work on the enemy's communications, and subsequently covered Gen. Bragg's front, picketing close up to the enemy's main army. Whenever any part of his command could be spared from the front of the army, he would make rapid incursions into the lines of the enemy. After the lapse of some months in this service, he was again called upon to cover the retreat of the Confederate army, as it left the fertile lands of the hospitable and patriotic people of Middle Tennessee, and sought the line of the Tennessee River at Chattanooga. In this movement occurred a desperate encounter at

Shelbyville, and a remarkable display of personal gallantry on the part of Gen. Wheeler. He had been left at Shelbyville to cover the movement of the army to Tullahoma; and, forming his command in front of the Court-House, he fought the enemy warmly as he approached. Finally a column was seen moving rapidly down the road upon which Forrest was expected. Suddenly, as the column drew near, it was discovered they were Federals instead of friends. Three other heavy columns were pressing upon him. One of them had charged a portion of his forces and driven them over the Tullahoma Bridge. Finding himself so completely surrounded, Wheeler started the remainder of his command out of town, and remained with his escort, and checked one column which threatened their destruction. Charge after charge was made, and his sabre flashed over the head of many an invader. When entirely surrounded, he charged through a column which held his line of retreat, and might have himself retired without further danger. He then saw that a portion of his forces had been cut off, and the Federals held the bridge over Duck River, which, if permitted without further resistance, would have enabled them to have pursued and overtaken the army trains. Regardless of his own life, he quickly gathered some fifty or sixty brave spirits, and like a brave "Navarre," hurled himself upon the enemy's flanks, driving them back into the town in utter confusion, opening the road for the escape of his command, and placing the waggon train out of danger. The enemy rallied, and charged again and again, but Wheeler met them with volleys of pistol shots and the clatter of sabres, and repulsed them. It was now sundown; everything was across Duck River in security, and he was about to make still another charge, when a staff officer came up and pointed to his rear, where the enemy had again surrounded him. Wheeling quickly, he charged through a column of the enemy and plunged headlong into the river, then swollen to a mighty torrent, and amid a shower of bullets, he clambered up the opposite bank. Of the sixty who formed this "forlorn hope," but thirteen escaped, and three of these were badly wounded. Gen. Wheeler was dressed in full uniform, and citizens and prisoners taken early in the fight so described him that the Federals easily recognized him, and repeatedly called to each other to capture him. They afterwards

told the citizens of Shelbyville that they "had whipped him that day, but that he was the bravest man in the world."

It is not within the limits and design of this sketch to detail all the operations of Wheeler's command. Its incessant activity would make a long story, and we can do scarcely more than glance at its remarkable services which followed the battle of Chickamauga. The most important and brilliant of these was a raid into Tennessee, in which Gen. Wheeler was ordered to make the circuit of Rosecrans' army. So worn and jaded were his men and horses that his subordinate commanders gave it as their opinion that it was impracticable to execute the order. The commanders of three brigades entered solemn protests against their commands being further called upon in their unserviceable and worn condition. Cavalry officers of extended experience asserted that half of the command would be lost from inability to travel, and even predicted the entire command would be sacrificed. In the face of these discouraging statements and predictions, Wheeler knew nothing but obedience to his orders, and the bugle notes to "march" were sounded. By a skillful *ruse de guerre*, he boldly crossed the Tennessee River at Cotton Port, in the face of an enemy whose strength was fully equal to his own, and drove him towards the Cumberland mountains, capturing nearly a hundred prisoners. At dusk the column was put in motion towards Waldron's Ridge, in a drenching storm. About 10 o'clock, General Wheeler being in advance with his staff and escort, encountered in the extreme darkness of the night a regiment of cavalry, which he charged, driving them into the most perfect confusion, wounding a few of the enemy, and capturing ten prisoners. With great difficulty the command marched up the mountain, and next day reached Sequatchie Valley. By this time the horses were exceedingly worn. He selected about 1,300 of the best mounted men, and took the saddle on the 2d October, 1863, to scour the valley in search of his prey, while the remainder of the command was ordered to march slowly over Cumberland mountain towards McMinnville.

Arriving at Anderson's Cross-Roads, he came in sight of his prey. Upon the level valley as far as the eye could reach, and all the way up the mountains, nothing but the white tops of the enemy's waggon-trains could be seen. This train was guarded by

a brigade of cavalry in front, one in rear, and a brigade of infantry supported by cavalry was directly opposed to him. For nearly two hours the enemy resisted stubbornly, but by attacking each column with vigour in detail, before they had time to concentrate, Gen. Wheeler succeeded in routing them—thus capturing the entire train, with more than a thousand prisoners. No accurate estimate of the number of waggons and value of the property captured could be made, as no one person saw the entire train. The Federal quartermaster in charge showed by his papers that it numbered 800 government waggons, drawn by mules, loaded with all kinds of quartermaster, commissary, ordnance and medical stores, besides which there were a large number of sutlers' waggons, and other private vehicles of all kinds—probably in all about 1,000 waggons. Many citizens who saw the train estimated the number at between 2,000 and 3,000 waggons. Some of the enemy's newspapers represented it as the richest train captured during the war.

From McMinnville Gen. Wheeler moved towards the Nashville railroad. The enemy at Murfreesboro having been strongly reinforced, he deemed it unwise to attack him in his fortifications. After capturing a strong stockade, with its garrison, in the suburbs, destroying the large railroad bridge over Stono River, and tearing up several miles of the track, he moved down the railroad to Wartrace, capturing two trains with supplies at Christiana and Fostersville, tearing up many miles of the track, burning all the railroad bridges, including the large ones near and just below Wartrace and over Duck River, and capturing the stockades, with the garrisons. Thence he marched on Shelbyville, where he captured and destroyed a large quantity of stores, the garrison having beat a hasty retreat the night previous. The garrison of Columbia also retreated rapidly towards Nashville, after destroying their stores.

The designs of the expedition had been accomplished with far greater success than the most sanguine had expected. Gen. Wheeler commenced his return march towards the Tennessee River. Rosecrans' entire cavalry force, not less than 13,000 men, had been warmly fighting him in rear and on the flanks for four days, and had been continually repulsed with great loss. Contesting his way with steady courage and unremitting toil, Gen.

Wheeler continued his withdrawal to the Tennessee River, and crossed it at Muscle Shoals, the enemy appearing on the northern bank as he reached the southern. For forty successive days he had been engaged with the enemy; he had obtained a victory in every fight, destroyed a vast amount of property, and, most important circumstance of all, he had drawn from Rosecrans all of his cavalry. Indeed, it was this forced absence of the enemy's cavalry, to which may be attributed the saving of the Confederate army from utter destruction, when it was defeated at Missionary Ridge, and hard pressed by Hooker's infantry in its rear.

In his campaign in East Tennessee with Longstreet; in his engagements on Johnston's retreat to Atlanta; in his part in the first eight days in the siege of Knoxville, and in the battles of Ringgold, Rocky Face, Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, and Decatur, Gen. Wheeler was constantly engaged in fighting superiour forces of the enemy, and with such success, that it was remarked that the army never met a reverse, or was otherwise than successful in its undertakings, while he commanded its cavalry. When Atlanta was wrested from the Confederates, Wheeler was in Tennessee; and during Hood's disastrous campaign in Tennessee, Wheeler was fighting Sherman in Georgia.

In the latter part of January, 1865, Sherman commenced his march towards Augusta, which march Gen. Wheeler contested, step by step, daily inflicting heavy losses upon the enemy. Every bridge was burned, and deadly volleys poured into Sherman's columns as they attempted to force passages of streams by fording. By this means, the progress of the enemy was slow, and thus ample time was given for the defence of Augusta and other cities. On February 10th and 11th, Gen. Wheeler had a severe fight with the enemy at Aiken, driving back vastly superiour numbers in the greatest confusion, capturing, killing and wounding over two hundred. By these victories, not only were Augusta and Aiken saved, but also the vast manufactories in Graniteville and its vicinity. At Columbia, Gen. Beauregard had assumed command, with a portion of the Army of Tennessee to defend it. Wheeler fought the enemy desperately on his approach to the city, holding him for two days beyond gun-shot range. After the enemy's capture of Columbia, he continued to

harass him as he moved through the Carolinas, daily taking large numbers of prisoners. At Averysboro, Gen. Hardee had become engaged with a largely superior force of the enemy. Gen. Wheeler, hearing the guns, hastened to his relief, reaching the field just in time to check a force of the enemy which was turning his flank, and would have caused great disaster to his army. At Beltonville, he held the left of the Confederate army, and did some heavy fighting during the two days of the engagement. By a gallant charge here he restored the Confederate line of retreat or communication, and held the enemy at bay until Johnston got across Mill Creek. After this battle, Sherman moved with his army to Goldsboro, thus ending the campaign through the Carolinas, during which, Gen. Wheeler captured or placed *hors de combat* more than five thousand of the enemy; was victor in a number of engagements, and saved from the enemy's ravages, Augusta and several smaller cities.

Thus ended hostile conflicts east of the Mississippi River. During the spring, Wheeler was appointed by the President, Lieutenant-General of Cavalry, he having held a command which entitled him to that rank continuously for two years and a half, a longer period than any other officer of the Confederate army had retained continuous command of an army corps in the field. Upon the surrender of the Confederate Army, Gen. Wheeler issued the following farewell address—

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, }
April 29th, 1865. }

“ *Gallant Comrades:*

“ You have fought your battles, your task is done. During a four years' struggle for liberty, you have exhibited courage, fortitude and devotion; you are the sole victors of more than two hundred severely contested fields; you have participated in more than a thousand successful conflicts of arms; you are Heroes, Veterans, Patriots; the bones of your comrades mark battle-fields upon the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; you have done all that human exertion could accomplish. In bidding you adieu, I desire to tender my thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, and your devotion

at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire also to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend towards myself, and to invoke upon you the blessings of our Heavenly Father, to whom we must always look for support in the hour of distress.

“Brethren in the cause of freedom, Comrades in arms, I bid you farewell!

“J. WHEELER.”

Gen. Wheeler had commanded in more than two hundred actions, many of which, considering the numbers engaged, were the most severe and successful recorded in the history of cavalry. In each case where his strength had been equal, and in many cases where it was far inferior to that by which he was opposed, he had entirely overcome the enemy, capturing or dispersing him. In many cases, Gen. Wheeler had been called upon to engage forces many times his superior, in order to retard the enemy while covering retreats, or to create a diversion while important movements were carried on in other localities. Operations of this character, which are the most difficult the service presents, had been conducted by Gen. Wheeler with such consummate skill, that not only had he invariably accomplished the desired object, but in almost every case inflicted a loss upon the enemy far heavier than that which he himself sustained.

Such was the career of a man whose promotion, based upon his own merits, without having influence or friends, presents a rapidity of military advancement with scarcely a parallel in American or European armies. A Cadet at seventeen, a Second Lieutenant at twenty-two, a First Lieutenant at twenty-three, a Colonel at twenty-four, a Brigadier-General at twenty-five, a Major-General at twenty six, a Corps Commander at twenty-six, a Lieutenant-General at twenty-eight.

Gen. Wheeler had sixteen horses killed under him in the war, and a great number wounded. His saddle equipments and clothes had also been frequently struck by the missiles of the enemy. He had himself been three times slightly wounded, and once painfully. He had had thirty-two staff officers, or acting staff officers, killed or wounded. In almost every case when his staff officers had been wounded, they were immediately by his

side, as they sank from their horses to the ground. Although small in stature, Gen. Wheeler is in appearance, "every inch a soldier," and bears a head which, as termed by the phrenologists, is "admirably fixed." His eye is the very impersonation of that quick conception, heroic valour and dauntless courage, which stamped him as one of the great leaders of the war, and which explains how he manœuvred his command under a hail-storm of the missiles of death, regarding them no more than leaves wafted by the wind—or how he led his squadrons to the charge, crashing into the enemy's ranks, and perfectly unconscious of the carnage and death by which he was everywhere surrounded. The contour of his face and the expression of his countenance exhibit that cool judgment, calm thoughtfulness, and quiet dignity, which mark his career as a soldier and gentleman. The arduous duties he performed, which his large cavalry command devolved upon him, only strengthened his energy and endurance. His soldiers had learned to love and admire in him all those noble traits, which, as the distinguished author of Charles XII. says, "stamp him as the steel-clad warrior, with the heart of the patriot and sympathizing man beating in every action."

In scientific and literary attainments, Gen. Wheeler stands among the most learned men of our country. In military information he is most thoroughly read. His system of "Cavalry Tactics" is pronounced by cavalry officers to be the most complete and perfect work yet published. His leisure moments are spent in the study of his profession. A work he is reported to be now preparing, showing the part taken by cavalry in many of the great battles of the world, is said to show great research and profound knowledge.

BRIG.-GEN. FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER.

CHAPTER LXV.

His early life as a politician and member of Congress.—Appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate States Army.—His leniency to the people of East Tennessee.—At Cumberland Gap.—Letter to Governor Magoffin.—The “wild-cat stampede.”—Killed in the battle of Mill Springs.—How the enemy insulted his corpse.—His character.—Extraordinary public regret of his death.

THE record of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer in the war was brief; he fell in the first year of the contest; but at this period of the war there had been no death that inspired a profounder sorrow, for he was a man peculiarly beloved, one who had a wide range of virtues, and a popularity extending over the space of many years.

He was born in Tennessee. He was of Swiss descent, but in what degree the writer is unable to state. His early education was limited, and he was thrown with but little preparation upon his own resources. In his boyhood, he was employed in a printing-office, where he soon became proficient, and was advanced to the editorship of a political newspaper. In 1835, he was editor of the *Columbia Observer*; and afterwards was editor of the *Nashville Banner*, which paper he conducted with ability and success as an exponent of the Whig creed of that day. Here he earned for himself considerable celebrity as a leader and partisan. In 1841, he was appointed Attorney-General of the State. In the same year he was elected Comptroller by the Legislature, and in 1849 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1853, he was sent to Congress from the Nashville district, which position he continued to hold by several re-elections, acquiring much popular distinction as a debater on the leading issues of the day. In the arena of politics he was remarkable for the array of facts which he brought to bear upon

all the subjects he discussed; and in this respect, he was a very formidable and dangerous opponent. He was not eloquent, but he was powerful in amassing and wielding figures and statistics, and he often vanquished superiour rhetoric by superiour facts.

In the time of Zollicoffer, to be a Whig in Tennessee was to be for the Union. He shared this view of his party, until the excitement arose on the Kansas-Nebraska question, when he began gradually to coincide with the extreme Southern view of the difficulties then besetting the country. Meanwhile, he had taken an earnest and prominent part in advocating a reform of the naturalization policy, believing that the preservation of the Union, in a great measure, depended upon a more restricted system with regard to foreigners. In 1860, he was an earnest advocate of the Bell and Everett Presidential ticket, and so active was his interest in its success that he canvassed the State of New York for it, declaring his conviction that the election of Abraham Lincoln would result in a sectional war. Having done all he could to avert the catastrophe, according to his theory, and regarding the weakness of the South in the face of impending hostilities, he did not hesitate to gird on his sword, and risk all for his native land. Public opinion had already designated him as a conspicuous actor in the new drama.

He took part in the first stages of the war, assisted in the organization of the provisional army of Tennessee, and was appointed by the Governor a Brigadier-General. This grade was afterwards confirmed by the Confederate Government, and he was assigned a command in the eastern part of Tennessee. In his new sphere of duty he was distinguished by the same patience, industry and moderation which had marked his former life. He had many difficulties to encounter, especially in the strong sentiment of opposition to the Southern movement, which obtained in that part of the State where he commanded. But it is historical now that he acted with great justice and moderation. The following order was issued on his taking command, and in the lenient spirit of it he continued to act, despite of its abuse by the enemy:

"BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, }
"KNOXVILLE, August 18, 1861. }

"The General in command, gratified at the preservation of peace and the rapidly increasing evidences of confidence and good

will among the people of East Tennessee, strictly enjoins upon those under his command the most scrupulous regard for the personal and property rights of all the inhabitants. No act or word will be tolerated calculated to alarm or irritate those who, though heretofore advocating the National Union, now acquiesce in the decision of the State and submit to the authority of the Government of the Confederate States. Such of the people as have fled from their homes, under an apprehension of danger, will be encouraged to return, with an assurance of entire security to all who wish to pursue their respective avocations peacefully at home. The Confederate Government seeks not to enter into questions of difference of political opinions heretofore existing, but to maintain the independence it has asserted by the united feeling and action of all its citizens. Colonels of regiments and Captains of companies will be held responsible for a strict observance of this injunction within their respective commands, and each officer commanding a separate detachment or post will have this order read to his command."

No one can lay at the door of this just and humane commander, the responsibility for any outrages upon person or property. But time and emergency pressed, and he was precipitated forward to Cumberland Gap, and into Kentucky. On the 14th September, 1861, he wrote to Gov. Magoffin as follows: "The safety of Tennessee requiring, I occupy the mountain passes at Cumberland, and the three long mountains in Kentucky. For weeks I have known that the Federal commander at Hoskins' Cross Roads was threatening the invasion of East Tennessee, and ruthlessly urging our people to destroy our railroad and bridges. I postponed this precautionary movement until the despotic government at Washington, refusing to recognize the neutrality of Kentucky, has established formidable camps in the centre and other parts of the State, with the view first to subjugate your gallant State and then ourselves.

* * * If the Federals will now withdraw from their menacing position, the force under my command shall be immediately withdrawn."

Finding this proposition scoffed, Gen. Zollicoffer advanced a portion of his command to Barboursville, and dispersed a Federal camp there without any serious struggle. Thence he moved in the direction of Somerset, causing the retreat of Gen. Schoepff, the Fede-

ral commander, which from its frantic disorder took the name of "the wild cat stampede." In January, 1862, his command (about 4,000 men) was on the upper waters of the Cumberland, near Mill Springs, Maj.-Gen. Crittenden ranking him; and here occurred the unfortunate battle of the 19th January, in which this small force was thrown against enormous odds, and suffered a defeat which broke the right of the Confederate defensive line in Kentucky. It was a sad affair, and for Zollicoffer a short record—a single campaign, a single battle, and then death. In the attack he commanded the first column, consisting of four regiments of infantry and four guns. The day at first went well for the Confederates, and Zollicoffer's command was ascending a hill where the enemy had collected his strength, when the General fell, to the consternation and dismay of his troops, whose disorder and rout were then soon completed.

He fell near the camp of the enemy. As he rode forward, as he believed, to victory, he came upon a regiment of Kentuckians, commanded by Col. Fry, concealed in a piece of woods. The first intimation he had of his dangerous position was received when it was too late. Although a rubber overcoat concealed his uniform, his features were recognized, and a man called out "There's Zollicoffer, kill him." At that moment an aide to Gen. Zollicoffer drew his revolver and fired, killing the person who first recognized the General. Col. Fry was within a short distance of Zollicoffer, and the latter, hoping yet to deceive the enemy, rode within a few feet of him and said, "You are not going to fight your friends, are you?" pointing to a Mississippi regiment in the distance. The reply was a pistol shot from the Colonel and a volley of musket balls, and Gen. Zollicoffer fell from his horse a mangled corpse.

His body was treated with a brutal curiosity, at the bare recital of which the blood runs cold. A correspondent of a Northern newspaper says that as it lay upon the ground it was surrounded by Federal soldiers, when an officer rode up exclaiming to the men: "What in h—l are you doing here? Why are you not at the stretchers bringing in the wounded?" "This is Zollicoffer," said a soldier. "I know that," replied the officer, "he is dead, and could not have been sent to h—l by a better man, for Col. Fry shot him—leave him and go to your work." Another correspondent indulged in the following survey of the corpse: "It lay by

the side of the road along which we all passed, and all had a fair view of what was once Zollicoffer. I saw the lifeless body as it lay in a fence-corner by the side of the road, but Zollicoffer himself is now in hell. Hell is a fitting abode for all such arch-traitors. May all the other chief conspirators in this rebellion soon share Zollicoffer's fate—shot dead through the instrumentality of an avenging God—their spirits sent straightway to hell, and their lifeless bodies lie in a fence-corner, their faces spattered with mud, and their garments divided up, and even the hair of their head cut off and pulled out by an unsympathizing soldiery of a conquering army, battling for the right." Comment is unnecessary, further than to say that it is seldom the death of a brave enemy has been thus viewed by the worst savages, or by the filthiest cowards, or, in brief, by any form of men, short of incarnate devils.

There is good reason to believe that Gen. Zollicoffer, in agreeing to the experiment of attack at Mill Springs, was imposed upon by spies, and that the information he acted on, as to the force and position of the enemy, was designedly false. While he was as brave a man as ever lived, he was eminently cautious and circumspect. He was slow to form his conclusions, deliberate in all his purposes, as well as firm and tenacious in following up what he had resolved upon. Those who knew him best have long persisted in the belief that he would never have made the movement he did upon the camps of the enemy, unless upon apparent facts far more satisfactory than the sequel would seem to warrant.

Gen. Zollicoffer, at the time of his death, must have been between forty-five and fifty years of age. He was a man of unblemished moral character. He was amiable and modest in his deportment, but quick as lightning in resenting an insult or a reflection upon his honour. No man possessed a cooler courage or superiour perseverance. In his mental characteristics he was not brilliant; he had but little imagination, and never aspired to ornament in his literary style. But he was untiring in his application; he took clear and solid views of all subjects; and he would undoubtedly have become eminent in the war as a division commander, if courage, firmness, industry and high moral conduct could have achieved the distinction. His life was without a stain, and his death was heroic. Many public honours were paid to his memory in the South; the Provisional Government of Kentucky

named one of the counties of the State in honour of him ; and a meeting in New Orleans, called to testify the public sorrow at his death, declared that "no man, since Gen. Andrew Jackson, enjoyed so completely the confidence and undivided esteem of the people of Tennessee."

LIEUT.-GEN. ALEXANDER P. STEWART.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Fame as a scholar and instructor.—His different Professorships.—First services in the Confederate States Army.—Various commands in the West.—Memorable action of his division at New Hope Church.—A compliment from Gen. Johnston.—A review of his character.—A tribute from one of the most distinguished scholars of the South.

AT the close of the war, Alexander P. Stewart was ranking officer from the State of Tennessee. He was born 2d October, 1821, at Rogersville, in East Tennessee. His parents were poor, but remarkable for their piety and zeal in the Methodist Church; his father, descended from a Scotch-Irish family that had settled in Delaware, was noted for his integrity, and still lives, in his seventy-sixth year, residing at Winchester, Tennessee, honoured by all who know him, and crowned with all the satisfactions of a well-spent life.

His family removed to Franklin county, Middle Tennessee, when the subject of our sketch was eight or ten years old. He soon showed an aptitude for books, and was put to school, and liberally educated by an uncle, the late Mr. Benjamin Decherd, of Winchester, Tennessee. In 1838, he procured, through Hon. Hopkins L. Turney, an appointment to West Point, where he graduated in 1842, in the same class with Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Van Dorn, G. W. Smith, R. H. Anderson, McLaws, Rosecrans, and Pope. Commissioned a second lieutenant in the Third Artillery, he was stationed one year at Fort Macon, in North Carolina. He was then ordered back to West Point as Assistant Professor of Mathematics, and fulfilled the duties of the instructor's chair for two years. In 1845, he resigned from the army and married

Miss Harriet Chase, of Ohio, a connection of the Spalding family, and a niece of Judge Rufus P. Spalding, present member of Congress from the Cleveland district of Ohio. After this event in his life, he settled in Lebanon, Tennessee, and was elected to a professorship in Cumberland University. He was connected with this institution of learning from 1845 to 1861, excepting three years, in one of which he occupied a chair in the Nashville University, and in two others, from 1854 to 1856, had charge of a female school at Lebanon. In 1850, he was offered, and declined the professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, afterwards filled by Stonewall Jackson. In 1854, he declined the professorship in the Mississippi University, formerly filled by Professor Bledsoe, and in the following year he was urged to accept a chair in the Washington University, at St. Louis, but refused to leave his honoured post as instructor in Tennessee. The number and variety of these calls attest the high scholarly worth of the man, and the extent of his fame in the South.

When the bombardment of Fort Sumter sounded the dread summons of war, Professor Stewart, recollecting his military education, offered his services to Gov. Harris, and was at once employed by the Military Board at Nashville, in making army contracts, establishing camps, and giving, in various ways, to the rising war-spirit of the land the benefit of his military experience. In May, 1861, he was appointed Major of the the Tennessee artillery corps. He had been offered command of the 7th regiment of infantry (Hatton's), but he disclaimed all thought of ambition and considerations of rank, and was directed by a sense of duty to the artillery arm of the service, in which he considered himself most proficient. His command was at first stationed at Randolph, on the Mississippi River, and in August, 1861, was sent to Island No. 10, and commenced to fortify that position. Thence it was ordered to Columbus, Kentucky, after that place was occupied by Gen. Polk; and in the battle of Belmont which ensued, Stewart had command of all the heavy artillery, and did distinguished service in turning upon Gen. Grant's column the heavy rifled gun (the Lady Polk), from the fort on the bluff, and arresting his career of victory at the time he had driven the Confederate infantry to the river.

The commission of Stewart as Brigadier-General, was dated the 8th November, 1861. It, as well as all the promotions he subsequent

ly obtained, was unsolicited by him; he never visited the Confederate capital, he was thoroughly innocent of all political intermediations, and the official honours bestowed upon his career were never sought by him, and were valued only as approving testimonies to his conscience in the performance of his duty. On the evacuation of Columbus in 1862, he was sent to Island No. 10, to report to Maj.-Gen. McCown, and was placed by him in command at New Madrid. The defence of this island was an extraordinary one, and has been recited in all the histories of the war. Gen. Pope came down the river with more than 30,000 troops; the effective force of the Confederates was 2,700 men in two little forts a mile apart, while on the water they had nothing but the sham gun-boats of Commodore Hollins. The evacuation of New Madrid was superintended by Gen. Stewart, and was the only successful incident for the Confederates, as finally they had to surrender the island, but not until they had held at bay for ten days, a force that should have instantly overwhelmed them.

At the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Stewart commanded a brigade in Clark's division of Polk's corps. Gen. Clark being wounded, he took command of this division, and fought it with skill and vigour. In Gen. Bragg's Kentucky campaign, he commanded a brigade in Cheatham's division—one of the three brigades that bore the brunt of battle at Perryville. These three brigades (Donelson's, Stewart's and Maney's), fought on the extreme right, and lost 1,500 men out of the total loss of twenty-one or twenty-two hundred sustained by the Confederates on that field. Gen. Stewart commanded the same tried brigade in the battle of Murfreesboro.

In the subsequent chequered history of the Army of Tennessee, the name of Gen. Stewart constantly occurs, with increasing fame, and shows brilliantly even in some of its stories of disaster. In June, 1863, he was commissioned a Major-General, and assigned to the command of a division in Hardee's corps. At Hoover's Gap, where the advancing enemy was desperately held until Gen. Bragg could retire his forces towards Tullahoma, he was the superior Confederate officer, and seconded by the brave Bate and his other brigade commanders, he achieved a success that proved vital in its consequences. Before the battle of Chickamauga, he reinforced Buckner, and operated in East Tennessee.

After this battle, the Army of Tennessee was reorganized. To

Gen. Stewart's command were assigned Clayton's, Gibson's, Stovall's and Strahl's brigades; and his division thus composed was put in Breckinridge's corps, and fought on the extreme left on Missionary Ridge. When the Confederate lines were broken there, Gen. Stewart was ordered by Breckinridge to take command at the bridge over the Chickamauga, and here he saved much of the disastrous day, restoring order, collecting the troops, passing them over the bridge, and then burning it in the face of the enemy.

While the Confederate army recovered at Dalton, Gen. Stewart occupied Mill Creek Gap in Rocky Face, and sustained the brunt of Gen. Thomas' attack in February, 1864. On the repulse of the Federals, he fortified the gap and mountain, constructing lines of small advanced works for skirmishers; and it has been remarked that this experiment of Gen. Stewart led to the general custom in the Army of Tennessee, during the campaign under Johnston, of intrenching the skirmish line. In the famous retreat through North Georgia, and especially at Resaca, Stewart's division was conspicuous, and did some of the hardest and most successful service of the campaign. At New Hope Church, he held the centre of Hood's corps, and gave the enemy a terrible lesson, fighting the whole of Hooker's corps, and inflicting upon it a loss of nearly 3,000 men. This fight was made by Stewart's division alone; his command was without intrenchments, other than a few logs hastily piled up; the Commanding General, in great anxiety, sent several brigades to report to him; but he did not use the reinforcements, and with the loss of not more than 400 men, he sustained the enemy's entire attack, and obtained the first decided success on the Confederate side since the campaign had opened. This was perhaps the most brilliant event in Gen. Stewart's military career. His personal gallantry on the field was marked and admirable; during the whole fight he rode up and down the line encouraging his troops, and to their frequent entreaties to "go back," he replied steadily and with a self-possessed and cheerful courage, that he was there to die with them. The next morning his men sent him a touching message—that he should take care of himself, as they wished no one else to command them.

On the death of Gen. Polk, June 7, 1864, Gen. Stewart was promoted Lieut.-General and succeeded to the command of his corps. In announcing to him his promotion, Gen. Johnston re-

marked: "I did not recommend any one. I only telegraphed that you were the best Major-General in this army for the position." On the 20th July, he participated in the battle of Peach Tree Creek, and a portion of his command (Loring's Division) carried the enemy's works, but, owing to some disconcert of the action on the right, was unable to maintain its success. In a subsequent action on the Lick-Skillet road, an attempt to turn the enemy's right, Gen. Stewart was wounded, and had to retire from the field.

His wound detained him several weeks from his command. When Gen. Hood recrossed the Chattahooche, Stewart's corps was sent to capture the enemy's posts and destroy the railroad from Big Shanty to Ackworth. One of his divisions (French's) was detached to attack Alatoona, and might have captured the place, but for a false alarm of the enemy's movements which induced it to draw off. In the campaign of Hood into Tennessee, Gen. Stewart was actively engaged in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and in the first day's fight at the last mentioned place, although forced back, he still handled his troops so well as to prevent a rout, and keep the enemy at bay. The next day he was in the centre, and it was the disaster on the Confederate left that lost the field.

After the retreat from Tennessee, Gen. Stewart was ordered to Augusta, Georgia, and thence to North Carolina. He commanded all that remained of the Army of Tennessee on the field of Bentonville on the 21st March, 1865—an honourable day for the brave fragment of that army. He was at Greensboro when Gen. Johnston surrendered.

This brief sketch of the military life of Gen. Stewart shows a career remarkable for its steady advances in reputation and solid worth. He was another example of Christian virtue in the Confederate armies; his piety was as remarkable as his valour; and he is most tenderly known for his private walks of charity, and his shining example in the Presbyterian church of which he is a member. To this imperfect record of a man, admirable in other respects than that of arms, the writer may add here some passages from a letter from a literary associate of the General in the days before the war. The tribute is from the pen of Doctor N. Lawrence Lindsley, a gentleman whose name is known far beyond the limits of Tennessee, whose labours as a lexicographer have honoured and

improved the South, and whose stores of pure and tasteful language give to whatever he writes a scholarly interest. His letter refers to Gen. Stewart as the Professor, and proceeds to some just and admirable reflections on the revived concern of learning in the South.

“He observed himself, and required in his students, punctuality in regard to all College appointments, thoroughly entering into the sentiment of Seneca, that ‘time is almost the only thing of which to be covetous is a virtue.’ To the respect and admiration in which he was ever held by his pupils, was added their devoted affection. He was not only their teacher, but a counsellor, guide and friend, ever exhibiting as lively concern for their health and comfort, as for their intellectual progress. Even in the *auditorium*, frigid as such places commonly are, and chilling as are its exercises, the students realized the amplitude and wealth of his heart, as well as of his head. Possessing, by nature, talents of a high order, accomplished in all liberal studies, and, in the truest sense, *trained* for the educator’s work, Gen. Stewart devoted himself, from first to last, with untiring assiduity to the duties of his office; winning a reputation, in his chosen field, of which the University had cause to be proud, and which, at the time of its suspension in ’61, was second to that of no other mathematical instructor in the land. But it is not my purpose, in this communication, with sounding phrases to essay to set forth his praise. Such an effort would be out of keeping with his character, which is marked far more by utility than display. He had, years previous to the war, been crowned with that pure fame which is the best earthly reward of meritorious exertions. He stood and stands among the foremost of our men of science and scholars. Frequently invited to other institutions, and but lately elected President of the University whose mathematical chair he had made famous, he bears his honours with that unconscious ease which is the test of true worth.

“His moral and personal qualities form the proper complement of Gen. Stewart’s public character. Unaffected deportment stamps him, with its authentic seal, the thorough gentleman. The virtues and humanities of domestic life, softening and shading down the energy of his intellect, unite to render him, at his fireside, and in all social circles, the object of equal affection and admiration. Pos-

sessing an uncommon degree of refinement, punctilious in his observance of all the nicer proprieties of life, never encroaching on the sanctity of those rights and feelings which, unprotected by law, must owe their security to delicacy of sentiment in enlightened communities, a firm believer, without a shade of bigotry, in the Christian religion, an ardent lover of truth, liberal in his principles, affable in his manners, and combining with extraordinary attainments in the severer sciences the art of recommending them with impressive effect, Gen. Stewart is undeniably one of the most useful of men, and a living proof that pure patriotism is not a delusion, nor virtue an empty name.

“Ours is the noblest form of government when a people are prepared for it, and to this end they require a higher education than obtains in any other country. And on the same principle, we ought to have more philosophers, men of science, artists, authors, statesmen—in fine more great men and accomplished citizens than any other people. The highest forms of culture need to be multiplied, not merely for embellishment, but to preserve our very existence as a nation, which has been all the while endangered by cunning demagogues and boastful sciolists abounding much more than men of high intelligence and real worth. The sons of Greece caught new life from désperation. And fortunate it is for the desolated but heroic South, that her *Stewarts*, her *Lees*, and others, are now consecrating their great talents and mighty energies to a work which, more than all others, will infuse new life into the people, revive and surpass the prosperity of former days, and win, from surrounding ruin, a triumph more glorious than the greatest recorded in American history. It was well said by the gifted Jean Paul Richter.—‘Honour to those who labour in school-rooms.’”

MAJ.-GEN. BENJAMIN F. CHEATHAM.

CHAPTER LXVII.

His military services in Mexico.—His popularity at home.—Commands in the West.—Adventure in the battle of Belmont.—Record of his division in the Army of Tennessee.—Anecdote, illustrating his fighting qualities.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CHEATHAM was born in Davidson county, Middle Tennessee, in 1819. He was a nephew of the first male child born in that county, and was grandson of the famous old Indian fighter, Robinson, to perpetuate whose memory and virtues the adjacent county was named. His father was, during the administration of Martin Van Buren, postmaster at Nashville, and the son was his deputy, and discharged the duties of the place. He never went further into public office, although he was often solicited, on account of his popularity, to stand for some of the honours within the gift of his party; and he was tendered a foreign mission during Mr. Buchanan's Administration, which he declined from his preference for private life.

In 1846, he went to Mexico as captain of a company in the 1st Tennessee regiment. With this company he fought at Monterey, and there first attracted marked attention for his skill and daring courage. With his regiment he had participated in the preceding battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. From Monterey, he joined Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz. The time for which his company had enlisted expired soon afterwards, and he returned to Nashville, and raised a regiment. With this he again joined Gen. Scott on his march to the capital of the country, and participated in nearly all the battles around the City of Mexico. In most of these desperate conflicts, as senior colonel, he commanded a brigade.

At the close of the Mexican war, Col. Cheatham returned to his farm near Nashville, where he remained nearly a year. He then went to California, where he resided about two years, and again returned to Nashville. He seems to have been happy in his successful farming operations; his life was sweetened by many friendships; and it is said that he was more universally beloved by his neighbours, and those who knew him best, than any man in East Tennessee. He was in these peaceful and dear occupations when the alarm of war aroused him. In the commencement of hostilities, he organized, at the request of the Military Board of Tennessee, the whole supply department of the Western army, and was thus constantly employed up to the time of his appointment as Brigadier-General by President Davis. His commission bore date in May, 1861.

Immediately after his appointment, Gen. Cheatham took off the West Tennessee regiments and established the camp at Union City. He participated in the Missouri campaign in the demonstration against Cape Girardeau. The first fire exchanged between the enemy and the Confederate army in the West was at Hickman, by order of Gen. Cheatham. From Hickman he went with his command to Columbus, and thence to Mayfield, twenty-five miles on the road to Paducah. He was anxious to capture this place, and thus prevent the ascent of the Tennessee river by Federal gunboats. He was, however, ordered back to Columbus, where his brigade did its full share in perfecting the fortifications.

On the 7th November, 1861, Gen. Cheatham led three regiments of Pillow's brigade (Pillow commanding the whole force thrown that day across the Mississippi) in the battle of Belmont. On crossing the river, Cheatham collected parts of three regiments, Wright's, Tappan's and Walker's, and passed through the woods to the rear of the enemy. It was this movement which defeated the enemy, and put him in flight to his gunboats, five miles distant. The route of the retreat was strewn with the slain, and as the Federals crowded on board the boats, Cheatham's command followed them up, and with deadly volleys swept the decks of the steamers.

An incident of personal adventure occurred in this battle, in which Gen. Cheatham narrowly escaped. Just as he was about to attack the enemy he discovered a squadron of cavalry coming

down the road near his position. Uncertain as to which force it belonged to, he rode up, accompanied only by an orderly, to within a few yards of it and inquired: "What cavalry is that?" "Illinois cavalry, Sir," was the reply. "Oh! Illinois cavalry. All right; just stand where you are." The cavalry obeyed the coolly uttered order; and Gen. Cheatham rode safely back, directly under the guns of another Federal regiment which had by that time come up, but seeing him riding from the direction of the cavalry, shared the mistake that he was a Federal officer.

On the 1st March, 1862, Columbus was evacuated. In accomplishing this movement Gen. Cheatham toiled both day and night. His brigade went to Bethel, twenty miles from Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Thence he was ordered by Gen. Johnston to the field of Shiloh, some twenty miles distant.

He was near the right wing of the Confederate army on that field, and entered the fight about nine o'clock in the morning. He was under fire about three hours, and charged a battery, which was taken off the field by the retreating enemy. The next day Cheatham held his command steadily before the reinforced Federals. He was ordered off the field by Gen. Beauregard at three o'clock in the afternoon. Not pursued, he fell back to Corinth, where he commanded the left wing of Polk's corps.

Cheatham's commission as Major-General bore date in March, 1862, before the battle of Shiloh was fought. From Corinth and Tupelo his division moved to Chattanooga, and thence marched across Tennessee into Kentucky. At the battle of Perryville it bore the brunt of the conflict, and won brilliant honours. In the evacuation of Kentucky, Cheatham commanded the right wing, the rear-guard, of the Army of the Mississippi. At Murfreesboro his division, with that of Withers', formed the left wing of the army, and in the afternoon of the first day's fight was thrown upon the position where the enemy had massed his artillery, and suffered greatly. In the two actions of Chickamauga, Cheatham's veterans had a critical part, and in the first day encountered Thomas' corps, while making a desperate attempt to turn the right wing of the Confederates, and for three hours withstood the most terrible shock of battle. The record of his command extended through all the operations of the Army of Tennessee, sharing in Hood's final campaign.

His reputation in that army was always high. He was regarded rather as an executive officer than a strategist; yet he was believed to be far superiour to many of his rank in the conception of plans and campaigns. His intellect was quick and acute. With the ardour of the soldier, he had the discernment of the commander. In an eminent degree he possessed that indispensable quality of a leader of troops, which enabled him to go wherever duty or necessity demanded his presence, without inquiring if it was dangerous or safe. He understood thoroughly that it was better that a leader should lose his life than his honour; and that there was no better mode of exciting courage than by displaying his own.

An anecdote illustrates the estimation in which the enemy held his fighting qualities. Near the field of Murfreesboro, Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook had established his headquarters at the house of a gentleman resident in the rear of the Confederate lines. He commanded the enemy's right wing. When he heard the first sound of attack he was engaged in shaving. He instantly rushed from the room, saying, without addressing anybody, in a confused and excited manner: "That is contrary to orders!" He ordered his horse to be brought without delay, and turning to the gentleman at whose house he was, hurriedly asked: "Who is opposing me to-day?" "Major-General Cheatham." General McCook, turning ashy pale, and trembling from some nameless emotion, rejoined: "Is it possible that I have to meet Cheatham again!" The information was incorrect, as Gen. Cheatham fought on the right at Murfreesboro; but the force of the anecdote is not diminished on that account.

Gen. Cheatham is squarely and firmly built, and is noted for his extraordinary physical strength. He is slightly round-shouldered, and his weight is about two hundred pounds. His height is about five feet eight inches; his eyes are light blue, clear and expressive; his hair light brown; his complexion fair; and his moustache—he wears no other beard—very heavy. His forehead is broad, and his face expressive of that imperturbable good humour which characterizes him not more in social life than on the battle-field.

MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM B. BATE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Enlists as a private in the Mexican War.—His distinction there.—Public honours in Tennessee.—Colonel of the 2d Tennessee Regiment.—Curious plan to capture the Federal fleet in the Potomac.—His extraordinary and successful appeal to the Tennessee soldiers to re-enlist for the war.—Sent to the army of Gen. A. S. Johnston.—A compliment to his command.—In the battle of Shiloh.—Promotion of Gen. Bate.—Action of Hoover's Gap.—An admirable sentiment to a political convention.—At Chickamauga.—Re-organization of the Army of Tennessee.—Record of Bate's division.—Its part in Hood's campaign.—How its line was broken in the battle of Nashville.—Explanations of this disaster.—At Bentonville.—The surrender.—Gen. Bate a wanderer.—Returns to Tennessee.—His political sentiments after the war.

WILLIAM B. BATE was born on the 7th October, 1826, near Cascalian Springs, in Sumner county, State of Tennessee. Here he passed the period of youth amid a generous and cultivated moral people. Left an orphan at fifteen years of age, without patrimony, he soon developed a spirit of independence and love of adventure. He started life, while yet in his "teens," as a steam-boat clerk, being in that capacity in New Orleans at the outbreak of the Mexican War, which opened to him the visions of a soldier's life. He enlisted as a private in a Louisiana regiment, and embarked for the seat of war. He served his time out, and reënlisted in a Tennessee regiment, and finally became Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant of Cheatham's 3d Tennessee Regiment. In this capacity he was a favourite with Gen. Joe Lane, who was his Brigadier, and accompanied him in a volunteer capacity in his famous raids, near the close of the war, in pursuit of Santa Anna. He especially distinguished himself for daring and adventure in these romantic and perilous trips, and captured the last flag ever taken in that war by U. S. forces, which is still a trophy in Tennessee.

Upon the cessation of hostilities in 1848, Lieut. Bate returned to his native place. He became an editor at twenty-one; in which capacity he exhibited vigorous thought and a graceful style in writing. He was elected at this early age to represent his native county in the Tennessee Legislature; and he subsequently enjoyed many public honours in his State. In 1854, when by an amendment to the Constitution of Tennessee, judicial officers were for the first time elected by the people, Bate became a candidate for Attorney-General of the Nashville District, and in the face of strong and talented opposition was elected. His career, as public prosecutor, was full of incidents; and to this day the features of many an important criminal trial conducted by him remain indelibly impressed upon the public mind. His powers as an advocate, when aroused, were rarely equalled; his argument was always clear, cogent and pointed, and his eloquence fervid and impressive. For six years in this capacity his legal labours were uninterrupted, save by an occasional dash into the more exciting field of politics, especially in 1855, when he took an active part on the stump, in favour of the Gubernatorial election of Andrew Johnson.

When the telegraph flashed over the land the news of the first fire at Fort Sumter, Bate responded to it with instant excitement and extraordinary zeal. He left the court-house, where he was actively engaged in an important trial, and headed a list that day as a "high private" in the Southern army. Tennessee, hesitating as to what course she would pursue, he was not to be restrained by what he deemed the too tardy deliberation of his State, and he immediately started to Montgomery, to see if troops would be received from his State, in anticipation of her entering the Confederate league of defence. Upon the solicitation of the then Secretary of War, L. P. Walker, he returned to his company, of which he was elected captain, and extending his field of operations, he soon assembled around his standard a regiment of as gallant men as ever levelled a gun. He was elected its Colonel, and in the first week of May, 1861, he was at the head of his volunteers in Virginia. They were mustered into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, as the 2d Confederate Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, the command of Turney having reached the rendezvous the day before, and gained the appellation of the 1st. No

regiment was better organized, drilled, and disciplined than the one Col. Bate placed thus early in the field; and nothing is hazarded in saying, that for gallantry, active service, devotion to the cause, and the number of battles on its rolls, it had no superior in the history of the Confederate struggle. It was armed and equipped under the auspices of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was then (in May, 1861) at Richmond, organizing forces for the State of Virginia.

The Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, which dips into the Potomac at Acquia Creek, being threatened by a naval fleet of the enemy, consisting of the Pawnee, Freeborn, and other Federal vessels, Col. Bate was ordered with his command to support the naval batteries of Virginia at that point, and resist the landing of troops by the enemy. The first artillery of the war fired, after Sumter, was levelled at his command, and a number of Virginia troops, supporting the guns of Capt. Lynch (of "Dead Sea" fame) of the Confederate Navy, in the engagement of Acquia Creek, which continued during a greater portion of the 30th May, 1861, and ended in the discomfiture and retirement of the enemy. This singular spectacle, at so early a period in the struggle, of Tennessee troops from a distant portion of the State, uniting upon the very frontier of Virginia with her own valourous sons, to protect the integrity of her boundaries, and to resist her invasion by an unscrupulous and malignant enemy, was productive of the most salutary influence upon the early struggle of the Confederacy.

Shortly after this, an important expedition of land and naval forces was organized, for the desperate purpose of boarding the naval fleet in the Potomac, capturing it, and turning it upon the commerce of the enemy. For the command of the land forces, Col. Bate was selected by the government at Richmond. At the head of 500 picked men of his own regiment he proceeded by steamer down the Rappahanock River; and, landing in Northumberland County, made a forced march across the country to Cone River in time to meet the steamer St. Nicholas, on which his troops were to have embarked for the fleet. The successful capture of this vessel the night before by Col. Thomas alias Zarvona, for this purpose, was a part of the programme, then not understood by the public, and reported in the newspapers as a desperate and foolish incident. The killing of the Federal Admiral Ward the day before by

a picket on the Virginia shore, caused the departure of the fleet with his remains to Washington, and saved it from a probable capture, and the consummation of a scheme which at that time was of momentous consequence to the Confederacy. The precision with which this expedition was managed, and the close connection made by Col. Bate with the St. Nicholas, arranging it all so as to pass over the country, and reach her before the news of the movement could be known to the people in time to be conveyed to the enemy, was deemed a success, which accident alone changed into a disappointment. As it was, the St. Nicholas made a successful *détour* of the Chesapeake Bay, under Commodore Hollins, captured four merchantmen, laden with necessary supplies, and passed up the Rappahanock with great *éclat*.

With the command of then Brig.-Gen. Holmes, Col. Bate's regiment made a forced march from Brooks' Station on the Richmond, Fredricksburg and Potomac Railroad to Manassas Junction, and arrived there the day before the great battle of the 21st July. Assigned to what was then regarded the imminent portion of the line, the right commanded by Gen. Ewell, it participated in the disappointment which met the almost certain promise of an engagement on that part of the line in the early part of the day. About two o'clock in the afternoon, however, the firing in the centre giving token of a desperate encounter in that portion of the field, the force of which Col. Bate's command was part, moved at a double-quick a distance of four miles to relieve the brave men who were there struggling to resist the impetuous onset of the enemy. This march was performed under a heavy fire of artillery, directed by the Federals to prevent the consummation of the object of the movement. While the force of Gen. Holmes reached the critical point just a little too late to have seized the opportunity by which the arrival of the command of Kirby Smith a short time before enabled it to distinguish itself, they were present to enjoy the spectacle of the entire rout of the enemy, and to aid in the dismay and panic which seized him at the appearance of fresh troops.

Returning from Manassas Junction Col. Bate was left, on the return of Gen. Holmes' command to their old quarters at Brooks' Station, to occupy Evansport, where was located the subsequent blockade of the Potomac. He strongly recommended this means of embarrassing the enemy, to his superiour officers, and was finally

gratified by the order to erect and fortify this point for that purpose, a reinforcement of Fagan's 1st Arkansas regiment, and the 11th North Carolina, under Col. Pettigrew, participating with the 2nd Tennessee, in the erection of the works, and their subsequent garrison. By this well-timed measure, water communication to the Federal capital was cut off, and naval vessels and transports of supply blockaded from a passage to and fro, causing an amount of embarrassment and expenditure to the Government at Washington, as well as failure to its contractors, that demonstrated the vital point in which the blockade had assailed it. Col. Bate being assigned to the command of a brigade of troops, remained on the Potomac, guarding the water approaches to our lines until the latter part of February, 1862.

It was about this time that he achieved a success, even more creditable than a victory of arms. The first period of despondency had seized the Southern Confederacy, and threatened it with an early demise. The soldiers all along the Potomac had become disgusted with the inactivity of camp life, and weary with the watching of gunboats, which glided through the placid waters of that border river. Unused to absence from home and friends, they were restive under the restraints of military life, and were threatening to disband at the expiration of the first year of the war. It was a time when all the power and tact of their commanders were called into requisition to correct the malcontents, and give them a new inspiration to duty. A brief but stirring speech of Col. Bate at dress parade, pointing out the necessities of the country and the demands of patriotism, had an effect which but few of such appeals had yet obtained. His eloquence led captive his whole regiment of Tennessee volunteers. Within forty-eight hours the regiment, 800 strong, had the honour of enlisting for two years more, before yet a conscript law had passed to constrain their service. It was the first example of reënlistment, shortly followed to a great extent by Fagan's noble band of 1st Arkansas, and was considered such a marked evidence of patriotism, that it was proposed in the Legislature of Tennessee to strike for this regiment a medal of honour.

Shortly after this honourable and pleasing event, Col. Bate left Virginia, and chose the West as the theatre of his military ambition. In consideration of the reënlistment of his men, and as an extraordinary compliment to them, he was allowed by the Secretary of

War to furlough them, and to remove them to whatever field of action he might prefer. Before their furloughs had half expired, he reassembled them at Huntsville, Alabama, and moved them to Corinth, where the retreating forces of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston were convening for battle. The readiness of Col Bate in re-enlisting his men had already obtained for him the regard of this distinguished military chieftain. At this time the troops of some of the Cotton States were in the habit of deriding the Tennessee soldiers, because of the Fishing Creek disaster. On reporting to Gen. Johnston, Col. Bate was asked in what organization he would like to place his men, as it was considered that their good conduct had given their commander the right of selection. He replied that he wished to place the 2d Tennessee between regiments from the States which had been deriding their fellow soldiers; that it would lead wherever they would dare to follow. Penetrated by the remark, and affectionately placing his hands on the speaker's shoulders, the eye of the grand old hero kindled as he declared that the Confederacy was invincible as long as such was the spirit of its defenders.

Col. Bate was ordered, at his own request, the day before the battle of Shiloh, to join Hardee's corps, which had already moved, and which he did in time for the opening of the dread encounter. Placed on the extreme left, his division encountered the force of a whole division of the enemy, and pursued the fiery path of conflict with the steadiness of veterans. Col. Bate had six of his family in this engagement, three of whom were killed, two crippled for life, and himself fearfully wounded. His brother, Capt. Humphrey Bate, was shot down gallantly leading his men. A writer describing at the time the scene which ensued, says: "Side by side upon the same couch lay these two brothers, one mortally and the other dangerously wounded. But before the battle ends, the affecting conversation between them ceases, and the Captain's lifeless body tells the Colonel that death has closed all communion upon earth." The ball which struck down Col. Bate, pierced the left leg just below the knee, causing a compound fracture of both bones of the limb, and then passed through the body of the horse he rode. This noble animal—a beautiful black stallion—probably the most valuable horse in the engagement, with touching intelligence, followed the prostrate form of his master as it was conveyed to the

field hospital; and as he trod the earth with head yet erect and the currents of his own blood staining his sides, recognizing his master as he insensibly bled to death in following him, it was a scene that touched the human heart, and challenged the pencil of the artist.

Removed to Columbus, Mississippi, Col. Bate remained in bed five months, undergoing a protracted siege of suffering from his wound. As soon as he expressed a conviction that he would be able again to take the field, President Davis tendered him a promotion as Brigadier-General. When able to move only on crutches, he was ordered to the command of the district of North Alabama, and afterwards to the more important post of Chattanooga, positions which he filled with the greatest satisfaction to his superiour officers, and that of his government. This command, however, did not consist with the desire for active service, which was his foremost aspiration. The comforts of a city headquarters did not satisfy the restless energy of his nature, or his impulse to be engaged in service in the face of the enemy. With his crutch in one hand and the good blade which he had flashed upon Shiloh and other fields in the other, he asked the privilege to lead again a command upon the perilous issue of battle. His wishes were pressed upon Gen. Bragg, then in command of the Western forces, who assigned him to the command of the late Gen. Rains' brigade, in McCown's division of his army. When that division was ordered to the relief of Vicksburg, Gen. Bragg retained Gen. Bate's services for immediate operation with the Army of Tennessee, withdrawing one of his regiments, the 37th Georgia, to be retained as a nucleus for a new brigade. Adding to it the 4th Georgia battalion of Sharpshooters, the 58th Alabama, the 15th, 20th and 37th Tennessee regiments, and the Eufala Alabama Light Artillery, a brigade was constituted for him which had no superiour in the army. With this command Gen. Bate was sent to a point near Fairfield, three or four miles from Hoover's Gap. This Gap was an important strategic position, involving as it did the security of the right flank and rear of Gen. Bragg's position at Tullahoma and Shelbyville. Rosecrans, at the opening of this campaign in July, 1863, moved on it rapidly with an entire corps of his army. So sudden was the movement, that the small force of cavalry holding it gave way before time could be had for the arrival

of reinforcements. Gen. Bate, then near Fairfield, was ordered by his division commander (Maj.-Gen. Stewart) first with only a part of his command, and afterwards with three regiments of infantry and a section of artillery, to hurry to the front, and meet the force of Federals who had come through the gap and were pouring into the valley. With his small command rapidly distributed, and with admirable disposition, he attacked the exultant enemy, checked his advance, and held him at bay with perfect success. The force of the enemy, at first supposed to be a mere brigade of cavalry, was soon ascertained to be a corps of infantry, and all arms, constituting the advance of the army of Rosecrans, which but for the sanguinary and vigorous opposition which it met from the small command of Gen. Bate, might have succeeded in its intention of getting on the flank and rear of the army of Gen. Bragg. The advance, however, of Bate was so rapid and his assault so fierce that it staggered and checked the head of the Federal column, and drove it back into the jaws of the Gap. Leaving a small force in front, he moved with great rapidity the bulk of his infantry and a section of artillery to the left of the point of attack, to check the enemy's movement in that direction. This was a timely disposition, and effected its object, but not without a severe conflict. The result of it was the head of Rosecrans' army was thus checked on that part of his line for that evening, which gave Gen. Bragg time to concentrate his forces at Tullahoma.

Shortly before this engagement, the people of Tennessee sent delegates to a Convention to choose a candidate for Governor to succeed Gov. Harris, whose term was then about to expire. This body met at Winchester. A large number of delegates, representing the valour and chivalry of the sons of Tennessee, assembled. Gen. Bate was the favourite of a large portion of the members for the position; but during its deliberations a dispatch was received from him, which honoured him in the estimation of every member of that Convention, and of every true Tennessean. Declining the nomination most unequivocally and positively, he referred to the duty he owed his State, and said: "I will take no civil office in Tennessee. I would rather be her defender than her Governor."

Upon the retreat of Gen. Bragg south of the Tennessee River, Bate's command, without other than temporary separation, conformed to the movements of Stewart's division. After the tem-

porary transfer of Lieut.-Gen. Hardee to Mississippi, he was placed in the corps of Gen. D. H. Hill, until immediately preceding the manœuvring for the battle of Chickamauga, when Stewart's division became a part of Buckner's corps, in the consummation of that historic drama, on the 19th and 20th September, 1863. Gen. A. P. Stewart, his immediate commander, speaks of him in his official report of this battle, as "the indomitable Bate." He opened the fight on the evening of the 18th, near Alexandria bridge, and on the 18th and 19th was on what might be termed the left centre of the line of battle, where perhaps there was more desperate fighting than on any part of the bloody field. His command was desperately engaged on both days, and at the close of the contest showed by official reports a greater per cent. of loss than any command in the army. On the 19th he had two horses killed under him, and a third shot. Every staff officer and courier had lost their horses. Unhorsed for the second time in one charge, being still unable to walk without crutches, Gen. Bate was yet determined to advance with his command. Instantly he had a horse cut from a battery, mounted him without saddle, and moved to the head of his shattered columns, amid the wildest shouts from his soldiers.

Soon after this battle a reorganization of the Army of Tennessee to a considerable extent took place. Gen. Bate, still a Brigadier, was offered a Major-General's commission, with a division of cavalry, but his health, precarious from his wounds, rendered him unfit for the arduous duty of a cavalry command, and by the persuasion of his medical advisers, and immediate personal friends, he declined it. In the reorganization Gen. Breckinridge was put in command of a corps, and Gen. Bate in command of Breckinridge's division, composed of the Kentucky brigade under Gen. Lewis, Finley's Florida brigade, Bate's brigade increased by the addition of the 10th and 30th Tennessee regiments, Slocum's 5th, Washington artillery and Gracey's and Mebane's batteries (the 58th Alabama being withdrawn). While he commanded this division, the disastrous fight in front of Chattanooga, known as the battle of Missionary Ridge, took place, in which he so distinguished himself under the immediate eye of the Commanding General (Bragg) as to elicit special commendation for signal services from him in a telegraphic dispatch to the government at Richmond.

The Army of Tennessee having retreated to Dalton, Georgia, it enjoyed its first repose for any length of time since its organization; for it had literally been since leaving Bowling Green, 1862, an army of locomotion and battle. Gen. Johnston having taken command he soon began to shape its organization and repair its wasted strength for his celebrated North Georgia campaign. Gen. Bate having been highly recommended was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and upon the assignment of Gen. Breckinridge to the department of Western Virginia, he was permanently assigned to the command of Breckinridge's division in the corps of Lieut.-Gen. Hardee. During the winter he organized it to the highest perfection, and none bore a more active or successful part in the memorable retreat to Atlanta, which was but a series of battles between Johnston and Sherman for three months. His division participated in all of the many battles which made half the breadth of Georgia's soil, over which the hostile armies manœuvred, a scene of sanguinary conflict. Resaca, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, and a host of other less important contests, were all illustrated by the heroic participation of Bate's division, and the valour of its leader. He brought up the rear from Dalton on the night of the 12th May, held on the 14th, at Resaca, the salient in the field on the left centre of the line, which was several times severely assaulted by the enemy in several lines deep. In fact, in all of the engagements which culminated in those around Atlanta, his command bore a conspicuous and gallant part.

It participated in the battles of the 20th and 22d July, around Atlanta, which were the first essays of Gen. Hood to save that doomed city from the invading Federal army. Like the other portions of the corps, it was repulsed in assailing the Federal fortifications, but not without first inflicting severe punishment upon the enemy. It was in reserve and did not participate in the battle of the 28th July. On the 6th August, however, with his division alone, Gen. Bate had a severe engagement on the Lick-Skillet Road, in which he ambushed the enemy, having prepared his lines with such skill and judgment as to induce an attack. The assault was vigorous and fatal, resulting in the great discomfiture of the enemy, the capture of several stands of colours and many prisoners and arms. This affair was so unique and managed with such

skill as to elicit a special publication, and complimentary communication to the government from the Commanding General.

A day or two after this Gen. Bate received a wound through the leg which had already been disabled, this time involving the knee, and making him a more helpless cripple than ever. He was confined to a sick bed for several weeks. Having heard, while languishing from his wound, of the reported arrest of his mother, and the banishment from her home of his only sister, and not having looked towards his Tennessee home since his departure for Virginia in the spring of 1861, he resolved, notwithstanding his physical condition, to rejoin his command, then on the march with Gen. Hood to his native Tennessee. He rejoined his division as it made the circuit of Rome, Georgia. He found in it many changes. The famous Kentucky brigade had been mounted, and passed from it; H. R. Johnson's Georgia brigade had been added to it; and the corps had been assigned to the command of Maj.-Gen. Cheatham. Gen. Bate participated in the movements around Dalton, Georgia, of Hood's advance north, captured the block-house in Mill Creek Gap, and pursued the retreating enemy from Tunnell Hill. His command was a part of the army as it swept through North Georgia to Gadsden, Alabama, across Sand Mountain and in that fatal sally into Tennessee. It was a part of the attacking column in that ill-starred and bloody drama at Franklin on the 30th November, 1864, which destroyed the vitality, hope, and spirit of the once magnificent Army of Tennessee. The position assigned him was on the extreme left of the infantry line, and being required to make the arc, while those on the right made the chord of the circle, he did not strike the enemy's works at the exact time of those on his right, but pushed in upon them in fine style and spirit, driving his adversary from his outer works, while the right of his division, under Gen. H. R. Jackson, entered his interior lines. In this engagement he lost twenty per cent. of his command, many of his most valuable officers, and had his own horse shot under him immediately in front of the Federal breastworks.

As the main army moved on Nashville, Gen. Bate was ordered to make a detour to a given point in the neighborhood of Murfreesboro, destroying the railroad, block-houses, bridges, etc., along his route. He accomplished this expedition, and had an affair with the enemy at Murfreesboro, in which he rallied his men by a char-

acteristic act of personal daring. Seeing the lines giving way, he seized the colours of the nearest regiment, and putting spurs to his horse made him leap the works in face of the enemy's line of battle. With a crutch swung to his side and the colours grasped in his hand, he made himself a spectacle for the whole field, and with such effect that he not only brought his men to check the enemy, but drove back part of his line, and remained on the field at the close of the day.

It becoming apparent that the rapid concentration of Federal forces at Nashville indicated an attack upon the main army there, Gen. Bate was ordered to join the right flank (under Gen. Cheat-ham) of that wasted and unfortunate little army, which was strung out in the form of a crescent around the Capital of Tennessee, then swollen with Federal troops recently drawn from Arkansas, Missouri, and Kentucky and united with the army of Thomas for the expulsion of Gen. Hood. The sleet and severe freezes had made the surface of the earth a sheet of ice, and though nearly one-fourth of Gen. Bate's men were barefoot they plodded their way tracked with blood, and arrived in time to participate in the suffering and defeat consequent upon the Federal attack.

The popular report of this battle has generally ascribed to a breach in Bate's division the fate of the day. But the circumstances in which that breach was made have been but little understood, and were not of Gen. Bate's creation. As the order of battle was formed he repeatedly protested against the undue extension of his line, and remonstrated against its situation to his corps commander, who informed him that "he was not authorized to change it." He occupied an angle beneath the brow of a hill; the works were flimsy, and only protected against small arms, having no abattis or other obstruction to impede the movements of an assaulting party; and the enemy's artillery fired directly across both lines composing the angle, besides throwing shells from another point directly in the back of one of the brigades. Of the extraordinary trials of this fire, and the disaster that ensued, Gen. Bate says, in his official report: "The enemy was on two lines on my front, and in the afternoon moved by his right flank from direction of the Granny White Turnpike, and massed by advancing a skirmish line at a time, under the brow of the hill near the 'angle.' I made this known

to Gen. Cheatham, by a staff officer (Lieut. Charles Rogan), and asked for reinforcements. The General informed me that he had nothing that could possibly be spared, and desired me to *extend still further to the left*, as he had to withdraw strength from his front to protect his left, which had been turned. About this time the brigade on the extreme left (Govan's, I understand) was driven back down the hill into the field in my rear, and the balls of the enemy were fired into the backs of and killing and wounding my men. The lines on the left (as you go into Nashville) of the Granny White Pike at the juncture *were the three sides of a square, the enemy shooting across the two parallel lines*. My men were falling fast. I saw and fully appreciated the emergency, and passed in person along the trenches near the angle built by Ector's brigade, where I had placed troops who I knew to be unsurpassed for gallantry and endurance, and encouraged them to maintain their place. The men saw the brigade on the left give way, and the enemy take their place on the hills in their rear; yet they stood firm and received the *fire from three directions* with coolness and courage. Anticipating a disaster, I ordered Capt. Beauregard, who commanded my artillery, to move his battalion back to the Franklin Turnpike, as the enemy already had the Granny White Pike in our rear, which was my channel to escape, as per order in the forenoon. About four o'clock, P. M., the enemy with heavy fire assaulted the line near the angle and carried it, at that point where Ector's brigade had built the light works back from the brow of the hill, and without obstruction, not however until the gallant and obstinate Col. Shy, and nearly half of his brave men, had fallen, together with the large part of the three right companies of the 37th Georgia, which regiment constituted my extreme left. When the breach was made, this command—the consolidated fragments of the 2d, 10th, 15th, 20th, 30th, and 37th Tennessee Regiments—still contested the ground under Maj. Lucas. Finally, when overwhelming numbers pressed them back, only 65 of the command escaped, not as a command, but as individuals. The command was nearly annihilated, as the official reports of casualties show. Whether the yielding of gallant and well-tried troops to *such pressure* is reprehensible or not, is for a brave and generous country to decide. The breach once made, the

lines lifted from either side as far as I could see, almost instantly, and fled in confusion."

No fair mind that considers this official exposition of the conduct of this gallant and battle-scarred command, as connected with the disaster of Hood's army at Nashville—no true and gallant soldier, who has passed through the fiery scenes of victory and defeat, and been alike the recipient of praise and blame, as his fortunes varied in the unequal struggle, can do otherwise than sympathize with the misfortunes of these overpowered men, and admire their gallantry. The surprise to the intelligent mind is, that a whole army should at once leave their lines of defence, because a breach is made at one of the salients. This is too patent to need more than a suggestion from the historian. The truth is, the preceding battle of Franklin—the dearest of all dear-bought victories—destroyed the morale of the army. It was so cut up and weakened in numbers, and in the loss of many of its best men and officers, that after that it had no confidence in its ability to cope with an adversary so superiour in numbers and appointment.

After the disaster of Nashville, the Army of Tennessee swept back across the Tennessee River, through North Mississippi, across Alabama and Georgia into Carolina, where it met its old commander, Gen. Joe Johnston. Under his leadership it fought its last battle near Bentonville, North Carolina, in March, 1865. In this last fight no command more distinguished itself than that of Gen. Bate. In the absence of Maj.-Gen. Cheatham, he commanded that part of the corps (including his own division) which was engaged. He fought upon the extreme right of the line. His troops, stung by the recollections of Nashville, were not only precipitous, but absolutely reckless in the charge upon the works of the enemy, and carried all in their front in such a dashing manner as to win the applause of the whole army.

This battle, just before the surrender, terminated the military career of Gen. Bate, which beginning with the position of a captain in command of a company, ended in that of a Major-General. After having been surrendered and paroled, the crippled and heart-sick warrior made his way to a plantation in Georgia, where he had established a home, during the war, for a number of his devoted negroes who had fled from the enemy's mercies in Ten-

nessee. He now claimed their protection and kindness. As a generous master he was endeared to all of them; and as an evidence of the attachment of the negro, his body-servant, "Jim," had followed him throughout the war, and had twice borne him wounded from the field. The dream of the brave man's youth had vanished. The cause in which he enlisted every aspiration of his soul, all the energy of his nature, and every impulse of his ambition; for which he had forsaken the comforts of home, the rapid accumulations of a large business, and the domestic attractions of a fond and devoted family, had perished and claimed no more the service of his preëminent capacity or the chivalric exercise of his enthusiastic patriotism. The devotion of his constant and undying love for the South found now no field for its exercise in the serious display of opposing hosts in the terrible gage of battle. Her banners all furled, no longer rallied to them devoted warriors. Sick and despondent, in the quiet and repose of his rural retreat in Georgia, Gen. Bate existed for a few weeks in melancholy contemplation of the ruin of the cause for which he and so many brave sons of the South had for four years labored and perilled, and which had passed away among the things "that were but are not."

But such meditations were averse to his better nature. They did not comport with the practical direction of his mind, or the indomitable energy which had ever characterized him in both civil and military life. As soon as his wearied and crippled body had received the rest which so long a time in active and exciting service had rendered necessary, he made his way back to his own native Tennessee, where, among the familiar scenes of his home, and the associations of a people who had ever been partial to him, he proposed to meet the exigencies of his new existence, and lend his influence to a manly and dignified encounter of the situation.

He found his homestead desolated and destroyed. The atrocious spirit of the enemy could not forego the indulgence of a cowardly revenge upon a foeman who would have disdained to have fought them in any other way but to their face with his steel. They had destroyed his residence and laid waste his grounds, leaving no evidence of the once beautiful home, but the standing and charred chimneys, mute but damning monuments of the infamy of a cowardly Vandalism. Notwithstanding this and his many other misfortunes, and the fact that he was then as he is now, an unpar-

done rebel, pursued, indicted for treason, his estates libelled, and himself hunted by "Union men" with suits for fictitious damages because of his course in the war, he resolved to remain in his native State, and try again the fortunes of the profession of the law, in which he had formerly distinguished himself. Since the surrender, Gen. Bate has taken no part in politics. Disfranchised by the usurping Government of Tennessee, because of his devotion to a cause which he esteemed dearer than life, he awaits the sense of returning justice, which will do him, and the brave men who acted with him, the fullest vindication, and haply restore them to the rights of which an accidental power now deprives them. His intercourse with those who differ with him exhibits that manly independence which must always command respect, characterized as it is by a courtesy which attracts while it does not invite, and which is independent without being repulsive. Free from the disgusting sycophancy which so many have adopted as the best means to a sordid and material advantage, he pursues the even duties of his professional life, indifferent to the estimation of his enemies as he is jealous of the regard of his friends. As a soldier, he was brave, chivalric, energetic, and untiring; as a citizen, he is conservative and dutiful; as a husband and parent, domestic and affectionate; as an enemy, fierce but not ungenerous; as a lawyer, just to all who come within the purview of his practice; as a friend, free and open-handed, reserving to himself nothing in selfishness; as a man, replete in all that constitutes the man's true standard.

LIEUT.-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

CHAPTER LXIX.

An Englishman's remark on the military aptitude of the Southern planter.—Wealth and culture of Wade Hampton.—The Hampton Legion.—Its mettle tried at Manassas.—Gen. Hampton in the campaign of 1862.—Detached enterprises against the enemy.—In the battle of Brandy Station.—Wounded at Gettysburg.—In the campaign of 1864.—Fights with Sheridan.—Trevillian Station.—Sappony Church.—Hampton's "beef-raid."—He joins Gen. Beauregard's command.—Operations against Sherman.—A severe commentary on the enemy's atrocities.—Peculiar compliments of the Northern Radicals to Gen. Hampton since the war.—His admirable speeches and advice to his countrymen.

AN Englishman recently writing on the subject of the American War, ingeniously remarks: "The richer planter, possessing many slaves dependent entirely on him in regard to food, clothing, medicine, and discipline, acquires habits of command and of organization highly useful to the affairs of an army. A man capable of managing the affairs of a large plantation, and ruling his servants with order and regularity, has advanced far in the qualities necessary to make a good Colonel of a regiment." It was in this school that Wade Hampton of South Carolina was eminently educated—a school where was not only taught the art of command, but which inspired the best notions of chivalry, and produced an aristocracy haughty and narrow in some respects, but singularly pure, circumspect, and aspiring.

He was one of the richest planters in his State, owned several large tracts of land well stocked with negroes, and had the reputation, extending beyond his neighbourhood, of an enlightened and liberal agriculturist. He was born in Charleston in 1818. His family was among the most ancient and honoured in the history of South Carolina. His grandfather, Gen. Wade Hampton, was a

gallant officer in the Revolution which gained American Independence, and was one of the most eminent and respected citizens of South Carolina, in those days. His father, Col. Wade Hampton, was a distinguished officer in the war of 1812, and was an aide-de-camp to Gen. Jackson in the memorable battle of New Orleans.

Before the war made upon the South, the subject of our sketch was considered one of the wealthiest men in the State of South Carolina. As a man and a citizen none stood above him in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. He had served with distinction in both branches of the Legislature of his State. His first wife was a daughter of Gen. F. P. Preston, of Virginia, and after the death of this estimable lady, he married a daughter of the celebrated Gov. McDuffie, of South Carolina. He owned the greatest number of negroes of any gentleman in the State, and was distinguished as the most humane and indulgent of men in the management of his servants. All his surroundings were those of a gentleman of culture and honour. His residence at Columbia, South Carolina, was known both in Europe and America as the abode of splendid hospitality, and as one of the most superb residences in the United States.

In the first gathering of troops in Virginia to oppose the Grand Army of the North, a regiment of legionary formation (*i. e.* of the different arms—infantry, cavalry and artillery), commanded by Col. Hampton, and honourably known throughout the war as "Hampton's Legion," was among the earliest contributions of South Carolina. In the early encampments around Richmond it was recognized as the *élite* of the regiments, and obtained the best of the social honours that were then so profusely distributed among military men. Its associations were aristocratic; its dress-parades at Rocketts, were the wonder and fashionable resort of Richmond; and as a corps of gentlemen soldiers, they were perfect in every appointment. The munificent spirit of the commander was testified by the fact that out of his own private means he had contributed largely towards the equipment of the men. Their flag was the patriotic and sacred gift of the ladies of South Carolina, and in accepting it, the Legion had promised to defend it as long as one of their number remained to step the field of conflict.

The mettle of the Legion was tried on the first field of Manassas. It was here that Hampton's 600 infantry held for some time the

Warrenton road against Keyes, and when forced back, recovered with "Stonewall" Jackson, and afterwards aided, as Gen. Beauregard wrote, in "restoring the fortunes of the day at a time when the enemy, by a last desperate onset, with heavy odds had driven the Confederates from the fiercely contested ground about the Henry House." The personal gallantry of Col. Hampton was noticed in all accounts of the battle. His horse was shot dead under him, and he was severely wounded in the head, after fighting some time on foot with a rifle. His Legion's first experience of battle was severe and bloody, and its loss counted as 110 killed and wounded, including among the first, Lieut.-Col. Johnston, an officer of brilliant promise.

In nearly all the battles of the Peninsula, Col. Hampton was ever among the first in the fight. At the battle of Seven Pines, he lost, in killed and wounded, more than half of his command, and he was himself again severely wounded. After the terrible battle of Gaines' Mills, he was promoted to Brigadier-General of Cavalry, and was afterwards with Gen. Stuart in all his memorable deeds of daring.

We find him, too, noticed separately for a number of detached enterprises of the cavalry in Virginia, during the second winter of the war. About the 1st December, 1862, with a detachment of his brigade, he crossed the Upper Rappahannock, surprised two squadrons of Federal cavalry, captured several commissioned officers, and about one hundred men, with their horses, arms, colours, and accoutrements, without loss on his part.

On the 11th December Gen. Hampton was again in the saddle, crossed the Rappahannock with a detachment of his brigade, cut the enemy's communications at Dumfries, entered the town a few hours before Sigel's corps, then marching on Fredericksburg, captured twenty wagons with a guard of about ninety men, and returned safely to his camp. On the 16th December, he again crossed the river with a small force, proceeded to Occoquan, surprised the pickets between that place and Dumfries, captured fifty wagons, bringing many of them across the Occoquan in a ferry-boat, and beating back a brigade of cavalry sent to their rescue. He reached the Rappahannock with thirty wagons and 130 prisoners.

In the reorganization of Gen. Lee's army in 1863, preparatory to the Pennsylvania campaign, we find Gen. Hampton assigned to

a brigade of cavalry, and again zealously engaged with Stuart and the two Lees in the operations of that year. The most important of the cavalry affairs of this period, was the battle of Brandy Station; and here Gen. Hampton again distinguished himself, and gave a remarkable example of valour and devotion. His command was composed of the 1st and 2d South Carolina, the 1st North Carolina, the Cobb, Jeff Davis, and Phillips Legions. In this bloody fight *every field officer was wounded*, as he successively took command of the brigade—Col. Baker of North Carolina first, then Col. Young, Cobb's Legion, then Col. Black, 1st South Carolina, and lastly Lieut.-Col. Lipscomb, 2d South Carolina.

When Gen. Lee's army occupied Chambersburg, Gen. Hampton was appointed "Military Governor," and, to this day, the candid inhabitants of the place admit that they suffered no outrage whatever at the hands of the Confederates. At the battle of Gettysburg Gen. Hampton was three times wounded, and so badly that he had for some time to be absent from his command. What were the perils and glories of this campaign may be judged from the fact, that out of twenty-three field officers in Gen. Hampton's command, twenty-one were killed or wounded. The statement of its losses is quite sufficient to prove that the cavalry were not unworthy competitors of the glorious infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that in the article of hard fighting Hampton contested the palm with the best of Lee's lieutenants.

For his many brave deeds, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and shortly thereafter Lieutenant-General, and had command of the cavalry in Virginia after the death of Stuart. Thenceforth considered as Lee's master of horse, he had an important share in the great campaign of 1864, and obtained the most brilliant and valuable success of his military life. A part of Grant's early combination against Richmond was a movement of cavalry under Sheridan, to destroy Gordonsville and Charlottesville, with the railroad near these places; then to unite with Hunter in his attack on Lynchburg; and after the capture of that place, the joint forces to move to the White House on the Pamunkey, from which point they would join the main Federal army or threaten Richmond. This imposing piece of strategy was brought to naught by Gen. Hampton's celerity of movement and vigour of action. On the 10th June, he succeeded in placing him-

self in front of the enemy near Trevillian's Station, on the Central railroad, and attacked the next morning at daybreak. In his official report of the action, Gen. Grant claims that, on the 11th, Sheridan drove the Confederate cavalry "from the field, in complete rout;" and says, when he advanced towards Gordonsville, on the 12th, "he found the enemy reinforced by infantry, behind well-constructed rifle-pits, about five miles from the latter place, and too strong to successfully assault." There is an absurd excess of falsehood in this. In fact there was not an infantry soldier in arms nearer the scene of action than with Gen. Lee's army, at Cold Harbour; and the "well-constructed rifle-pits" were nothing more than rails put up in the manner in which cavalry were accustomed to arrange them to prevent a charge. Sheridan mistook some of Hampton's cavalry, dismounted and fighting on foot, for infantry; he saw "infantry" "too strong to successfully assault;" and the statement was eagerly seized by his superior to cover his shame and mortification of defeat.

It was indeed a decisive check. Sheridan was defeated at Trevillian's—was punished in the skirmishes at the White House and Forge Bridges, and was routed at Samaria Church. Nearly 1,000 prisoners were taken, and from the last-named place the enemy was pursued within two or three miles of Charles City Court House, his wounded scattered over the ground upon which he had fought. He retreated to Wynoke Neck in order to cross the James river under protection of the gunboats, and Gen. Hampton, in accordance with instructions from Gen. Lee, moved on the 26th June to the pontoon bridge, with a view to cross and join the army on the south side of the James river. This closed his operations, which had for their object the defeat of Sheridan's movement in rear of Lee.

He at once commenced another operation—which was to intercept Wilson, who was returning from Staunton River bridge to rejoin Grant's army. A force of infantry and artillery having been placed at Reams' Station (as the enemy would have to cross the railroad there—Jarrett's or Hick's Ford), Gen. Hampton moved out with his division to attack the enemy at a place called Sappony Church. Here he broke the enemy's lines, and pursued and fought him for several days, while Fitz Lee at Reams' Station crowned the victory, and achieved a brilliant success of his own.

Hampton's command alone took 800 prisoners. The pursuit of the enemy, which ended near Peter's bridge, closed the active operations which commenced on the 8th June, when the movement against Sheridan began. The history of these few weeks is thus officially related by Gen. Hampton: "During this time—a period of twenty-three days—the command had no rest, was badly supplied with rations and forage—marched upwards of 400 miles—fought the greater portion of six days and one entire night—captured upwards of 2,000 prisoners, many guns, small arms, wagons, horses, and other material of war, and was completely successful in defeating two of the most formidable and well-organized expeditions of the enemy. This was accomplished at a cost, in my division, of 719 killed, wounded and missing. The men have borne their privations with perfect cheerfulness; they have fought admirably, and I wish to express, before closing my reports, not only my thanks to them for their good conduct, but my pride at having had the honour to command them."

Perhaps Gen. Hampton's most grateful enterprise in Gen. Lee's army was the famous "beef raid," in which he made a considerable and most timely addition to the Confederate commissariat. On the 16th September he got in Grant's rear, east of City Point, and drove off 2,500 beeves and 400 prisoners. It was a joke well relished in an army of half-starved soldiers, and a most substantial comfort. A Richmond journal made the following savoury and satisfactory calculation of the prize: "The Federal commissaries buy beeves of the largest size for the use of their armies in Virginia. The expense and trouble of transportation, which are in proportion to numbers, make this very expedient. The beeves taken in Hampton's late expedition are judged, by a Loudon grazier, to weigh 800 pounds net. 2,486 beeves at 800 pounds, would make an aggregate of 1,988,800 pounds, or within a fraction of 2,000,000 pounds. This, distributed in daily rations of a pound each, would feed 1,000 men for nearly 2,000 days, 10,000 men for 200 days, or 50,000 for 40 days, and so forth."

On the march of Sherman's army through South Carolina, Gen. Hampton was detached from Lee's immediate command to join the forces then under Gen. Beauregard. Here he had no opportunities for distinguished service, and could scarcely do more than harass the enemy as he advanced, and punish the

murdering and marauding cavalry of Kilpatrick. This latter he did very effectually; once surprising Kilpatrick's camp and causing the valorous commander to take hasty flight, with no other garment on but his shirt. But his reduced command could do little to restrain the outrages of Sherman's main army, and his sensibilities were lacerated by scenes of which he and his men were compelled to be almost helpless spectators. He was ordered to leave Columbia without a fight, and he was compelled to abandon his own home there to the torch of the enemy, whose cowardly ferocity spared not even the abode of hospitality, refinement, luxury, and art. Outrages multiplied. When Sherman's army, not glutted with the vengeance and spoil of Columbia, marched northward to Charlotte, it was preceded by a gang of men called "bummers," who robbed, plundered, and murdered with impunity. Worse villains never went unhung. Some of these Sherman said had been killed after capture; and he wrote to Gen. Hampton a very characteristic letter, stating that he would hang man for man. Gen. Hampton replied that he knew nothing of the killing of any of his "foragers," as he called them; but he gave him fair notice, that if he hung a single Confederate soldier, he would hang two Federals; furthermore, he told Gen. Sherman that he had directed his men to shoot down any soldier found burning houses, and that he should continue to do this as long as he (Sherman) disgraced the profession of arms by destroying private dwellings. "Your line of march," said Gen. Hampton, "can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses; and in more than one household there is an *agony far more bitter than death*—a crime too black to be mentioned." In outrages such as this the war found its fitting conclusion; and the chivalric and honourable protest of such men as Gen. Hampton was scarcely heard in the midst of the general ruin, was almost unnoticed in the boast and clamour of the enemy's success, and is on record now only for the purposes of history.

Since the war, Gen. Hampton has been much more conspicuous than the majority of his companions-in-arms, and his name has had a singular importance attached to it. There appears to have been a remarkable consent on the part of the Radical press and politicians of the North to accept him as a representative

of a class, and to express in his name that sentiment in the South which, surviving the war, insists yet upon the honour of its prostrate cause, and pleads for a tender and reverential memory of its past. It is the sentiment, in fact, which while submitting to the proper arbitration of the sword, disdains any confession of dishonour or exhibition of shame in the matter; and reasserting its rights and interests in a restored Constitution, refuses to take the position of the vanquished, and to be punished at the discretion of the conqueror. It has been common in Northern journals to describe the class holding this sentiment as "the Wade Hamptons of the South," and to put the name in antithesis to the modern self-styled faction of "Loyalists." It is an extraordinary compliment to the noble South Carolinian. It is in this view that all his political opinions since the war have been quoted with importance, and have had a large circulation through the press. These opinions, indeed, constitute not the least interesting part of his life, and indicate, we trust, future additions to his influence and fame.

On the close of the war there were many Southerners who, in the first bitterness of their disappointment and defeat, were disposed to abandon their land, and to organize schemes of emigration to foreign countries. In one of these schemes which proposed a refuge and colony in Brazil, Gen. Hampton was designated as leader and conductor of the enterprise. But he not only discouraged it, but rebuked it very nobly, and so effectually, that it was almost entirely abandoned by those who were first active in its advocacy. He published a letter in reply to inquiries addressed to him by persons who proposed to emigrate. He dissuaded his correspondents from any general emigration; advised them to remain at home and devote their energies to the restoration of law and order, the reestablishment of agriculture and commerce, the promotion of education, and the rebuilding of the dwellings and cities which have been laid in ashes. To accomplish these objects he urged that "all who can do so should take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, so that they may participate in the restoration of civil government to our State. A distinguished citizen of our State," he wrote, "an honest man, and a true patriot, has been appointed Governor. He will soon call a convention of the people which

will be charged with the most vital interests of our State." He urged that the delegates elected to this convention should be men "who had laid their all upon the altar of their country." He himself should pursue the course which he recommended to others, "devoting himself earnestly, if permitted to do so, to the discharge of these obligations, public and private;" but in the mean time he should obtain all the information desirable in the establishment of a colony, in case they were obliged to leave the country.

These statements were written at the time when the Radical party of the North had not yet fully disclosed its programme of striking down the State institutions, Africanizing the South, and when there was some hope of the resoration of civil government, and the erection of some measures of liberty and order on the ruins of the war. At a subsequent period, when the policy of this party was more fully declared, Gen. Hampton addressed his countrymen on the darkened political prospect of the South, with reference to her new articles of policy and duty.

In a speech delivered at Wallahalla, South Carolina, in the autumn of 1866, he treated of the recent war, the terms upon which the South had capitulated, and the future policy of the South. "It is full time," he said, "that some voice from the South should be raised to declare that, though conquered, she is not humiliated; that though she submits, she is not degraded; that she has not lost her self-respect, that she has not laid down her arms on dishonourable terms; that she has observed these terms with the most perfect faith, and that she has a right to demand the like observance of them on the part of the North." He declared that the South had become loyal in the true acceptation of the word; that she had fulfilled her part of the peace compact, and in every way observed her obligations since the close of the war.

Concerning the policy of the South, he said: "In the anomalous condition in which we are placed, it is a matter of great difficulty to mark out the proper course for us to pursue; but there are certain cardinal principles of which we should never lose sight. The first of them is, that as we accepted the terms of the North in good faith, we are bound by every dictate of honour to abide by them fully and honestly. They are none the less

binding on us because the dominant and unscrupulous party of the North refuse to accede to us our just rights. Let us, at least, prove ourselves worthy of the rights we claim; let us set an example of good faith, and we can then appeal with double effect to the justice and magnanimity of the North."

Of the abolition of slavery, he said: "Of all the inconsistencies of which the North has been guilty—and their name is legion—none is greater than that by which she forced the Southern States, while rigidly excluding them from the Union, to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, which they could do legally only as States of the Union. But the deed has been done; and I, for one, do honestly declare, that I never wish to see it revoked. Nor do I believe that the people of the South would now remand the negro to slavery if they had the power to do so unquestioned."

In conclusion, he urged that the people of the South should fulfil to the letter all obligations they had entered into, keeping their faith so clear that no shadow of dishonour could fall upon them; that they should sustain President Johnson cordially in his policy, giving their support to that party which rallied around him; that they should render full obedience to the laws of the land, reserving to themselves, at the same time, the inalienable right of freedom of speech and of opinion; and that as to the great question which so materially affected their interests—the abolition of slavery—they should declare it settled for ever.

LIEUT.-GEN. NATHANIEL B. FORREST.

CHAPTER LXX.

Peculiarities of the Western theatre of the war.—Forrest, "the Great Cavalryman of the West."—Nathaniel B. Forrest, his parentage and early life.—Enters the army as a private.—His escape from Fort Donelson.—His expedition into West Tennessee.—Pursuit and capture of Streight's command in Georgia.—The field of Chickamauga.—Gen. Forrest leaves the Army of Tennessee.—His career in Mississippi.—Victory of Okolona.—The dramatic story of Fort Pillow.—Victory of Tishamingo Creek.—Gen. Forrest rejoins the Army of Tennessee.—His last affair with the enemy at Selma.—The wonder and romance of his career.—A remarkable theory of cavalry service.—His extraordinary prowess in the war, and deeds of blood.

DURING the whole course of the war, a contrast was observed between the fortunes of the Confederate army operating in Virginia and those of what was popularly known as the Army of the West, traversing the varied and intricate theatre extending from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River. While victory was the usual incident of the former, the career of the latter may be described as unequal: a chequer of light and shade; brilliant victories converted into defeats, followed by disasters, chased by the shadows of misfortune. Indeed, the history of the Army of the West appears to have been impressed by a premonition and augury in the extraordinary fate of its first great commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell in the effulgence of success on its first great field, quickly overcast by the shadow of disaster, and who poured out his life-blood on the boundary of fortune, between the victory of the day and the defeat of the morrow.

But to this rule of contrast between the Army of Virginia and

that of the West there is a marked exception. It is to be found in the cavalry service of the latter. This arm in the West habitually wore the wreath of victory; its general condition was that of success; its achievements constituted the most brilliant and constant pages in the unequal and diversified record of the war west of the Alleghany Mountains. While in the Army of the West there was perhaps no group equal to Lee's infantry lieutenants, it may be said that the deeds of the cavalry commanders of the latter—Stuart, Ashby, and the Lees—were more than matched by the exploits of such men as Morgan, Wheeler, Stephen D. Lee, and last, but not least, the incomparable Forrest, distinguished, even in this assembly of admirable names, as “the Great Cavalryman of the West.” His military life was thick with incident, his path of victory traversed many important fields, and his career occupied the whole space and action of the war in the West.

Nathaniel Bedford Forrest was born on the 13th July, 1821, at the little village of Chapel Hill, in Bedford County, Tennessee. His family, on the paternal side, emigrated from Virginia to North Carolina some twenty or thirty years before the Revolution of 1776, and every male member of it, capable of bearing arms, was a soldier of liberty in that war. In 1834, the subject of our sketch removed with his father, William Forrest, to the State of Mississippi; and shortly after this event, his father dying, he found his mother and a large family of young children, his brothers and sisters, dependent upon him solely for support. In this emergency his only resource was a small farm in Marshall County; but so well did he work it, and such was his energy, that in a few years he found himself successful, and able to make ample provision for all of the numerous and helpless family that looked to him for support. His education under these circumstances could not but be neglected. Having succeeded as a farmer, he removed to Hernando, Mississippi, in 1841, and engaged in business as mail contractor and proprietor of a livery stable. He continued to make money, and, in 1852, he changed his residence to Memphis, Tennessee, and established himself there in the joint business of real-estate broker and negro trader. At the end of five or six years he had amassed a handsome fortune, purchased a plantation in the Mississippi Bottom, and, at the time, of the breaking out of the war,

was a large and influential planter, producing an annual crop of about 1,000 bales of cotton, and grain in proportion.

He entered the war as a private soldier; but soon obtained authority to raise a regiment of cavalry. He visited Kentucky, to procure arms and equipments, and, having also obtained several hundred recruits there, he returned to Memphis, and organized a battalion of eight companies, with which he repaired to the army, commanded by Gen. A. Sidney Johnston. From this time his career commenced, continued to the last moment of hostilities, and traversed the whole theatre of the war in the West.

At the battle of Fort Donelson, Forrest commanded with distinguished gallantry a regiment of cavalry, raised principally in West Tennessee and in North Alabama. After a bloody struggle against overwhelming odds, for three or four days, it was thought a matter of imperative necessity to surrender the brave garrison. In the council of war which discussed this necessity, there occurred a remarkable incident, of the authenticity of which the writer has various proofs. Col. Forrest had been instructed by Gen. Pillow, for some reasons, to examine the condition of a road running near the river bank, and between the enemy's right and the river, and also to ascertain the position of the enemy. From this examination, and from information obtained from a citizen living on the road, Col. Forrest made the discovery that the water was only about to the saddle-skirts, although the mud was about half-leg deep in the bottom where it had been overflowed. The bottom was about a quarter of a mile wide, and the water then about 100 yards wide. The enemy, as descried by his camp fires, remained in the distance; while the Confederate council of war, in the dead hours of night, was considering the sorrowful necessity of surrender, a courier announced an officer, who desired admittance. The door was opened, and Col. Forrest, all splashed with mud and water, with high-topped boots and an old slouched hat, made his appearance. He walked to the fire-place and seated himself sullenly, without saying a word. After a few moments Gen. Floyd said: "Well Colonel, have you anything important to communicate, that you come here at this late hour; or has your curiosity led you to pay us this visit, in order to find out what we have decided upon?" "Both," replied Forrest, dryly; then rising from his chair with animation,

he said: "But is it possible, gentlemen, as I have already heard whispered this night, that you intend to surrender?" "Yes," was the reply; "we have just arrived at that conclusion." "But," said Forrest, "there is no occasion for it. The river is not waist-deep where we can cross. The scouts who reported that the river could not be forded told you a d—d lie. For myself I intend to go out, if I save but one man. Have I your permission, gentlemen, to take my regiment out?" Gen. Buckner nodded his assent, and Gen. Pillow said, briefly: "Cut your way out." But it proved no such desperate undertaking; the sequel was that Forrest's regiment escaped without the loss of a man, while the bulk of the Confederate army remained to surrender, in the full belief of its superiour officers that all exit was closed, or on the supposition that it could not be moved from its intrenchments without being seen by the enemy and followed and cut to pieces. This last supposition may have been, in a measure, correct; but that there was an exit not known or covered by the enemy, the adventure of Col. Forrest fully demonstrated to his own satisfaction and safety.

He afterwards attended Gen. A. S. Johnston in his retreat to the Tennessee River, and participated in the battle of Shiloh, where he rendered signal service, and was severely wounded. After this fitful battle there was a fearful decline in the fortunes of the West. Gen. Beauregard was compelled to fall back before the superiour forces of Halleck; the whole of Middle Tennessee passed into the possession of the Federal army, every town of importance and every railroad station being guarded by strong and effective garrisons, and the entire South-west seemed about to be lost to the Confederacy. It was about this time that Col. Forrest commenced his important career, starting equally with Morgan, and on a correspondent expedition, with the same general design of weakening the main armies of the enemy, by creating a necessity for strong guards for their communications. When Morgan made his first famous incursion into Kentucky, to operate on the communications of Gen. Grant's army in Mississippi, Forrest marched with a cavalry force to operate on those of Gen. Rosecrans in Tennessee. Both of the expeditions were successful, and dated the reputation of two of the most remarkable men in the Western armies. Forrest, having crossed the Tennessee river at Chattanooga, commenced with the capture of McMinnville, surprised the garrison

of Murfreesboro, taking prisoner the Federal General Crittenden, and venturing to attack here a brigade of 2,000 infantry, with one-half of that number of poorly mounted horsemen, he killed, wounded and captured the entire force, with its artillery and supplies. It was a blow which shook the imagination of the enemy, gave new confidence to the country that had fallen within the Federal lines, and cheered the Confederate army at Tupelo in their laborious drills and preparations for the coming campaign.

When Gen. Bragg's columns advanced from Chattanooga towards Kentucky, Forrest, who had obtained his promotion as Brigadier-General, was sent again to Middle Tennessee, to hang upon Buell's flanks, and gain information concerning his movements. The details of this and similar service during the Kentucky campaign, until Bragg's army accomplished its retreat and went into winter-quarters at Murfreesboro, while the Federals encamped quietly around Nashville, were of one description—constant and harassing activity. The whole front of the Confederate army was covered by Forrest's cavalry, and continual engagements were fought between them and detachments of the Federal army; sometimes occasioned by the former advancing from their encampments and attacking posts far in the rear of the main body of the enemy's forces; sometimes by the latter endeavouring to find a weak place in the Confederate line, and coming in contact with detached bodies guarding the rails and roads to the South.

It is not necessary to go through a tedious narration of these partial engagements, although they were sometimes dignified in the newspapers by the name of battles. A brilliant field awaited Forrest, and made him in one day the popular hero of the West. In the early months of 1863, the Federal commanders inaugurated their policy of "raiding" over the South, for the purpose of destroying manufactories, arsenals and dépôts, devoting picked commands to this service, whose missions were to destroy—and destroy until they were overpowered and captured. Having this object in view, Col. Streight had disembarked a select brigade in the neighbourhood of Tusculum, Alabama; but Forrest, suspecting his intention, had marched rapidly with a force of 1,500 men to the Tennessee River. Streight had taken the direction of Rome, Georgia, through North Alabama, and was already many miles the start of Forrest, who immediately began pursuit. After forty-eight hours.

of tremendous riding, which broke down half his horses, he overtook the Federal rear-guard on the mountains, and drove it upon their main column. The weary raiders had but little rest from that time; for, though they rode hard, night and day, their sleepless and untiring pursuers kept upon their heels, dealing wounds and death among them, until the spires of Rome were almost visible in the distance. Streight was brought to bay, and compelled, for his safety, to halt and make his dispositions for battle. Forrest immediately and peremptorily demanded his surrender, and the perplexed raider, believing himself threatened by a superiour force, yielded to the necessity of the case, and delivered up his sword in sight of the rich prize that he had hoped to gain. He must have been somewhat mortified when he found that 1,600 men had stacked their arms to less than 600. It was said that he declined the first summons to surrender; but when he stood face to face with Forrest, and heard the summons repeated in his peculiar voice, and looked into the fierce gray eye, that expressed no hesitation, his heart failed him, and he bowed to the greater spirit. Forrest described his exploit as "an excellent game of bluff." Some of Streight's men, speaking of the affair, well said: "When they agreed to surrender they found him without force; when they fought him, he was a host."

The capture of Streight's command was an important success, as it probably saved not only the manufactures of Rome, but those of Atlanta and Macon, and indeed every magazine and arsenal upon which the armies of the West depended. The country was not at all prepared to defend itself against the sudden attack of a brigade of bold raiders; there were then no militia organizations for home defense; there were no arms for the squads who could assemble to repel a raid; and it was impossible to have protected the country by sending detachments from a distant army. The emergency had been great, and Forrest had been equal to it. The entire community of the little town of Rome turned out to welcome him as their deliverer. A witness of his triumphal entry into the town, says: "Beautiful girls strewed his way with flowers, sought to kiss his lips, and lavished their caresses upon him. When he dismounted, and entered a parlour for rest, he fell immediately asleep amid a cluster of fair ones, for sleep had not visited his eyes for the previous five days and nights." Forrest was no

stranger to these patriotic endearments; and he valued the admiration of women as the better half of his fame. He not only had the exceeding courage that wins the smiles of the fair, but he had also that characteristic purity of soul that regards woman not as a toy of leisure or the object of a coarse passion, but as the best judge of heroic deeds, the justest arbiter of a contested cause, holding the purest court of virtue and honour on earth, dispensing the best prizes of fame, and commanding the aspirations of all noble and ideal ambition.

The death of Van Dorn placed Forrest in command of the whole cavalry corps of the Army of Tennessee. In the battle of Chickamauga, his command, occupying the extreme right of Bragg's line of battle, dismounted and fought with the stubbornness of infantry, and his guns fired the first and the last shot in the action. Gen. Forrest was for pursuing the enemy into Chattanooga, and capturing everything on the south bank of the Tennessee; but the Commanding General did not respond to his ardour, and refused to advance his infantry. Other occasions of disagreement and displeasure took place between Gen. Bragg and his subordinate; there were reports of jealousy and intrigue; and Gen. Forrest, whose resentment was quick, tendered his resignation. The War Department, however, could not dispense with the services of so valuable a soldier as Forrest was, and, therefore, his resignation was not accepted, but he was transferred to North Mississippi, at his own request. Two or three weeks before the battle of Missionary Ridge, he turned his back upon the army with which he had fought so long, and with a single battery of artillery, and a single battalion of cavalry, started for Mississippi.

He was forced back, as it were, to the commencement of a new career. He was beset by extraordinary difficulties. He was without men or money, arms or assistance, and at least 20,000 well equipped Federal troops were stationed at Memphis, and along the line of the Tennessee River. He was obliged, in order to oppose any resistance, even to foraging parties, first to raise, organize, and arm a force. It was a severe task, and an almost hopeless prospect; but nothing was impossible to this man of unbounded energy and iron will; his genius could not remain in obscurity, and his reputation was soon again ascending.

Early in the spring of 1864, Sherman commenced his grand

raid from Vicksburg through the State of Mississippi; and a corps of 7,000 cavalry and ten pieces of artillery marched southward from Memphis, under Grierson, for the purpose of effecting a junction with Sherman. This junction would have produced the most disastrous consequences to the South; but Forrest threw himself upon Grierson's path, and attacked him on the plains of Okolona with 1,700 men. The Federal cavalry, loaded down with booty, were unable to withstand the fierce onset which Forrest, at the head of his squadrons, made upon them, and at the first charge broke and fled to Memphis, leaving their artillery, their dead and wounded, and many prisoners, in the hands of the victors.

The results of this action were much greater than the mere defeat of Grierson, and the capture of his artillery. It not only sent Grierson back to his base, but it forced Sherman to retrace his steps very hastily to Vicksburg; for, without his expected force of cavalry, his situation was becoming precarious. It saved the State of Mississippi from rapine and plunder, and in all probability shielded the city of Mobile from the threatened attack.

Shortly after this victory, in his successful expedition to Paducah, Gen. Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi River, garrisoned with negro troops, and demanded its surrender. The story of the capture of this place is a contested page in the history of the war; the enemy has entitled it "the Fort Pillow Massacre," and by an array of the testimony of fugitive negroes and the devices of popular sensation, has sought to impose upon the world a picture of insensate butchery and fiendish destruction, for what was indeed a legitimate triumph of arms, and a just incident of war. It has been said that negro soldiers were shot down, when they screamed for "quarter," that many were buried alive, crucified, tortured, burned, or disposed of by other devilish instruments of pain. The facts are these: When Gen. Forrest first demanded the surrender of the fort, his main line was within the average distance of one hundred yards of it, and was in a position that would enable him to take the fort with less loss than to have withdrawn under fire. This must have been apparent to the garrison, and it is to be supposed that their surrender would have been conceded, but for an idea that if the fortifications were carried they might gain the protection of the Federal gunboats in the river. It was this delusion that cost so many lives. When the

first summons to surrender was made, Gen. Forrest himself rode up to where the notes were received and delivered. An answer was handed him, written in pencil, on a slip of paper without envelope, in these strange words: "Negotiations will not attain the desired object." As the officers who were in charge of the Federal flag-of-truce had expressed a doubt of the presence of Gen. Forrest, and had pronounced the demand for surrender a trick, he came forward and said, in brief, determined words: "I am General Forrest. Go back, and say to Major Booth that I demand, within twenty minutes, an answer, in plain English: Will he fight or surrender?" As the twenty minutes were passing, the foremost gunboat on the river rapidly approached the fort. Gen. Forrest sat on his horse, steadily regarding what was taking place, waited five minutes beyond the expiration of the time allowed for surrender, and then ordered the bugles to sound the charge. The men carried the works without a perceptible halt in any part of the lines. The enemy retreated towards the river, arms in hand, and firing back; the garrison flag was still flying; it was evidently the expectation of the fugitives that the gunboats would shell the Confederates away from the bluff and protect them until they could be taken off or reinforced. This expectation was the fatal mistake. As they descended the bank, an enflaming and deadly fire was poured into them, at a distance varying from thirty to one hundred yards. Fortunately for those who survived this short but desperate struggle, some of Forrest's own men cut off the halyards, and the Federal flag, floating from a tall mast in the centre of the fort, came down. When the flag descended the firing ceased. Another volley would scarcely have left a survivor unhurt in the panic-stricken mass of fugitives. As it was, many rushed into the river and were drowned, and the turbid waters of the Mississippi showed stains of blood for more than a hundred yards. In less than twenty minutes from the time the bugles sounded the charge, firing had ceased, and the work was done. It was a terrible work of slaughter; but one which the enemy provoked, which was executed upon men with their flag flying over their heads, and which they had had plain and repeated opportunity to avoid by the usual and honourable methods of surrender.*

* Gen. Forrest prepared a full history of the whole siege and capture of Fort Pillow, in reply to the newspaper charge of a "massacre," and sent it to Gen. C. G.

After this expedition was ended, Forrest had started for Middle Tennessee, but receiving intelligence at Iuka that a column of 7,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and twenty pieces of artillery, had set out from Memphis, under the command of Gens. Sturgis and Smith, he was compelled to turn back, and give his undivided attention to this column. He moved directly upon the enemy's line of march, and encountered him on Tishamingo Creek, with not quite 5,000 cavalry. His dispositions for battle were quickly made, and before the astonished Federals were aware of their danger, they were vigorously attacked, both in front and in rear, and thrown into complete disorder, while Forrest's nine pieces of artillery poured rapid and murderous charges of canister into their ranks, at the short distance of sixty paces. In less than an hour Sturgis was utterly routed, with the loss of all his artillery, his entire train, and more than 5,000 of his men killed, wounded and captured; the remnant scattered over the woods, and made their way to Memphis, though pursued for forty miles.

The campaign projected after the fall of Atlanta recalled Forrest to the Army of Tennessee, and he marked his path of return to it with fire and sword. At Johnsonville, on the Tennessee River, he burned gunboats and barges, and millions of stores which had been collected there for Sherman's army, and immediately joined the army of Gen. Hood at Florence. He came back to it with a greatly enlarged fame, and after a wondrous sum of exploits. A year before he had left with a single battalion to try his fortune in Mississippi; he had raised, and armed, and equipped a gallant command, without a mite of assistance from the Government; he had kept at bay a force of 30,000 Federal troops, who had often essayed to break down his barrier of steel, and were as often baffled; he had put 17,000 of the enemy "*hors de combat*;" he had captured and sent to the rear sixty pieces of artillery; and had destroyed thirty millions of Federal property. He moved in advance of Hood, and chased the enemy's cavalry to their infantry lines; and after the disaster at Nashville, his enduring courage in covering the retreat of the broken army, after the retirement of Gen. S. D. Lee, who had kept the enemy at bay in its first stages, probably saved it from destruction.

Washburne at Memphis; but so far as we are advised, not only was it not published, but he was never given the benefit of a brave soldier's disclaimer.

The infantry having been transported by rail to the Carolinas, Forrest was left to guard a long line of frontier, reaching from Decatur, Alabama, to the Mississippi River; an almost impossible task, as the enemy was threatening every assailable point. In the spring of 1865, a heavy force of cavalry and mounted infantry, under Wilson, made a descent into Alabama, and marched rapidly in the direction of Selma. Forrest sent orders to his scattered commands, requiring them to concentrate as rapidly as possible upon Selma, and started with his escort, ahead of any command. His orders for a concentration of his forces were delayed by various causes, and the enemy attacking Selma, were opposed by a small force of less than 700 men. After a desperate struggle, Forrest was driven out of the town by the overwhelming odds of the enemy, and forced to retire.

This ended his list of hard-fought fields; for soon after came the melancholy tidings of the surrender of the Armies of Virginia and Tennessee; and Lieut.-Gen. Forrest laid down his arms when, as he declared, "further resistance would have been madness and folly." He has, since the return of peace, resided in Memphis, engaged in business there as a commission merchant—"the lion" of a city that has in its population at the present time more curiosities and contrasts than any other of equal size in America.

In appearance Gen. Forrest is a remarkable man; a perfect model of human symmetry and strength, with an endurance, it was said, that could wear out any trooper that served under him. He is about six feet high; his dark, piercing, hazel-eyes are full of expression, scintillating when excited, and at times playing with a passionate vengeance terrible to behold. The iron-gray hair covers a brain of wonderful breadth; the finely-cut features betoken native cultivation; the lithe form indicates great physical power and activity. He can have, too, his gentle moods, when the clear metallic voice that so often rang out the battle-charge sinks to tones of winning tenderness, and pleads the cause of the affections.

His military career was a succession of brilliant victories, the details of which would make a volume of romance. By no manner of means a favourite of commanding Generals, or of the government—for he was jealous and sullen under authority, and sometimes had fierce fits of obstinacy—he extorted their applause, and

wrenched commission after commission from their unwilling hands, until he had won the wreath of Lieutenant-Generál, which had never been bestowed upon any other than regularly educated West Point soldiers. Without the advantages of learning, he exhibited a remarkable originality in the conduct of the war, and was the practical author of one of the most important reforms in the service. It was this uneducated man who, above all others, divined the true uses of cavalry in the war, and gave it a new and terrible power. The improvements in modern warfare may be said to have annihilated the uses of cavalry as an arm of attack to be employed against infantry formations. Six hundred Scots Greys rode against the Russian rifles at Balaklava, and of that gallant corps only one hundred and sixty returned from the charge. The infantry line, or square, engages the cavalry column of attack as far as it can be distinctly descried, and it is annihilated before it has reached the point-blank range of the smooth-bore musket. This important fact was fully recognized and acted upon by Forrest, and he aimed to make his mounted troops a body of swift infantry centaurs. The immemorial sabre was almost entirely discarded, and the long-range carbine, or rifle, and navy revolver, usurped its place. It was this change that confounded the enemy, converted the operations of Forrest's cavalry from mere raids to more important service, and made it a practicable and formidable arm on the regular field of battle.

Gen. Forrest had none of that polish which the popular imagination usually ascribes to the chivalric hero. His education was woefully deficient, and his extreme illiterate condition almost surpasses belief. He was the coarse Western man, ungrammatical whenever he opened his mouth, guilty of slang and solecism, but full of the generous fire of conflict, alive with every instinct of chivalry, and with an enthusiasm as simple as that of a boy. He had an immense brain; he was named by a distinguished Confederate General as the most wonderful man of the war, next to Stonewall Jackson; he was quite as peripatetic; he fought through four States in the war; and his quickness of movement and strike in battle gained for him the title of "War Eagle of the West." Forrest never refused an open fight; he disdained ambushes and surprises; his orders against guerillas who might stray from his command to such dishonourable service, were even more severe

than those of the enemy. He once offered a reward for the apprehension of a step-brother, because of his reported unauthorized depredations as a guerilla. Fair-play was the jewel of the man. When in the last periods of the war, Wilson, with a largely superior force, chose to harass and weaken him without a battle, Forrest, tired of the game of strategy, sent him word: "If you will come out, I'll give you a *fair field*, and a *square* fight, the longest pole to take the persimmon." In this coarse language there is yet something severely and undeniably chivalric.

His prowess in the war was almost marvellous. He was wounded four times and had twenty-nine horses shot under him. He is reported to have said—"I have with my own hand killed a man for every horse I lost in the war, and I was a horse ahead at its close. At Selma, I killed two Yankees, and jumped my horse over a wagon, and got away. My provost-marshal's book will show that I have taken 31,000 prisoners during the war!" The Great Cavalryman "fought for blood." Simple in his conversation, sometimes as full of boisterous humour as a school-boy when relating his exploits, he was yet volcanic in his wrath, and in the gloom of his aroused passions his dearest friends dared not approach him. There is something terrible in such a character, and yet sublime, when the passions are intelligent and not merely exhibitions of temper. Forrest was the incarnation of vengeance in the war, but there was not a trait of personal malice in his record. He was the fierce combatant for the cause of right, the champion with the vizor up, and the blazing countenance fighting to the point of death. His passions were the inspirations of a great contest, not the fume of low personal animosities. The great events of 1861 found him leading an obscure and amiable life, called out an unconscious greatness, touched a hidden enthusiasm, and suddenly raised from this simple man the apparition of a new glory and a new flame in the war.

LIEUT.-GEN. EDMOND KIRBY SMITH.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Early military life of E. Kirby Smith.—His first conspicuous service in the Confederate States army at Manassas. His campaign with Bragg in Kentucky.—Great success of Gen. Smith's part of the campaign.—Put in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.—Extraordinary spirit of this part of the Confederacy.—Peculiar military difficulties of the department.—The Red River campaign.—Why Gen. Smith did not pursue Banks.—Affairs with the Federal General Steele.—Judgment and prudence of Gen. Smith in deciding an alternative of campaigns.—Injustice of the popular censure on this subject.—Results and fruits of the Red River campaign.—Prejudice in Richmond against the Trans-Mississippi States.—What they accomplished in the war.—Gen. Smith's resolution to hold out after Lee's surrender.—His troops demoralized, clamorous, and excited against their commander.—Terrible scenes of disorder.—History of the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi.—Review of Gen. Smith's military character.—Some explanation of unjust popular accusations.

EDMOND KIRBY SMITH is a native of Florida. His father was a Connecticut lawyer of repute, and shortly after the war of 1812, in which he served as a Major and Colonel, was appointed United States Judge for the District of Florida, and removed with his family to St. Augustine. Two sons were educated for the army. The elder graduated at West Point, was a Captain in the regular army during the Mexican War, and was killed at Molino del Rey. The younger, Edmond, graduated at West Point in 1845, and was ordered as Brevet Second-Lieutenant to the 5th Infantry, then with Gen. Taylor in Mexico. He was afterwards with Scott at Vera Cruz; and such was his activity and merit in this war, that he received three brevets for gallant conduct in the space of less than a year—a brilliant record, where all were so brave and eager to win renown.

In 1854, he was Captain in the same cavalry regiment with

R. E. Lee, and others already mentioned. This regiment was assigned to the duty of checking the incursions of the Comanche Indians, and its principal field of operations was Texas. In the desperate and decisive battle with these savages, which occurred in May, 1859, Capt. Smith was severely wounded.

When the State of Florida seceded, Capt. Smith promptly resigned his commission in the United States army, and was among the first of its old officers to offer his services to President Davis, by whom he was sent to Virginia, to serve with Gen. Johnston, then commanding at Harper's Ferry. His first conspicuous service in the war was very brilliant and popular, as he reached the field of Manassas at the head of a brigade, in the heat of the battle, when the Confederate left wing was being hard pressed, and by his timely arrival made such an extension of the Confederate line, as to enable it to turn the enemy's flanking movement, and save the day. While executing this movement he was struck by a ball, and severely wounded. He was promoted Brigadier-General for his service on this field; but medical attention to his wound detained him many months, and it was not until the second year of the war he was again in active command.

The defeat of Gen. Crittenden and the death of Gen. Zollicoffer, in East Tennessee, was the forerunner of all those disasters which followed each other with such rapidity in that quarter of the Confederacy. To repair the first-named disaster as far as possible, Gen. Smith was placed in command in East Tennessee. How completely he succeeded was not known until he had an opportunity to march into Kentucky. This march was concerted with Gen. Bragg, and was part of a grand strategic operation, which appeared likely to result in the liberation of Kentucky. Gen. Smith moved directly on Lexington, determined to strike at the very heart of the blue-grass country. At Richmond he encountered 10,000 men, under "Bull" Nelson, drawn up to dispute his progress. On the 30th August, 1862—the day on which the second battle of Manassas was fought in Virginia—he attacked this force. An utter route ensued. 3,000 men threw down their arms and surrendered. All the enemy's stores, all his cannon, all his baggage—everything he had—were captured. The flight and pursuit were continued almost to the gates of Lexington, which, a few days after, surrendered, as did also Frankfort. The Legisla-

ture fled to Louisville, and the Confederate flag was displayed on the capitol of the State. Gen. Smith pushed his reconnoissances to within a few miles of Cincinnati. Great expectations were excited by these successes, and at one time Gen. Smith dispatched to Richmond that he had the prospect of obtaining 10,000 recruits in the State. Unfortunately, however, the columns of Gen. Bragg, in the other part of Kentucky, did not balance the successes of Gen. Smith. The campaign, as has been elsewhere related, terminated with the withdrawal of Bragg to Tennessee, and Gen. Smith was recalled to the main army, in time to join in its retreat through Cumberland Gap, and sorrowful abandonment of Kentucky.

Gen. Smith's largest figure in the war was as commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. In March, 1863, having been made a Lieutenant-General, he was appointed to the command of this extensive Department, including the States west of the Mississippi River. This vast territory had been seriously affected by the fall of New Orleans, and at one time it was feared that it would prove delinquent in the war, under the pressure of Federal armies, and with but little hope of assistance from the government at Richmond. But it should be recorded to the credit of this large section of the Confederacy, that despite everything done to conquer or corrupt its arms, and the little support, and even sinister countenance, it had from Richmond, it preserved to the last its allegiance to the Confederate cause, exhibited undiminished courage, and never lost the true inspiration of the war. This much it is proper to say, because of an unjust accusation long prevalent in Richmond of a languid or disloyal sentiment in the States of the Trans-Mississippi. In the face of the great disaster at New Orleans, and when events tended to the isolation from the central government of the States of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri, and a large portion of Louisiana, and demagogues were plying schemes of "reconstruction," and attempting a return to the Federal rule, the Governors of these States assembled and issued a stirring address, evoking every patriotic effort to sustain the Confederate cause. In this appeal these high officers and brave men declared: "We have every confidence in the Confederate authorities; we believe that they will fully sustain the credit of the government here, and provide amply for our future defence. But in order that they may

be able thus to defend us, it behooves us all to be at work. Let every fire-arm be repaired, and every gunsmith and every worker in iron, and every mechanic be employed in fashioning the material for war. Let beauty sit day by day at the spinning-wheel, the loom, and with the needle, never wearying in preparing the necessary articles of clothing for the brave soldiers of our States, who stand between her and infamy and misery, as an impassable bulwark. Let all the warlike resources of these great States be brought to light. It is for liberty and life we fight! and a good God has given us in this fair land all the material that brave men need to defend their homes and their honour."

In April, 1863, Gen. Smith crossed the Mississippi River, and assumed his new command through a general order which named Alexandria, Louisiana, as his headquarters. The department of which he now found himself practically the almost supreme commander, considering the difficulties of communication with Richmond, was one of imperial dimensions, but of vast and peculiar difficulties. It was so desolated, that, in order to subsist the troops it was necessary to scatter them. It was impossible for the Commanding General to conjecture at what point in Louisiana, Arkansas, or Texas the enemy would enter his department. There was no important point against which, with his forces concentrated, Gen. Smith could take the offensive, and by compelling the enemy to defend it, save the territory he commanded from invasion. The hard alternative of a defensive campaign had to be accepted. The enemy, with superiour numbers, and illimitable means of transportation, had the initiative, making it almost inevitable that he would overpower the Confederate forces at the point chosen for attack on this long line. In the fall of 1863, Gen. Smith had his forces disposed as follows: Gen. Taylor, with a large proportion of infantry and Green's division of cavalry, was on the lower Red River and Têche. Gen. Price confronted Steele, who was at Little Rock, preparing for offensive movements towards the Red River. Gen. Magruder guarded the Texas coast. Gen. Maxey, with a mixed force of Texans and Indians, held in check about 5,000 of the enemy under Gen. Thayer at Fort Smith. Small bodies of cavalry observed the lines between these armies.

It was at first supposed that Gen. Banks was determined to invade Texas about the mouth of the Brazos. It soon became

evident, however, after the return of Sherman from Meridian to Vicksburg, that a combined movement in great force by the armies under Banks and Steele, with large detachments from that of Sherman, was to be made against the Trans-Mississippi Department. As there were immense naval armaments upon the Mississippi River, with nothing else to do, it was clear that the line of the Red River would be the line of advance of the principal column, to be supported by the gunboats, and supplied by transports convoyed by them. On the 26th February, 1864, instructions were given by telegraph for Green's division to hold itself in readiness, and on the 6th March it was ordered to move with dispatch to Gen. Taylor, who was embarrassed for the want of cavalry. On the 12th March, a force consisting of portions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth United States Corps, under command of Gen. A. J. Smith, amounting probably to 8,000 men, dropped down from Vicksburg and disembarked at Simmsport, on the Atchafalaya. With such secrecy and celerity was this effected, that Gen. Taylor was unable to concentrate his force in time to prevent Fort De Russy from being carried by assault. This was the only work capable of controlling the navigation of Red River. Embarking his troops, A. J. Smith pressed on and occupied Alexandria, turning the flank of Gen. Taylor, and obliging him to make a rapid march of seventy miles through pine-barrens, to recover his communications with Shreveport. At the same time, Banks, assembling his army at Berwick's Bay, moved up the Têche, and joining A. J. Smith at Alexandria, assumed command of a force of at least 30,000 men. Acting in conjunction was one of the most powerful fleets ever assembled upon a river.

The situation was now imposing enough, and the campaign of the Red River was fairly commenced. While Banks advanced from Alexandria, Steele moved from Little Rock, upon a line leading through Arkadelphia, Washington, and Fulton. The common objective point of these two columns was either Marshall or Shreveport. The plan of Gen. Smith was to effect a concentration of every available man near Shreveport, before giving battle to either column; and to endeavour to so manœuvre as to fight first one, and then the other, with the mass of his forces. The first encounter of arms was at Mansfield, where Gen. Taylor, although he brought on the battle prematurely, gained a signal victory. Banks

reversed his trains, and took position at Pleasant Hill, to cover the retreat. Here Gen. Taylor, now reinforced by the Missouri and Arkansas troops, found him on the evening of the next day, attacked again, and although the battle was apparently a drawn one, the next morning found the demoralized enemy in full retreat to Grand Ecoré, and the Confederate forces reposing on the laurels of two fields, and waiting the orders of the Commanding General for a prosecution of their success.

That prosecution did not take place, as the popular imagination would have had it. There was long a passionate complaint in the newspapers that Gen. Smith did not improve his victories over Banks; that he should have pursued him, and attempted, by a decisive action, to liberate the Department of the Gulf. But this complaint showed little regard for facts. After the battle of Pleasant Hill, Gen. Smith, surveying his extensive department, saw that there was one part of the enemy's combination yet intact, which the public did not observe; that Steele's army of 15,000 men was advancing from Arkansas, and had already approached Camden. The choice was between pursuing Banks and moving against Steele. The former rested on his gunboats; his retreat was comparatively secure, and pursuit, beyond a certain point, impossible. Steele was more than two hundred miles from Helena, his permanent base of operations and supplies; his communications were through an open country, where his trains could be attacked at any point, and with nothing to protect him from being wholly devoured by cavalry could they once break his lines. With Steele's army would fall the fortifications of Little Rock, Pine Bluff, and Duvall's Bluff, giving the Confederates control of Northern Arkansas, where it was known they could obtain 10,000 recruits. The political organizations which the enemy were industriously establishing would be broken up, and the way would be opened to Missouri for infantry. It was known that President Davis had almost demanded that an effort to reoccupy the Valley of the Arkansas should be made. Finally, the Arkansas troops had marched without hesitation or a murmur to relieve Louisiana, and both they and the citizens confidently relied on the Commanding General for succour, as soon as it was in his power to afford it.

Gen. Smith—wisely we must admit—decided to move against

Steele in preference to concentrating his forces upon the pursuit of Banks. In fact, his troops, in crossing the Red River and driving Steele from Camden, were not going much away from Banks, but rather marching on the other side of the Red River, in such a direction that, after accomplishing their object, they could wheel and flank Banks, cutting him off from the road to Natchez, and lessening the probability of his ultimate escape from "Dick" Taylor, who had followed him.

The campaign was wisely planned, but unfortunately did not realize all of Gen. Smith's expectations. He failed to capture or destroy Steele's army, by an accident which could not be foreseen—the failure of one of his divisions to get on the enemy's front between the Washita and the Sabine. But he captured from Steele ten pieces of artillery, compelling him to throw as many more into the river, near 1,000 wagons, and killed and captured 4,000 of his men. He ejected him from the valley of the Ouachita, and rendered him incapable of moving again for weeks or months to come. He was now free to use his whole force against Banks. He confidently hoped that the low stage of water in Red River would not admit of the passage of the fleet over the falls of Alexandria, and that he would have time to reach there and engage him in decisive operations. The troops were moved immediately in that direction, and Walker's division reached Alexandria only to learn that the enemy had evacuated the place and escaped.

In popular criticisms of a military campaign, it is usual to say that it might have been so much better if this or that had been done differently. Does it ever occur to these hasty calculators that in the very uncertainty of the events they count upon, it might have been so much worse! Gen. Smith's just expectations as against Steele, were in a measure disappointed; but on the other hand, had he become seriously involved with Banks on Lower Red River, Steele might have advanced and seized Shreveport and Marshall before he could extricate himself to meet him. The defeat of his army before Natchitoches would have lost the department.

The campaign of Gen. Smith was justly and ingeniously planned; and although it fell short of a picture drawn by the popular imagination, it must be taken as one of the most successful and brilliant of the war. It was more than once the subject of remark in newspaper criticisms in the war, that there was a class

of persons never content with the successes of our arms who invariably demanded as a consequence of every victory that the enemy should be annihilated. These persons appeared incapable of understanding that an enemy might sometimes be defeated, while the most consummate skill could not insure the capture of his whole force. It seems, indeed, that the Richmond newspapers rarely recorded the event of a battle, but there came along some account of the Confederate forces having the enemy hemmed in, cut off, or all "bagged." Even sensible men indulged and encouraged this morbid appetite for the incredible. But what was most mortifying to the pride of commanders, it frequently happened, after a campaign in which the odds had been greatly against the Confederates, and during which the mass of the people exposed had been hopeless of the result, and ready to take the oath of allegiance to the enemy, these very people, whose miserable cowardice and want of determination were a disgrace to the country, found it unaccountable, perfectly outrageous, that the Federals were not all destroyed, and that the utter annihilation of the enemy was not the consequence of every victory won in the open field.

Despite those criticisms of the weak and selfish, history will record the campaign of the Red River as one of brilliant glory for Gen. Smith, a renowned achievement and an example of generalship, among the most famous and honourable of the war. He did not annihilate Banks, but he defeated and disgraced him, and reduced the splendid empire he had projected west of the Mississippi to the tenure of New Orleans, the banks of the river, and a strip of the sea-coast. The fruits of the campaign were large and visible. They were thus enumerated in an official synopsis: Enemy's losses—In Louisiana, 5,000 killed and wounded, 4,000 prisoners, 21 pieces of artillery, 200 wagons, 1 gunboat, 3 transports. In Arkansas, 1,400 killed, 2,000 wounded, 1,500 prisoners, 13 pieces of artillery, 900 wagons. Confederate losses, 3,000 killed, wounded and missing, against enemy's losses, 14,000. Confederate strength 15,000, against enemy's strength 47,000.

The campaign was necessarily defensive in its character. When the conception of its plan, the manner in which each part of it was executed by those to whom it was assigned, the vast extent of territory upon which the concentration of troops had to be effected, the absence of railroad or water transportation for either the

troops or supplies, the disparity of force, the complete failure of the enemy in effecting his objects, the loss inflicted upon him, and the moral effect upon the country are considered, it must be stamped as one of the most brilliant of the war.

This campaign alone should have been sufficient to silence the habitual clamour at Richmond that the general condition of the Trans-Mississippi Department was lassitude, and that the operations of Gen. Smith were languid and indecisive. There was a sectional jealousy and selfishness in this clamour. The just and intelligent historian of the war, instead of adopting the stale cry that the operations of the Trans-Mississippi extended no aid to the common cause, will admire the administration which showed this distant and abused country capable of sustaining itself. The fact is derived from official records, that the Department of the Trans-Mississippi sent east of the river largely over 100,000 men since the beginning of the war, and yet not one had it received in return except officers. For two years this Department had not received any aid from the Cis-Mississippi in men, supplies, or arms. It had not even been furnished with treasury-notes to pay off its soldiers, who had been marching and fighting all the while without pay. In that time, Gen. Smith had succeeded in bringing some order out of the chaos which he found existing there. He had powder-mills, arsenals, workshops, where before there were none. The shot which repelled the enemy on the Red River was made of iron extracted from its ore, although no mine had ever before been worked within the limits of his command. The army had been clad, shod, subsisted, and furnished with munitions and transportation, without any aid or direct support of the government. Surely such results of wise and ingenious administration are of infinite honour to Gen. Smith, and deserve a page of wonder and admiration in the history of the war.

When the surrender of Gens. Lee, Johnston and Taylor gave to the enemy all the territory east of the Mississippi River, it was expected by President Davis and the few who adhered to his fortunes, to find a refuge in the Trans-Mississippi, and to erect there the last hope of the Southern Confederacy. To these expectations Gen. Smith responded with noble spirit and the most desperate and exalted courage; and it was not his fault that the vision of President Davis was not realized. West of the Mississippi, after

Lee's surrender, there were probably 100,000 men under arms, in disorganized commands, to be sure, and dispirited by the tidings from Virginia and the Carolinas; but who can doubt that if they had remained uncorrupted and been joined by as many more from the East, there would have been force and resolution enough to have erected the declining fortunes of the Confederacy! It was hoped that most of the men who deserted at the last moment before the surrender east of the Mississippi, would try to get across the river. It was said that all the "exchanged prisoners" would come. Men of high official distinction hid their horses in the impenetrable swamps for three weeks after Lee's surrender, hoping to hear President Davis had crossed the river. Gen. Smith, at the head of the Department, resolved to defend it still, if he could. He did not feel justified to surrender without an order from the President. He resolved, therefore, to fight to the last extremity—that to yield where there was, as yet, no foe to receive the surrender, was too *disgraceful*. He rejected the demand for the surrender of the Department, and issued an appeal to the soldiers to stand by their colours.

The spirit of this resolution was that of a brave and conscientious man. In a circular letter addressed to the Governors of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri, and dated at Shreveport, 9th May, 1865, Gen. Smith wrote: "Since the evacuation of Richmond, the seat of government of the Confederate States has not been fixed, and it may be transferred to the western side of the Mississippi. It is impossible to confer with the President so as to meet the exigencies of the times, and questions of grave political importance beyond my military authority may arise, and require prompt decision. Intending to uphold the authority of the Confederate Government by arms, to the utmost, I yet feel that I should carefully avoid any appearance of usurping functions not intrusted to my discretion." He besought a convention of the Governors he addressed to indicate some policy to maintain with honour and success the Confederate cause. He exhorted the troops; he prepared an eloquent address to the army; he visited what remained of the Confederate forces at Shreveport; and he entreated the men to stand by their colours a little longer, in prospect of aid and countenance from the other side of the Mississippi.

But these appeals, with which he nobly filled the last measure of duty, and exhausted himself, fell upon doubting ears and despairing hearts. A frightful demoralization began to take place in the army. It was generally felt that the struggle was ended with Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House. Many of the Texas soldiers were disbanding and returning to their homes; the army was melting away; the Missouri officers, believing they would be expatriated by the enemy, had determined to withdraw with their troops, in a body, across the Rio Grande. Governor Allen, of Louisiana, strongly advised a surrender, and proposed acting for the Governors of the other States of the Trans-Mississippi, to go to Gen. Grant's headquarters, or to Washington City, to surrender the Department, since Gen. Smith refused to do so in his military capacity. By such different counsels the army was demoralized, and at last the disorder and turmoil were frightful. A recent narrator of these events says: "The wildest rumours prevailed throughout the country. Conflicting reports of Smith's resolution to fight on, and Allen's to surrender, produced great confusion of thoughts and tongues. The soldiers took the alarm, and began to disband by hundreds in open daylight. Their officers lost all power to control the men. The soldiers were infuriated with rage and disappointment. They had not been paid for a long time, owing, they believed, to the carelessness, negligence, cupidity, or rascality of the quartermasters. They now robbed all the government stores and dépôts, distributing the contents as fairly and equitably as they could among themselves. The fierce, strong women, too, in some counties in Texas, gathered together in bands, broke into dépôts of sugar and army stores, with weapons in their hands, helping themselves to cloth, coffee, sugar, and luxuries, to which they had long been strangers. The soldiers were much exasperated against Gen. Smith. They would almost have killed him, if they had been able, as innocent as he was of any crime against them or his country. He had done all he could, in such a rough state of affairs. Smith was sent for to go to Houston, to try and hold the army together there. He left Buckner in command at Shreveport. The army in Louisiana took the infection of disbanding. Buckner sent for Allen to come to Natchitoches to address Hay's troops, who were demoralized. Allen went immediately; he met the last division near Mansfield, marching home-

wards. He stopped them, addressed them, making a most pathetic appeal to them. * * * * At Hempstead, a party of twenty-five young men volunteered to escort and protect Gen. Smith to Houston. They did not consider his life safe on the high-roads. The Missouri troops remained faithful. They sent a deputation to Buckner and other officers, to inform them 'that they would not go either to Texas or Mexico; that they had fought for the Confederacy, were still ready to fight for it, so long as a man remained, but if the country was to be given up, they intended to surrender like soldiers, and *their officers should stay with them!*'"

It was in circumstances and scenes like these that Gen. Smith despaired of a prolongation of the war, and on the 26th May, 1865, concluded, through commissioners, the surrender of his army to Gen. Canby. This conclusion had become irresistible, even without the force of the enemy's arms. At Houston he issued a farewell address to his troops, in which he declared: "Your present duty is plain. Return to your families. Resume the occupations of peace. Yield obedience to the laws. Labour to restore order. Strive both by counsel and example to give security to life and property. And may God in his mercy direct you aright, and heal the wounds of our distracted country."

The military character of Gen. Smith has scarcely been treated with justice in the popular and cotemporary records of the war. He was the victim of many rumours, growing out of the obscurity and comparative isolation of his department, and, at one time, he was absurdly and brutally accused in the newspapers of an attempt to negotiate a transfer of his forces to the Emperor of Mexico. He was also accused of speculations in cotton, etc., in which, doubtless, some Confederate officers did grow rich at the expense of the reputation of the Commanding General. No more faithful patriot existed in the armies of the Confederacy, and no purer man was in any of its public stations. Although Gen. Smith may not have had the highest genius of a commander, he achieved a most honourable sum of success in the war, and had many excellent qualities. He was a dashing soldier in the field; he was a man of personal courage and high probity; and if he had a fault, it was that he was too facile and yielding to the impudent and importunate demands of often unworthy subordinates. His character was

very amiable, and in his appearance and manners there was nothing of the swollen port or harsh precision of the military commander.* He was remarkable for his piety, and it was said that a few years before the war, he entertained serious thoughts of abandoning the profession of arms and studying for the ministry. His command in the Trans-Mississippi was a very difficult one, beset with many conflicting interests and private speculations, and constantly assailed by intrigue; and perhaps he was too gentle and retiring for a position so peculiar.

* A pleasant anecdote, related in the newspapers, illustrates the manners of the General. When he first arrived in his department he made his way to Gen. Magruder's office. But one staff-officer happened to be in, and, as young men sometimes will do, he was occupying a position more comfortable than elegant, with his back to the door, singing "Dixie." Gen. Smith interrupted him with: "Is this Gen. Magruder's office?" The young officer broke off his song only long enough to reply: "Yes, sir." Gen. S.—"Is the General in?" Officer—"No, sir." Gen. S.—"Will he be in soon?" Officer—"Don't know, sir." Gen. S.—"How long has he been gone?" Officer—"Don't know, sir." Gen. S.—"Where is he?" Officer—"Don't know, sir. It is not my work to keep him." Gen. S.—"Ahem! My name is Smith." Officer—"Yes. Good many Smiths about—several been to see the General." Gen. S.—"They sometimes call me Lieutenant-General Smith." Officer—"The deuce you say!" The officer turned a very rapid somersault, and disappeared in a twinkling.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIMON B. BUCKNER.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Services and promotions in the United States Army.—His connection with the "State Guard" of Kentucky.—Memorandum of a conference with George B. McClellan, concerning Kentucky's neutrality.—He refuses military service with either of the belligerents.—His conversion to the service of the Confederate States.—Commissioned a Brigadier-General.—Captured at Fort Donelson.—Running the gauntlet of Northern mobs.—A cutting remark to a Federal officer.—Released, and takes command in Hardee's corps.—His disagreement with Gen. Bragg concerning the field of Perryville.—In command at Mobile.—Transferred to East Tennessee.—Important assistance in the Chickamauga campaign.—Another disagreement between Bragg and his officers.—Gen. Buckner transferred to the Trans-Mississippi, and commands the district of Louisiana.—Included in Gen. E. Kirby Smith's surrender.—A peculiarity of Gen. Buckner's character.—His high moral courage.

SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER was born April 1, 1823, in Hart county, Kentucky. He entered West Point in 1840, and having completed his term of education there, was assigned as brevet second-lieutenant to the 2d regiment of infantry, joining his regiment at Sackett's Harbour, New York. In 1845, he was ordered to duty as assistant instructor of ethics at West Point, whence he was relieved on his own application, in May, 1846, and ordered to the Rio Grande. He took part in the most important incidents of the Mexican War, and was brevetted a first lieutenant for gallant conduct at Cherubusco, and a captain for gallant conduct at Molino del Rey. He was detached from his regiment on its return from Mexico, and remained on duty at West Point until 1850, as assistant instructor of infantry tactics. He then rejoined his regiment in Minnesota, and was subsequently ordered to duty on the Plains, being assigned to command a military post, Fort Atkinson, on the Santa Fé route, 360 miles from the nearest settlement. He gave protection to that route with only sixty men, although at

that time the neighbouring Indian tribes—the Northern Comanches, the Kiowas, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes—were uncertain in their disposition, if not positively hostile. In 1852, he was promoted captain in the subsistence department, and was stationed in the city of New York. He resigned his commission in the army in 1855, and subsequently settled in Louisville, Kentucky.

In 1860, he framed the bill reorganizing the militia of Kentucky, and erecting it into a State Guard, and was subsequently appointed by Governor Magoffin its commander, with the rank of Major-General, Gen. Helm being second in command. It may be said here, that to the labours and energy of these officers, was due the marked efficiency afterwards shown by the Kentucky troops in the Confederate States armies, the foundation of their discipline and expertness in arms having been laid in the camps of instruction of the State Guard. It was while performing the duties of this office that Gen. Buckner had a notable interview with Gen. McClellan, in which the Federal General agreed to respect the assumed neutral position of Kentucky, as long as the State enforced it against the Confederates. By the suggestion of the latter, Gen. Buckner visited him at his residence in Cincinnati, in June, 1861, and in the presence of a citizen of Kentucky, they held a conference as to her position and wishes. The result was a distinct verbal arrangement that Federal troops should not occupy the soil of Kentucky unless she was first invaded by Confederates; that if so invaded, Gen. Buckner should use his forces to drive back the invaders, and if he failed, or was unable to do so, *then* Federal troops should be sent to aid him, but should be immediately withdrawn when the invaders were repelled. Such was the agreement made by McClellan, and afterwards acknowledged and confirmed by him in an interview with Gen. Buckner, Judge Bigger and Col. Bullock, held on the 13th June, at Cairo, in Illinois. This arrangement, if faithfully observed, would have secured Kentucky's neutrality, at least for a time; but it was soon repudiated by the Federals, and Gen. McClellan himself had the hardihood to write, "I regarded Gen. Buckner's promise to drive out the Confederate troops as the only result of the interview; his letter gives his own views, not mine,"—as if it was possible that Gen. Buckner could have consented to such a unilateral and absurd arrangement!

Thinking the neutral position of Kentucky well taken, Gen.

Buckner, in July, 1861, resigned his command of the State Guard and determined to take no part in the war on either side. From the uncouth assurance of President Lincoln, that he would not molest the neutrality of Kentucky "as long as there were any *rounds* around the State, by which the rebellion would be reached," Gen. Buckner was induced to believe this neutrality might be respected. He repeatedly declined high military positions tendered him in the United States army; he equally declined the Confederate service; and averse to any employment in a war he deplored, he maintained a neutral, but attentive attitude, and waited the progress of events.

When, after the August elections of 1861, the Federal Government, seconded by a party in the State, proceeded to violate the neutrality of Kentucky, Gen. Buckner hesitated no longer to make his choice and to turn his face against the rapid advances of Federal oppression. Whatever criticism may now be bestowed upon his choice, he acted from severe and noble motives. With a large estate in the north, and valuable property on the borders of Kentucky, and the offer of high position in the Federal army, every temporal interest would have tended to induce him to join the North. But throwing these considerations aside, he for the first time, after the Federal forces had occupied Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, and after the legislature of the State had declined to enforce its neutrality declarations, tendered his services unconditionally to the Confederate States. He received the appointment of Brigadier-General on the 16th September; and under instructions from Gen. A. Sidney Johnston, occupied Bowling-Green, Kentucky, on the following day, with a force of between 4,000 and 5,000 men, without a wagon or other means of transportation in the little army. Two weeks afterwards Gen. Johnston himself assumed command, having brought with him an additional force.

Shortly thereafter followed the disaster of Fort Donelson—a sorrowful, and familiar story, but one gilded with extraordinary spirit and generosity on the part of Gen. Buckner. He had reinforced the garrison, and shared in the battles of three days. He was third in command; and yet when it was decided in council of war that further resistance was useless, he refused to escape with his seniors, and saying briefly that he "would share the fate of his

men," he chose captivity with them, whose dangers and privations he had shared on the field. Having surrendered and become a prisoner of war, he was conducted under close guard to Indianapolis, and thence to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbour. In this painful travel, he was exposed to curious and insulting mobs, and at every stage of the journey a brutal show was enforced of the distinguished prisoner.* On one of these occasions, he displayed an admirable dignity and presence of mind. The exceptionally courteous officer who accompanied him, was himself so disgusted by the scenes which were enacted by the populace, that on reaching one of the large cities on the route where it was necessary to change conveyances, he requested Gen. Buckner to throw a citizen's cloak around him in order to conceal his uniform, and thus escape observation from the mob. "I thank you, Colonel," replied Gen. Buckner, "but, I think it unkind that you should ask a Confederate officer to disguise himself to prevent your people from disgracing themselves."

For four months and a half Gen. Buckner endured the pangs of solitary confinement—such being the cruel penalty inflicted upon him by orders from Washington. In August, 1862, he was exchanged, and the Confederate Government at once showed appreciation of the spirit that had prompted his self-sacrifice at Donelson, and sustained him in the lonely hours of prison, by

* A Boston journal had the following account of the popular reception in that polite city of Gen. Buckner, and fellow-prisoner, Gen. Tilghman:—"The rebel Generals Simon Bolivar Buckner and Lloyd Tilghman, were immediatly sent to Fort Warren, in the harbour. It was not generally known that they were to arrive, but there was a crowd present large enough, and noisy enough, to make it decidedly unpleasant, both to the prisoners and the officers who had them in charge. They occupied a car situated in the middle of the long train. The crowd pressed round this car as soon as the Generals were discovered, and commenced hissing, groaning and howling in a manner calculated to give the occupants an impression not altogether favourable to the citizens of the 'Yankee capital.' Policemen appeared with the two Generals, and conducted them to the front of the dépot, followed by the crowd, which was rapidly swelling in numbers. The prisoners jumped into a hack in waiting there. As they drove off, the crowd amused itself by groaning vehemently for Jeff. Davis. The guard of soldiers did not leave the car in which they arrived at the dépot until the prisoners had been driven off in the hack. When they marched out into the street, some persons in the crowd which still lingered about the place were belligerently inclined. One fellow appealed to his comrade to know if they were going to let 'rebels run loose about the streets; to which appeal one of said comrades made bold to reply that they 'war'n't goin' ter du nuthin' er that sort.'"

promoting him to a Major-Generalship. He assumed command of a division in Hardee's Corps, then at Chattanooga, and reëntered the Western theatre of the war just in time to take part in Gen. Bragg's Kentucky campaign.

His services in this campaign were remarkable, and especially his clear perceptions of the field of Perryville showed generalship of the highest order, and might have accomplished a decisive result but for the obstinate dissent of the Commanding General from all his officers. When Gen. Bragg declined to give Buell battle on his march to Louisville, and retired to Bardstow, Gen. Buckner was detached temporarily from his division to superintend the organization of new regiments in Kentucky. He had scarcely entered upon this duty at Lexington when Buell's advance recalled him to his gallant command. He reported to Gen. Bragg at Harrodsburg, on the afternoon of the 7th October, 1862. At that time Gen. Hardee, with two divisions, was in front of the enemy at Perryville. The rest of the army—including Gen. Smith's army, and Gen. Humphrey Marshall's division—was in the immediate vicinity of Harrodsburg. The enemy were pressing Hardee heavily at Perryville, ten miles southward from Harrodsburg. They were also moving on Salvisa, about fifteen miles northwest of the same place. On reporting to Gen. Bragg, Gen. Buckner imparted to him the information which he had learned, through his secret agents, that the Federal Gen. McCook, with from 20,000 to 30,000 men, was at Macksville, ten miles west of Harrodsburg, moving to reinforce the enemy at Perryville, and urged an immediate concentration of the army at Perryville, to meet this movement. Gen. Bragg replied that he had reason to think the enemy were in heavy force in the direction of Salvisa. Gen. Buckner urged again that it would be the most natural movement for the enemy to press with his greatest force at Perryville, thus endangering our communications while covering his own; that Gen. Hardee was already heavily pressed at that point; that to meet this danger it was necessary to concentrate the entire available force; and that even if the enemy should have committed the error of sending the mass of his army towards Salvisa, it was still advisable to concentrate the army at Perryville, to overwhelm the supposed inferior force at that point, to free our own communica-

tions, and to move upon those of the enemy, intercepting him from Louisville, and thus fighting him in detail. These views did not seem to impress Gen. Bragg. When similar views were urged by Gen. Polk, Gen. Bragg enunciated the novel proposition that, "as the enemy are divided, we can afford to divide, too." To the written communications of Gen. Hardee, supported by the opinion of Gen. Cheatham, subsequently received, no more attention was paid; but Gen. Bragg made the singular disposition of sending Cheatham's division only of Polk's wing to reinforce Hardee, of ordering Wither's division of the same wing in the direction of Salvisa, and of sending Kirby Smith with his army, and Marshall with his division, back respectively towards Versailles and Lexington. Thus an army which had been concentrated for action had, on the eve of battle, been scattered to the four points of the compass, in spite of the respectful remonstrances of every general officer who came in contact with the Commanding General.

The battle of Perryville was a Confederate success, without decisive results. After the retreat from Kentucky, which followed, Gen. Buckner relinquished the command of his division in the Army of the Mississippi, thenceforth known as the Army of Tennessee, to Cleburne, on whom it subsequently conferred imperishable renown; and having received orders to repair to Mobile, he assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, then threatened with an attack. In December, 1862, he found Mobile almost an open town, with a garrison of about four thousand men. He projected the system of defensive works which made it so formidable; he strengthened the river works, and was rapidly urging to completion the land defences, when, in May, 1863, he received orders to repair to Knoxville, and take command of the Department of East Tennessee. This department was then in a very disorganized condition, and the division of political sentiment of its people made the position of Gen. Buckner one of peculiar embarrassment and trouble. He gave a rare and valuable example of moderation; he established a complete toleration of opinion; and whatever might be the view of any citizen on political questions, he was free from molestation, as long as he did not actively oppose the existing government. It was a wise and salutary practice, and characteristic of Gen. Buckner, whose even and just temper

always deplored the passions of party, and was indisposed to anything like the revenge or rancour of a victorious faction.

From East Tennessee he joined Gen. Bragg's army near Chattanooga, and having, in a great measure, neutralized Burnside's forces, contributed a most important element of success to the campaign which culminated at Chickamauga. But here again a great opportunity was spoiled by diverse counsels. The victory obtained over the enemy was considered so complete that Longstreet, Polk, Hill, Buckner, and others, counselled an immediate advance across the Tennessee River, by a ford six miles above Chattanooga. This was at one time determined on; but to the surprise of the whole army, the different columns were directed upon Chattanooga, and the army sat down before that place, to invest a fortress on the only side from which supplies could not be drawn, even though the garrison might have had free access to the surrounding country. The delay before Chattanooga threatened to be so fatal to the Confederate cause, that the principal officers of the army could not refrain from respectful protests against the inaction of the Commanding General. These differences induced a visit of President Davis to Chattanooga. He maintained Gen. Bragg in command. The latter continued the partial investment of Chattanooga, and reorganized the army in the presence of a superiour enemy. This reorganization, as was predicted, resulted disastrously. The principle which seemed the basis of the new organization was to assign troops to commanders whom they did not know, and by whom they were not known; thus destroying the confidence between commanders and troops so essential to efficiency. During this partial investment, the Confederate army, already inferior in strength to that of the enemy, was further weakened by detailing Longstreet against Knoxville. It was popularly thought that Longstreet favoured this movement. He was, in fact, opposed to it, as were Buckner and most of the senior officers of the army. In a letter to Gen. Buckner, written at the beginning of this movement, Gen. Longstreet sufficiently gave his views when he stated that he was leaving with a force not strong enough to accomplish success, yet large enough to imperil the main body of the army before Chattanooga. The result at Missionary Ridge justified the criticism.

Gen. Buckner was detained by sickness from the command of

his division in Longstreet's expedition. On rejoining the army in East Tennessee, he was assigned to the command of Hood's old division; but when the campaign of 1864 opened, and Longstreet was ordered to Virginia, Gen. Buckner was ordered to report to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, on the application of that commander, supported by the wishes of the Congressional delegates from the Trans-Mississippi. On his arrival at Shreveport, he was assigned to the command of the District of Louisiana, to succeed Lieut.-Gen. Taylor, who was ordered to command in Alabama and Mississippi. He was soon afterwards promoted to the grade of Lieutenant-General. As such, in addition to his geographical command, he commanded a corps of the Trans-Mississippi army, composed of one Louisiana division of infantry, one from Arkansas, and one from Missouri, and a cavalry command composed of Missouri, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana troops.

There were but few active operations in the Trans-Mississippi after the spring campaign of 1864. Gen. Price's invasion of Missouri had some design as an aid to Hood's movements in Georgia, but fell below expectation, and accomplished no important results. The surrender of Gens. Lee and Johnston left the Trans-Mississippi Department without any steady prospect of prolongation of the struggle, and the convention for a surrender was negotiated by Lieut.-Gen. Buckner and Maj.-Gen. Price, with Maj.-Gen. Canby, of the United States Army. By the terms of surrender, Gen. Buckner was not permitted to return at once to his home in Kentucky. He accordingly remained in New Orleans, where accident had thrown him. Having saved nothing from the wreck of his fortune, he sought, without repining over the past, to earn a support by applying himself at once to the changed condition of the country. The sword having failed him he took up the pen, and is a constant contributor to one of the daily newspapers in New Orleans. His attention to commercial pursuits had secured the confidence of the business men of New Orleans to such an extent that he was selected, in 1866, as the President of an insurance company, made up by many of the principal merchants of the city. This position he now holds.

In the character of Gen. Buckner there is a peculiar trait, besides his good qualities as a commander. It is a severe conscientiousness, a high moral courage, that never would bend

either to a consideration of expediency or a command of authority. We have noticed an evidence of this disposition when he declined to take up arms on the hypothesis of Kentucky's neutrality. It was strongly illustrated by an incident of the campaign in Kentucky. Previous to that period several summary executions had taken place in the Army of the Mississippi, under colour of the sentence of what were called "military commissions." Gen. Buckner received, at Sparta, an order to execute two soldiers of his command, who had been condemned by such an illegal tribunal. He declined compliance with the order, for the reasons, that no such tribunal was known to our laws; that the mock trial of the parties, therefore, had no legal effect; that the order of the commander was consequently arbitrary and unlawful; that to obey it would be to commit murder; and that as he had taken up arms in opposition to the arbitrary exercise of usurped authority, he could not consistently sustain such an usurpation over constitutional rights. Upon this remonstrance, the Commanding General reconsidered his action, reprieved the soldiers, and ceased the practice of summary executions, except when adjudged by courts-martial—the only legal tribunals established for the trial of military offenders.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN B. FLOYD.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Family record of the Floyds.—Adventures of George Rogers Clarke.—John Floyd, the elder.—His services as Governor of Virginia.—Early life of young Floyd.—A planter in Arkansas.—His political career in Virginia.—A member of President Buchanan's Cabinet.—His political views and services in the Cabinet.—PRIVATE DIARY OF SECRETARY FLOYD.—Extraordinary statement of President Buchanan, justifying the secession of the Southern States, in a certain event.—Private views of Washington politicians.—How Secretary Floyd came to resign his position in the Cabinet.—Clamour and recriminations of the Republican party.—Floyd appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate States service.—His campaign in Western Virginia.—Battles of Fort Donelson.—He is relieved from command.—Appointed by Virginia a Major-General of State troops.—Operations on the headwaters of the Big Sandy.—His death.—A great and generous character assailed by partisan influences.

THE subject of this sketch had but a slight military record in the war. But he was one of the most important politicians of the South, and one of the most remarkable characters of Virginia.

His family record is closely interwoven with the public history of the country, and is intensely interesting. The Floyds were of Welsh extraction. The ancestor of the name in America settled on the eastern shore in Virginia. The family soon divided into three branches: one of them remaining in Virginia; another established himself in New York; and the third emigrating to Georgia. The Virginia *stirps* moved up into the interior country, now Amherst county of that State. There the head of the family intermarried with a half-breed Indian girl. Shortly before the era of the Revolution, a young and enterprising descendant of this union, John Floyd, proceeded still further westward, and became the assistant of a notable surveyor, William Preston, in what is now Montgomery county, Virginia. This lat-

ter was the nephew of James Patton, an emigrant from the north of Ireland, a retired captain of the British navy, after the treaty of Utrecht, who had come to America, bearing as a reward for approved services, grants or patents from the crown for indefinite acres of the royal lands. These the nephew, William Preston, assisted by young Floyd, found abundant occupation in locating upon the richest soils of Southwest Virginia; and it was probably the same object that soon took the latter to a more distant field of labour.

The search for good lands and a taste for adventure, after a few years, had identified young Floyd with Kentucky; where, Washington-like, he surveyed and located lands, industriously, for several years. We soon find him in intimate companionship there with Daniel Boone, the pioneer. The histories of that young State, and the records of the family, make him one of the party that rescued Boone's daughters from the Indians, who had kidnapped them while fishing alone and unprotected. We find John Floyd's name among those of the first bench of justices of the peace that were commissioned for the county of Kentucky by the Virginia Executive. John Floyd also became intimately associated with Gen. George Rogers Clarke, who commanded troops of the colony of Virginia on the Ohio waters; and who, at the head of these troops, subsequently conquered for the Commonwealth of Virginia, from the British crown, the territory between the Ohio River and the great lakes, called the Northwestern Territory; a splendid domain, which Virginia ceded to the Union. What command Floyd held under Clarke is not known; but he was with that patriot when he rejected the title of nobility proffered him in the name of the British king, to secure his fidelity to the crown at the beginning of the Revolution.*

* Gen. Clarke spent a large private fortune in maintaining his Virginia army on the waters of the Ohio, during, and subsequently to the Revolutionary struggle. He was never reimbursed, and lived and died in straitened circumstances. After many years, Virginia ceded the territory, thus cheaply acquired, to the Union, and voted Clarke a sword; which, when taken to him, he ran into the ground and broke; remarking that she should first pay her debts, and bestow compliments afterwards. When the grandson of his companion in arms, John B. Floyd, became Secretary of War at Washington, he caused a portrait of Gen. Geo. Rogers Clarke to be accurately copied from one in his family possession, and placed in the War Office at Washington.

The war of 1775, and a tender attraction, brought Floyd back from Kentucky to Smithfield, the Patton homestead, in Montgomery county, Southwest Virginia. The attraction was a young lady, a cousin of William Preston, and a niece of James Patton, named Buchanan. About the time of his return, a messenger came to him from Mr. Cabell, in the lowlands, who owned shipping. He was invited to join William Radford, of Richmond, and others more competent than either to manage sea-craft, in a maritime expedition which the Tories denounced as piratical, but which the Whigs called privateering; and he obeyed the summons. The adventure was both brief and luckless; for the two captured young rebels soon found themselves inclosed in an English prison—tradition says, in the tower of London—as prisoners of war. After a tedious incarceration, they made their escape, through the favour of a young girl, who was a domestic in the Tower, and managed to reach Paris, where, through the solicitations of Dr. Franklin, the colonial agent, they obtained money from Marie Antoinette, with which to return to America, where Floyd arrived in time to prevent the marriage of the Buchanan maiden to another lover and to secure the prize for himself. He soon went back to Kentucky, where he engaged actively in the wars against the Indians which were incident to the Revolution, and was finally killed by the Indians near Louisville, leaving two sons, George Rogers Clarke Floyd, who remained in Kentucky, and John Floyd, who came to Virginia. The mother of the two boys afterwards married James Breckenridge of Kentucky; and from this latter union a portion of the Breckenridges of that State, and other familiar names in Kentuckian history, have descended.

The second John Floyd, having returned permanently to Virginia, married Letitia Preston, daughter of William Preston, the surveyor, a lady widely noted for extraordinary intellectual gifts and attainments. He was by profession a physician, and was highly and widely esteemed in that character. But he soon became prominent in politics, and was for a long time a representative in Congress from Southwestern Virginia. He signalized himself by his zeal for the occupation of our possessions beyond the Rocky Mountains, where the title of the United States was not yet indisputably settled. He was regarded as an enthusiast upon the subject, and it was owing to his personal popularity with

members, and not to their appreciation of his apparently extravagant views, that Congress sanctioned the measures taken at his instigation in Monroe's administration looking to the establishment of our title to what is now Oregon and Washington Territories;—measures which secured, in a modern controversy with Great Britain, our claim to that valuable domain. Dr. Floyd was a zealous advocate of Jackson's election to the Presidency; who, after his inauguration, tendered him the office of Governor of the Territory on the Pacific in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered in that behalf. The appointment was declined; and soon after Dr., or rather Gen., Floyd became Governor of Virginia, in 1829, and was the last Governor of that State under its first constitution. He was also, in 1831, unanimously elected the first Governor under the constitution formed by the State Convention which met in 1829. During the latter term of service the nullification movement had its career in South Carolina; and Governor Floyd so far sympathized with it, that he gave public notice of his determination not to permit the employment of Federal forces against the refractory State without resistance from Virginia. He received the compliment of the electoral vote of South Carolina for the Presidency in 1833, and died in private life a few years afterwards.

John Buchanan Floyd, the subject of the present memoir, was the eldest son of Gen. John Floyd and of Letitia Preston, and the grandson of John Floyd, the companion of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clarke in Kentucky, and of Jane Buchanan, the Scotch-Irish maiden, who was of the same family of the Buchanans of Pennsylvania. He was born at Smithfield, the Patton and Preston seat in Montgomery county, Virginia, on the 1st day of June, 1806. He spent much of his youth in handling the axe, the plough, and the rifle, in a country then thinly populated and abounding in forest and game. He grew up an athlete and a model of manly comeliness. Though his early education was not thorough, he was reared in companionship with intelligence and literary cultivation, and enjoyed throughout youth the then, in that country, rare advantages of an ample and well-selected library. The society of his remarkably intellectual mother, and of so bold-thinking, experienced and practical a statesman as Gen. Floyd, gave grasp and elevation to his mind, and direction

to his life. He finally went to Columbia College, South Carolina, where he graduated in 1829 with high reputation for intellectual powers. He was a great admirer and a favoured pupil of the learned and scientific Dr. Thomas Cooper, who was then President of Columbia College. In 1830 he was married to his cousin, Sally Buchanan Preston, granddaughter of the William Preston before mentioned, and sister of Wm. C. Preston, the orator and Senator from South Carolina, who had emigrated to that State from South-western Virginia. The mother of Miss Floyd was a niece of Patrick Henry and daughter of Gen. Wm. Campbell, of King's Mountain fame.

Young John B. Floyd settled in the part of Virginia in which he had been born and reared, and engaged in the profession of law. He soon moved, however, to Arkansas, with the double purpose of pursuing his profession and embarking extensively in the business of cotton-planting. The adventure proved disastrous. After losing forty slaves by a malignant fever, he was himself taken down with the disease, and was prostrate for many months. In the progress of the fever he was once thought for several hours to be dead. His wife alone refused to acknowledge the trance to be death; and under the impulse of despairing affection, poured a teaspoonful of brandy into his throat, which elicited faint signs of life. He recovered from the fever, but with a permanently shattered constitution and enfeebled frame. These events occurred in 1837; and they, with the financial crisis which swept over the country in that year, made a wreck of his fortune, and changed the course of his life.

He returned to Virginia, commenced life anew at Abingdon, Washington county, and resumed the profession of law, which he practised with diligence and success until he was elected a delegate from his county to the General Assembly of Virginia in the year 1847. He immediately took a foremost rank in the House of Delegates, and was conspicuous as a leader of what was known as the internal improvement party of the Legislature, which demanded appropriations from the State treasury in behalf of railroads and other public works.

After serving a single session in the Legislature, he had won so high a reputation for ability, that, at the beginning of the next, he was elected by the General Assembly to be Governor of the

Commonwealth for the term of three years, which was to commence on the 1st of January, 1849. As Governor, he was *ex officio* President of the Board of Public Works of the State; his services in which latter capacity were conspicuous, and had a marked influence upon the industrial fortunes of Virginia. His messages as Governor, and reports as President of the Board of Public Works, were distinguished by extraordinary ability, and gave him high intellectual rank in the State.

In politics he was a State-Rights Democrat, and he was placed on the Electoral ticket of the Democratic party in Virginia in each of the three Presidential campaigns which occurred before the election of Mr. Buchanan in 1856. He was elected to the Legislature in 1855, after a vigorous contest with the Know-Nothing party, and established a reputation for unsurpassed ability as a debater at the session of the ensuing winter. Though a subscriber to the State-Rights doctrines of 1789, he had not a cordial sympathy with the men, in or out of Virginia, who were conspicuous for extreme secession views. He was generally found in opposition to these men in the frequent debates and contests which occurred within the organization of the Democratic party in Virginia.

Space is not afforded here for any extensive display of the political career of Gov. Floyd. It was important, well known to the country, and, at last, brought him prominently into the crisis that was pregnant with war. The conspicuous and efficient services which he had rendered to the Democratic cause in 1856, and the great popularity which he everywhere enjoyed, marked him as a fit selection from Virginia for the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan; and the post of Secretary of War was accordingly tendered him, which he accepted. In the letter of Mr. Buchanan, inviting Gov. Floyd into his cabinet, he says: "I need not specify the principles on which the Administration shall be conducted, as these may be found in the resolutions of the Cincinnati Convention, so ably enforced by yourself throughout the late Presidential canvass."

The Administration of Mr. Buchanan closed an epoch in the career of the American Union. During that period the Abolition party consummated the efforts which they had industriously persisted in for a quarter of a century, by carrying the

national elections on sectional issues, and in securing a sectional ascendancy in the Government of the Union. The Administration of Mr. Buchanan was too conservative to obtain the support of the Southern party ; while it encountered at every step of its career the fierce and bitter hostility of the Northern. Unfortunately the constitutional timidity of Mr. Buchanan, no less than his moderation as a statesman, repelled from his support the men of ardent temperament whom the hot temper of the times had thrust into Congress ; most of them from the South, but many from the North. The result was, that while his Administration was constantly assaulted, it found no organization of defenders in Congress ; and the members of his Cabinet were dependant each upon his personal influence, for such vindication as the violence of party rancour rendered constantly necessary.

It is not within the design of the writer to detail the services of Gov. Floyd in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, except with reference to the question of secession and war. The routine of his Administration drew upon him censures, which it is not necessary now to discuss, as it is his political attitude before the war which claims our attention. It may be said generally that he was one of the most influential members of the Cabinet, and was confessedly one of the most popular. He possessed the personal goodwill of all who came into personal relation with him ; and his conceded talents and prominence had constituted him a target for the shafts of the Opposition. While known to be one of the staunchest supporters of Mr. Buchanan's measures, he was yet on terms of friendship with Mr. Douglas and his leading adherents. While one of the most decided and pronounced representatives of Southern opinion, he was justly believed by the Abolition party to be attached to the Union, and incapable, without compulsion, of entertaining sentiments sinister to its integrity.

There could be no better index of the real sentiments of Secretary Floyd on the subject of the Union than is afforded at as late a date as November, 1860, by a private diary which he kept for a few days at that period, and which was never seen or read by other person than himself for several years after it was written. It was probably forgotten by himself. Among his private papers, examined after his death, the fragment of a diary was found,

written in his own hand, which is now extant, and which is here copied entire:

“PRIVATE DIARY OF SECRETARY FLOYD.

“WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 7, 1860.

“I have scarcely taken a memorandum of any event which has occurred since the commencement of the Administration of Mr. Buchanan and my entry upon the duties of Secretary of War, on the 4th of March, 1857. Many transactions worthy of note have transpired during that time; but such as particularly interested me I have carefully laid up in my memory, for my own reflection, and with that I think the usefulness of annals ceases.

“But recent and daily-occurring events are of so much importance, and bid fair to be attended with such momentous consequences to the country, that I have determined to make notes of some incidents likely hereafter to prove of special interest.

“Yesterday, the 6th November, was election-day for President and Vice-President of the United States. The candidates elected are Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. These men were nominated and elected by the people of the non-slave-holding States, without consultation or reference, in any shape, to the slave-holding parts of the Confederacy. Such are the facilities of intercommunication and the transmission of intelligence, that we are already apprised at the seat of government of the result of the election within four and twenty hours after it was over.

“In consequence of the purely sectional character of the election, and above all from the avowed principles of uncompromising hostility proclaimed by the successful party to *Slavery* as it now exists in the South—the result of this election has produced, even in anticipation, a profound sensation. Information has already reached here that a deep feeling of excitement has been created at Charleston, South Carolina.

“The President wrote me a note this evening, alluding to a rumour which reached the city, to the effect that an armed force had attacked and carried the forts in Charleston harbour. He desired me to visit him, which I did, and assured him that the rumour was altogether without foundation, and gave it as my opinion that there was no danger of such an attempt being made.

“ We entered upon a general conversation upon the subject of *disunion*, and discussed the probabilities of it pretty fully. We concurred in the opinion that all indications from the South looked as if disunion was inevitable. He said that whilst his reason told him there was great danger, yet his feelings repelled the conviction of his mind.

“ Judge Black, the Attorney-General, was present during a part of the conversation, and indicated an opinion, that any attempt at disunion by a State should be put down by all the power of the government.

“ November 8.—The majorities for Lincoln ascertained to-day seem to be far beyond any calculations, and indicate that the sentiment of the North is overwhelming in favor of the principles of anti-slavery, upon which Lincoln’s party is organized.

“ I had a long conversation to-day with Gen. Lane, the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Breckenridge. He was grave and extremely earnest; said that resistance to the anti-slavery feeling of the North was hopeless, and that nothing was left to the South but “ resistance or dishonour;” that if the South failed to act with promptness and decision in vindication of her rights she would have to make up her mind to give up first her honour and then her slaves. He thought disunion inevitable, and said when the hour came that his services could be useful, he would offer them unhesitatingly to the South. I called to see the President this evening, but found him at the State Department engaged upon his message, and did not see him. Miss Lane returned last evening from Philadelphia, where she had been for some time on a visit.

“ Mr. W. H. Trescott, Assistant Secretary of State, called to see me this evening, and conversed at length upon the condition of things in South Carolina, of which State he is a native. He expressed no sort of doubt whatever of his State separating from the Union. He brought me a letter from Mr. Drayton, the agent of the State, proposing to buy ten thousand muskets for the use of the State.

“ November 9.—This has been a busy and very important day. I had visits from some of the army officers, chiefly about the business of the Department. I cut down some of the estimates for the ensuing year, and looked carefully over them all. A Cabi-

net meeting was held as usual at one o'clock; all the members were present, and the President said the business of the meeting was the most important ever before the Cabinet since his induction into office. The question, he said, to be considered and discussed, was as to the course the Administration should advise him to pursue in relation to the threatening aspect of affairs in the South, and most particularly in South Carolina. After a considerable amount of desultory conversation, he asked the opinions of each member of the Cabinet as to what should be done or said relative to a suggestion which he threw out. His suggestion was that a proposition should be made for a general convention of the States, as provided for under the constitution, and to propose some plan of compromising the angry disputes between the North and the South. He said IF THIS WERE DONE, AND THE NORTH OR NON-SLAVEHOLDING STATES SHOULD REFUSE IT, THE SOUTH WOULD STAND JUSTIFIED BEFORE THE WHOLE WORLD FOR REFUSING LONGER TO REMAIN IN A CONFEDERACY WHERE HER RIGHTS WERE SO SHAMEFULLY VIOLATED. He said he was compelled to notice at length the alarming condition of the country, and that he would not shrink from the duty.

“Gen. Cass spoke with earnestness and much feeling about the impending crisis—admitted fully all the great wrongs and outrages which had been committed against the South by Northern fanaticism, and deplored it. But he was emphatic in his condemnation of the doctrine of secession by any State from the Union. He doubted the efficacy of the appeal for a convention, but seemed to think it might do well enough to try it. He spoke warmly in favour of using force to coerce a State that attempted to secede.

“Judge Black, the Attorney-General, was emphatic in his advocacy of coercion, and advocated earnestly the propriety of sending at once a strong force into the forts in Charleston Harbour, enough to deter if possible the people from any attempt at disunion. He seemed to favour the idea of an appeal for a general convention of all the States.

“Gov. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, declared his very decided approbation of the proposition, for two reasons—first, that it afforded the President a great opportunity for a high and statesmanlike treatment of the whole subject of agitation, and the

proper remedies to prevent it; secondly, because, in his judgment, the failure to procure that redress which the South would be entitled to and would demand (and that failure he thought certain), would tend to unite the entire South in a decided disunion movement. He thought disunion inevitable, and under present circumstances, most desirable.

“Mr. Holt, the Postmaster-General, thought the proposition for the convention dangerous, for the reason, that if the call should be made, and it should fail to procure redress, those States which now are opposed to secession, might find themselves inclined, from a feeling of honour, to back the States resolving on disunion. Without this common demand and common failure, he thought there would be no such danger of united action, and therefore a stronger prospect of some future plan of reconciliation.

“Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior, thought well of the plan of calling for a general convention—thought his State (Mississippi) about equally divided between the Union and Disunion men. He deprecated the idea of force, and said any show of it by the Government would instantly make Mississippi a unit in favour of disunion.

“Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, thought well of the appeal for the convention—coincided in an opinion I had expressed, that retaliatory State measures would prove most availing for bringing the Northern fanatics to their senses. I expressed myself decidedly opposed to any rash movement, and against the idea of secession at this time. I did so because I think that Lincoln’s administration will fail, and be regarded as impotent for good or evil, within four months after his inauguration. We are to meet to-morrow at one o’clock.

“November 10th.—The day has been gloomy and lowering, with a cold north-east rain. I dispatched the business of the War-Office. Gen. James, of Rhode Island, and Capt. Maynardier, of the ordnance, were with me for some time to-day, talking of the projectile for cannon invented by Gen. James. Recent experiments have been made with them in rifled cannon, and the success seems to have been complete. The shooting surpasses anything ever known before.

“We had a Cabinet meeting to-day, at which the President

read a very elaborate document, prepared either as a part of his Message, or as a proclamation. It was well written in the main, and met with extravagant commendation from Gen. Cass, Gov. Toucey, Judge Black, and Mr. Holt. Cobb, Thompson, and myself found much to differ from in it. Cobb, because it inculcated submission to Lincoln's election, and intimated the use of force to coerce a submission to his rule; and because it reprehended the policy of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Thompson, because of the doctrine of acquiescence, and the hostility to the secession doctrine. I objected to it because I think it misses entirely the temper of the Southern people, and attacks the true State rights doctrine on the subject of secession. I do not see what good can come of the paper, as prepared, and I do see how much mischief may flow from it.

"Beach, Thompson, and Cobb came over with me from Cabinet and stayed, taking informally a family dinner. The party was free and communicative; Toucey would not stay for dinner. Mr. Pickens, late Minister to Russia, came in after dinner, with Mr. Trescott, Assistant Secretary of State, and sat an hour, talking about the distracted state of public feeling at the South. He seemed to think the time had come for decisive measures to be taken by the South.

"November 11th.—I spent an hour at the President's, where I met Thompson, Robert McGraw, and some others; we sat around the tea-table, and discussed the disunion movements of the South. This seems to be the absorbing topic everywhere.

"November 12th.—Dispatched the ordinary business of the Department; dined at five o'clock; Mr. Pickens, late Minister to Russia, Mr. Trescott, Mr. Secretary Thompson, Mr. McGraw, Mr. Browne, editor of the *Constitution*, were of the party. The chief topic of discussion was, as usual, the excitement in the South. The belief seemed to be that disunion was inevitable; Pickens, usually very cool and conservative, was excited and warm. My own conservatism seems in these discussions to be unusual and almost misplaced.

"November 13th.—We had a long session of the Cabinet to-day. The President read a good paper, suggesting a convention of the States for an amicable adjustment of pending difficulties. He is uncertain as to whether he shall make it a pro-

clamation, or part of his Message. Stocks of every kind are rapidly depreciating, and fears are now entertained that the banks will suspend specie payments.”*

These minutes are too explicit to leave any doubt of the sentiments of Secretary Floyd on the question of secession. In more than one public letter his position was so intelligibly made known that none could misunderstand it. He desired the preservation

* This Private Diary of Secretary Floyd brings up the question of the *objects* of the war. It is a question which has since been enlightened; and the benefit of these new lights may as well be given here to the reader.

It must be confessed that although Mr. Floyd had a singularly acute mind, and was a head and shoulders above the Southern politicians of his day, he even fell below a just and full conception of the issue of the war involved, and the object it should have distinctly declared. Indeed, none of the Southern leaders comprehended the vital and dominant idea of the war, and obtained its proper inspiration—and, perhaps, least of all Jefferson Davis himself. With them it appears to have been simply a desire to separate from the Washington Administration—a blind instinct to get away from the existing government. This view was imperfect and paltry enough; according to it, the war was simply to determine a choice between two governments, both after the same model (rather one a servile and weak copy of the other), and these might be logically reduced to a declaration of preference between two rival administrations, one at Richmond and one at Washington. Indeed, such an interpretation of the object of the war is ultimately resolved into the mere personal ambition of leaders; and in view of it the charge would be perfectly just that it had been brought on by men who, no longer able to rule in the established routine, had sought a new sphere of authority and a new theatre of political aspiration.

Not less paltry, and quite as popular, was another idea of the war—that the South fought for its property interest in so-called slavery. If this were true, then the war was for the marked benefit of a class, and might be truly stigmatized by the phrase sometimes applied by the tongue of the demagogue—“the rich man’s quarrel and the poor man’s fight.” Indeed, the just and philosophical historian will be compelled to declare that the Southern people fought for four years one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times, without a clear and just idea of the object of the struggle, and that in proportion to the uncertainty, the proper inspiration of the war was lost or diminished. It is the distinct idea and definite purpose which obtain success in the civil convulsion; and it was thus that the Abolition party in the North, obtaining a clear premise in the argument, and advancing with irrefragable logic on a series of measures, ultimately obtained control at Washington, and ascended to power through the commotions of the war.

It has remained for the sequel of the war to reveal clearly its object, and to explain the cause for which the South fought. That cause now appears to be plainly enough the great cause of the white man’s civilization on this continent, “the white man’s government” in America, against Mongrelism and all its attendant curses and consequent evils, involving our *whole* destiny as a people. This is the great American question now rising above all other disputes, and suspending every consideration of national welfare until it is decided; which seems to have been uncom-

of the Union. He was opposed to secession. He thought the latter almost inevitable; but he was in favour of employing every possible expedient for averting or postponing it.

It was known to those who were intimate with him, that it was by reluctant steps he arrived at the opinion that it might be well, if bloodshed could be avoided, to let secession actually take

preheld by the South when she first appealed to arms, and to have been but a most imperfect apparition in the early political history of the country. We can now see that the discussion of the so-called slavery question in the South which preceded the war, was a dim and partial one, and that the great mistake was committed in allowing the Abolition party to assume too freely—what was then regarded as a mere dogma of curious philosophy—the *natural equality of races*. Instead of this being, as many former politicians of the South supposed, a mere speculative refinement, which they might indulge without endangering the main argument for “slavery,” it stands to-day, the one clear assumption from which the Abolitionists have drawn, by legitimate consequences and unimpeachable logic, step by step, every article of their creed and every measure of their policy. The South is coming to understand this now, and to see the mistake it committed in not fighting Abolition on its first premise; in giving that up, and then trying to avoid its logical conclusions. The fault on the part of the South, running through the whole “slavery” discussion, was that it invariably made the controversy on subordinate grounds, instead of standing at the threshold of the argument, on the firm first principle that so-called “slavery” was simply the law of the negro’s inferiority in race, and, therefore, his natural and best condition, and therefore a proper adjustment of the social order, to destroy which would be impious and revolutionary.

It is easy enough now to see the logical *sequitur* on the other side. Once admit that the negro is only the coloured man, that is, the equivalent of the white man wrapped in a black skin, and it follows that “slavery” was an outrage on his order of humanity; it follows that Abolition was a duty to accomplish, at all events; it follows that, translated to freedom, the negro is to be fully endowed with every right and privilege of citizenship; it follows that having been a victim of outrage in his former condition, he is even to be rewarded beyond the white citizen, and to become an object of peculiar sympathy and solicitude; in fine, it follows that his distinction as a “slave” having ceased, all other distinctions are unjust and impossible, and that once out of bonds, he is entitled to the full panoply of citizenship. We may deplore these conclusions, but we cannot resist them, as long as they are logically derived from the premise we admit. The Abolition party is not one whose mere *reasoning* can be attacked; it is in its position to-day at Washington, one of the most faultlessly logical parties in the political history of America; and the only means to combat it is to go back to first principles and make the fight at its premises.

And here we observe a recurrence of that partial and imperfect entertainment of the question at issue, apparent before the war in the discussion of “negro slavery,” by the leading minds of the South. It is the same disposition to run into secondary controversies. There are men, otherwise intelligent, in the South, who, since the war, have consoled themselves with the vague idea that although “slavery” is abolished, the negro may be left in some nondescript middle condition, short of full citi-

place; for then, affairs having come to a crisis, and both parties to the quarrel having realized the solemnity of the case, an honourable and permanent adjustment of the matters of difference between them would be rendered more practicable. He did not then contemplate the contingency that the Abolition party might make coercive war the means of securing a party triumph.

About the middle of December, the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan had already undergone changes. Gen. Cass had resigned; so

zenship and complete social equality. But there is nothing short of this; the logic of the party that has made the negro free, forbids any third condition for him; and it is good logic, inexorable in its demands and impossible to dispute. Either the negro must be restored to his former condition, or take his place in the political and social circle of the free and equal citizens of Republican America.

And this is the great single question, involving every interest of civilization in America, embracing the whole society, and suspending as it were the future life of the nation—Shall the negro (either by the slow return of the sense of the community, or possibly by a reaction of political parties) be returned to the former natural normal condition for which the Creator designed him, and in which he has been placed by a course of Divine Providence running through several centuries, that of servitude to the white man (not slavery); or shall we take him into full partnership and society with us, accept the conclusion of Mongrelism, and give over the country to interminable disorder and inevitable ruin? A great question which the war did not decide—a question which, indeed, so far from deciding, it has simply eviscerated and exposed—a question which, in some senses, we may hope it has better developed for the understanding of the people.

If so, it has served a great and good purpose. There is this consolation for the Southern leaders: that although they may have acted from a blind instinct, or from imperfect conceptions in going to war, yet it was a movement in the right direction, to which it is not too late, even now, to give the interpretation of the defence of white government and white civilization on this continent. That defence is not yet terminated; the combat yet continues; and so far from the nation having washed its hands of the negro question in the blood of the last war, it is only coming to the full entertainment of it. The question remains; it may occupy years; it involves every interest and care of society; it invites to new exercise the strong and ingenious mind of the South; and the time may yet come when the sense of the nation, recoiling from the negro, reacting from the violent experiments of the party in power, and finding no possible recourse but the return of the negro to his former condition, may realize for the South that she has not made all the sublime sacrifices of the war in vain, but has actually obtained through it a real and substantial triumph at the last, which will be more enduring in proportion as it may be the ultimate end of a controversy, rather than the unsteady conclusion of a four years' combat of arms. The history of that combat was hastily entitled by this writer "The Lost Cause." If he cannot recall a designation too readily taken for convenience, he may put on another political work, the frame of which is already in his mind, the just and happy title of 'The Lost Cause Regained.'

had Mr. Cobb. It had begun to be irksome either for a man of decided Northern or of decided Southern politics to adhere to it. The Southern Senators and Representatives had drawn off from its support and defence. The Northern were nearly all in opposition. A few Northern Democrats were the only adherents that it could boast. But Governor Floyd felt it his duty to remain in the Cabinet, being satisfied that Mr. Buchanan was honestly intent upon preventing a state of war between his government and the Southern States. He addressed himself with great assiduity to the task of repressing the disposition manifested to take forcible possession of the forts and arsenals within their limits. There were no troops available for the protection of this species of property; and if small detachments had been distributed in these places, the unusual proceeding would have been regarded as a menace, and would have provoked an immediate capture. The administration, about this time, had come to an understanding with the Southern Congressmen and Governors that the *status quo* should be preserved, and that acts giving either party a military advantage should be mutually abstained from with scrupulous care. The leading object on either side was to prevent collision. The administration was not only justifiable in entering into such an engagement, but it was bound to do something equivalent. Both houses of Congress had then raised committees, charged, as similar ones had been in 1820 and 1850, with the duty of devising some measure of settlement; and it would have been highly improper in the administration to send troops into the forts, or to commit any other act of war. Such an act would have been resisted, and war would thus have been commenced; a civil war, for avoiding which any act of abstinence was excusable.

A most explicit understanding was had between Governor Pickens and the Congressmen from South Carolina on one side, and Secretary Floyd and Mr. Buchanan on the other, that no act of war should be committed by either party with reference to the forts in Charleston harbour, while negotiations for a settlement were going on. This stipulation was felt to be the more sacred by Secretary Floyd, because of his personal relations of friendship with Governor Pickens and other gentlemen of South Carolina, whom he had known from youth; representing as they did a State

to which he was fondly attached, notwithstanding his disinclination to the step she had taken. What, therefore, was his surprise and distress to hear, during the pendency of this agreement, on the 26th of December, that Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Moultrie, had in the night-time transferred his command from that fortress to Fort Sumter! Fort Moultrie was accessible from the main-land, and could have been captured long before, but for the agreement that had been mentioned; Fort Sumter was distant from the main-land, and situated at a commanding point in the midst of the harbour, from which it commanded the city of Charleston, and much of the surrounding country. It was a stolen march, a military movement; a step taken for the deliberate purpose of gaining a fort incapable of being captured, and commanding the city which for weeks had held Fort Moultrie in its power.

The breach of faith had been palpable; and Secretary Floyd believed that it had been inspired from Washington. It only remained to be seen whether the Administration would make itself a party to the dereliction. Some expression used by himself in an order sent to Major Anderson, was vouched as having authorized the step taken by that officer. It was therefore more necessary that the disavowal should be explicit, and reparation complete. The South Carolina commissioners insisted upon the withdrawal of the troops altogether from Charleston harbour. The ordeal was too severe for Mr. Buchanan. He feared the clamour of the North. At the meeting of the Cabinet held on the 27th of December, Secretary Floyd read the following paper:

“COUNCIL CHAMBER, EXECUTIVE MANSION.

“It is evident now, from the action of the commander at Fort Moultrie, that the solemn pledges of this government have been violated by the action of Major Anderson. In my judgment, but one remedy is now left us by which to vindicate our honour and prevent civil war. It is in vain now to hope for confidence on the part of the people of South Carolina, in any farther pledges as to the action of the military. One remedy only is left, and that is to withdraw the garrison from the harbour of Charleston altogether. I hope the President will allow me to make that

order at once. This order in my judgment can alone prevent bloodshed and civil war.

“JOHN B. FLOYD, Secretary of War.

“December 27, 1860.”

Mr. Buchanan's courage was not equal to the occasion. He had pledged his faith; and to make good the engagement of a President of the United States, he should have been willing to tear down the forts, if necessary.* A great government can afford to make any material sacrifice for its reputation.

Mr. Buchanan declined. He declined in a petulant manner. There was left but one thing further for Secretary Floyd to do; and that was to resign. On the 31st December, he was notified by Mr. Buchanan that his resignation was accepted.

Mr. Floyd's resignation upon a demand for the evacuation of the Charleston harbours, coupled with the popular idea that he had distributed public arms in large numbers through the South, for the purpose of aiding the secession movement, excited a fierce popular clamour against him throughout the North. The Republican party turned upon him with intense vindictiveness, and it was under the influence of this hue and cry that a committee raised in Congress to investigate the disposition of some Indian Trust Bonds, made assaults upon his personal character which were refuted as far as the evidence could go. It is not to be denied that he deeply resented this treatment, and that he was thus led to study more thoroughly than others the real purposes and temper of the party which had secured the control of government. Accordingly, always afterwards, until the day of his death, he ceased not to warn the South against the fatal error of believing that the war which was wantonly forced upon the country by the Lincoln government would be a short one; and he published it to all who could be made to hear, that secession could not be

* Mr. Buchanan denies in his book that he was a party to this pledge. The denial comes after the medium of it is dead. But the circumstances are against him. What but such a pledge, believed by the other side to have been given, could have withheld the South Carolinians from capturing Fort Moultrie and its garrison? Tacitly to accept the benefit of a pledge given by another, is an implication in the pledge. His denial ought to have been made public at the time of the publication of Secretary Floyd's resignation. Mr. Buchanan's letter accepting the resignation neither makes nor suggests a denial.

consummated except after a long, doubtful, sanguinary, and exhausting contest.

After leaving Washington and returning to his residence in Virginia, he had no connection, direct or indirect, with the political action of the South, by which the measure of secession was inaugurated, and a Southern Confederacy organized. He remained in private life until after the various steps in the programme had been fully and finally taken.

He was appointed a Brigadier-General by President Davis, in May, 1861, and received instructions to recruit and organize a brigade for the Confederate Army in Southwestern Virginia. This service he performed by July; and then, in pursuance of orders, he proceeded to the region of the Kanawha river. The Federal authorities had sent a considerable army under Gen. Cox into the Kanawha valley, which had proceeded up the river by a column on each bank, each column outnumbering the small body of Confederate troops which opposed them, under the command of Gen. Wise. Gen. Floyd marched his brigade across the Gauley, a considerable northern tributary to the Kanawha river; and, in the morning of the 26th of August, surprised and attacked a Federal force at Cross Lanes, which was endeavouring to get into the Confederate rear by a circuit. He defeated and utterly dispersed the enemy with a heavy loss in killed and wounded; his own loss being nothing. He remained beyond the Gauley, and took a strong position in the bend of the river at Carnifax Ferry. Here Gen. Rosecrans—suddenly quitting the front of Gen. Lee near Cheat Mountain, and reinforced from the direction of Weston—fell upon him, by a forced march, on the 10th of September. The force of Gen. Floyd consisted of about 2,500 infantry, and a company of artillery. The engagement was a very hot one, and the loss of the enemy fearful. Floyd's position was strong, and his troops were protected by barricades; so that his own loss was small. He had but one man killed. His own right arm was shattered by a ball, while elevated, giving orders to his men. The assault of Gen. Rosecrans failed. His rapid march was checked. Floyd fought from 3 o'clock until after dark; and drew off across the Gauley, in the course of the night, in order to put himself within supporting distance of Gen. Wise. Rosecrans did not move forward for several days, and

Gen. Lee had time to place himself in his front on Sewell Mountain. The two Confederate Generals, Floyd and Wise, fell back leisurely before the two armies of Rosecrans and Cox; Wise halting at a strong position on the top of Sewell; Floyd proceeding twelve miles farther, to Meadow Bluff, in the hope of enticing the enemy to a battle, with the difficult mountain in their rear.

At Sewell, Gen. Lee joined Generals Floyd and Wise with the bulk of his army from Cheat Mountain; and Rosecrans not only relinquished his purpose of attacking, but finally withdrew towards the mouth of the Gauley. Gen. Lee thereupon sent his own forces to their original theatre of action, and went himself to Richmond; whither Gen. Wise soon followed him with a part of his command. Gen. Floyd, after that, in order to be able to check an advance of Rosecrans, on the line on which he was posted, crossed to the south bank of the Kanawha, and took position on Cotton Hill, opposite the mouth of Gauley, whence his guns commanded the road by which Rosecrans obtained his supplies. Here he maintained his position until about the first of December, completely succeeding in his object of preventing the advance of an army 12,000 to 14,000 strong, with a force of less than 4,000, until the winter had set in. By December, the condition of the mountain roads compelled his withdrawal to some position nearer to his base of supplies, which was Dublin, in Pulaski County.

While on his march in this direction, he received an order to transfer his command to Bowling Green, in Kentucky, where he was to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston. He reached Bowling Green early in January, with about 2,500 troops, having left a portion of his command for the defence of Southwestern Virginia. At Bowling Green he found Gen. Johnston, with an army of about 30,000 men, successfully engaged in impressing Gen. Buell, his adversary, with the belief that the Confederate force exceeded his own. Gen. Floyd wrote from Bowling Green to a friend in the Congress at Richmond, a letter which was published, in which he declared that the war was about to become a fearful one in its proportions, and in the determination actuating both parties to it; that the Confederacy should immediately take the most stringent measures for increasing its armies; that

Gen. A. S. Johnston ought to be reinforced by 75,000 men ; and that the European plan of conscription ought to be at once put in force in the Confederacy. Mr. Seward, at Washington, and Mr. Benjamin, at Richmond, were both about the same time asseverating that the war would be over in ninety days.

Early in February, 1862, Gen. Johnston found it no longer practicable to conceal the weakness of his force from his adversary. Moreover, Gen. Grant began to bring forward a new Federal army from the direction of Cairo. It was therefore necessary for Gen. Johnston to retire from his exposed and advanced position in Kentucky. In order to make good his retreat, it was necessary to hold Grant in check at Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee River, as long as possible. Gen. Buckner was accordingly sent there with a considerable body of Kentucky troops. The movement of Grant making the case exigent, he afterwards ordered Gen. Floyd, who had then reached Clarksville, on the Tennessee, to go down to Fort Donelson and to give aid in holding that position as long as practicable. Gen. Buckner had found Gen. Pillow at the fort, with a few hundred Tennessee troops. Gen. Floyd's command, which arrived after the enemy had appeared before the place, swelled the aggregate force assembled for the defence of the fort to about 10,000 effective men, exclusive of a regiment of cavalry posted nearby, under Col. Forest. There were badly located earthworks at the so-called "fort," mounted with heavy cannon, only a few of which proved effective upon trial.

The object of the Confederates in holding the place was to stay the advance of Grant as long as possible. Gen. Floyd had first been ordered to observe the course of the Cumberland River above, towards Nashville, with a view of planting batteries at some point less exposed than Donelson, which might serve to check the progress of gunboats. While engaged in this reconnaissance, Grant arrived at Donelson. Gen. Floyd reached the beleaguered fort at daybreak, on the 13th, just as the enemy commenced his attack. As ranking officer, coming into the action after it had virtually commenced, he naturally and necessarily deferred much to those who had been for some days on the spot. The object of the Confederates was to cover the retreat of Johnston from Bowling Green, and then make good their own

escape ; that of Grant was to envelop the place with his superior force, and capture the whole of the inadequate little army defending it, with as little delay as possible. Fort Donelson was only a *fort* in name. It was simply a place on the left bank of the Cumberland River, at which earthworks had been erected and cannon planted with the single view of resisting the upward passage of gunboats. The troops supporting these batteries were in the open field, protected during the fight only by such rifle-pits as they could form after the fighting commenced, in the intervals between the assaults. Grant assailed these troops with an army at least four times their number, at the same time that he sent his gunboats up the river against the batteries. The fighting lasted through four days and nights in severe winter weather ; the Confederate troops having no time for rest or sleep. The conflict was one of the most sanguinary and stubborn that occurred during the war. The loss on each side was very heavy, both in killed and wounded. Gen. Grant was heavily reinforced during each day of the action. No reinforcements were within reach of the Confederates, and none expected or hoped for. At the arrival of Gen. Floyd, it had been plain that the assailing force was so large as to forbid the hope of doing more than to extricate the Confederate army from the trap in which it found itself ; and all the fighting that ensued was simply an effort on its part to cut its way out. The battle began early on the 13th. By the night of the 16th, it was decided that the army could not be extricated. Saving the whole being impossible, the next question was as to saving a part. Gen. Floyd's command occupied the ground highest up the river, and nearest the point of possible exit ; that command could be got out ; none of the rest could. It had been taken from another duty and sent there to assist those specially assigned to the task, in holding the place. A council of the principal officers was held on the night of the 16th, when it was determined that the destruction of life attendant upon further effort at extrication would be too great to be thought of. Gen. Buckner, commanding the Kentucky troops, who constituted the bulk of the force, and who were in deep despondency at the recent evacuation of their State, put the case so strongly that no one could gainsay his proposition : it was to sacrifice three-fourths, in order to save one-fourth. As

to Gen. Floyd, he says of the affair: "I felt that in this contingency, whilst it might be questioned whether I should, as commander of the army, lead it to certain destruction in an unavailing fight, yet I had a right individually to determine that I would not survive a surrender there. To satisfy both propositions, I agreed to hand over the command to Gen. Buckner, through Gen. Pillow, and to make an effort for my own extrication by any and every means that might present themselves to me." He succeeded in getting away, during the night, a large part of his own command, before the terms of capitulation had been made between Gen. Buckner and Gen. Grant.

He reached Nashville on the 18th, where Gen. A. S. Johnston placed him in command of the city during its evacuation.* He then proceeded to Murfreesboro, where Gen. Johnston's retreating army had its first rendezvous. Thence he went to Chattanooga, where he received an order from Richmond, relieving him of command.

The rapid and unexpected success of the Federal armies in Kentucky and Tennessee, threw the South into alarm and despondency. When it became known that Gen. A. S. Johnston had for months been in command of less than 30,000 men, great censure

* An officer of the army, who assisted in the evacuation of Nashville, thus describes the admirable conduct and manner of Gen. Floyd on that occasion, with an intelligent glance at the character of the man:

"I saw a great deal of Gen. Floyd while he was commanding in Nashville, and I was remarkably impressed by him. I was required to report to him almost every hour in the twenty-four, and he was always surrounded by a crowd of applicants for all sorts of favours, and couriers bringing all sorts of news. It was impossible in the state of confusion which prevailed to prohibit or regulate this pressing and noisy attendance, or to judge, without examination, of what was important to be considered. Many matters which ordinarily a general officer would not permit himself to be troubled with, might need attention and action from him at such a time. Irascible and impetuous as Gen. Floyd seemed to be by nature—his nerves unstrung, too, by the fatigues of so many busy days and sleepless nights—and galled as he must have been by the constant annoyances, he yet showed no sign of impatience. I saw him give way once to anger, which was then provoked by the most stupid and insolent pertinacity. It was interesting to watch the struggle which would sometimes occur between his naturally violent temper and the restraint he imposed upon it. His eye would glow, his face and his lips turn pale, and his frame shake with passion; he would be silent for minutes, as if not daring to trust himself to speak, looking all the while upon the ground, and he would then address the man, whose brusqueness or obstinacy had provoked him, in the mildest tone and manner. He was evidently endowed with no common nerve, will, and judgment."

was cast upon the Richmond government. It became necessary to divert public attention to some minor issue; and those who felt the popular censure most severely had the address to divert the discussion from the question who was responsible for not reinforcing Gen. Albert Johnston with 50,000 or 75,000 men, to the question whether Gen. Floyd was justifiable in bringing away from Fort Donelson a part of his command after it had become impracticable to bring the whole. The great question of statesmanship and military policy was forgotten, for the pitiful quibbles raised by a few martinets.

On being relieved from command, Gen. Floyd retired to Virginia, where he remained inactive but a short time. The Legislature of that Commonwealth, indignant at the treatment he had received, conferred upon him the commission of Major-General, and directed him to recruit and organize a division of troops from among the classes not embraced in the Confederate conscription. These classes were so restricted that the task was not easily performed. By the fall, however, he had succeeded in getting together a force of nearly 2,000 men, which he moved into the country embracing the head-waters of the Big Sandy River, where he several times surprised the troops of the enemy posted in that quarter, capturing and destroying their dépôts of supplies. His exposure in this service, however, soon threw him into ill health, and he was ultimately obliged to return home, to occupy for many months what was destined to be a death-bed. His disorder finally took the form of cancer, or rather scirrhus of the stomach, of which he died, on the 26th August, 1863.

Such is a brief memoir of one of the most remarkable men of the South, or of his day. His intellect was clear, strong, and practical. His forecast of political events was unerring. His power over the minds of men when present before him, whether singly or collectively, was magical. He was always successful with the people when he went before or among them; he paid no court to politicians, who were for the most part his bitter assailants. He was ever loyal in his personal attachments; he was fearless and defiant of his enemies. He had the faculty of enlisting the devoted affection of those who knew him; he was much misunderstood by those who did not. He was often assailed by good men who were strangers to his real character;

but from among those who knew him well, none ever turned upon him but the mean and false. He was peculiarly the friend of young men, encouraging them to manly exertion and in honourable ambition. He sympathized with the worthy poor, was fond of conversing with them, and gave to hundreds a help, of which the world knew nothing. His heart was full of kindly affections; he sought out children wherever he came, and these instinctively hung upon and loved him. His habits were frugal, and free from all extravagance. Throughout the last twenty-five years of his life, his circumstances were straitened; and, after passing through many public trusts, he died as he had lived, a poor man. His temperance, both in meat and drink, bordered upon abstemiousness; he eschewed betting and gambling, which he held in repugnance; he was a regular attendant upon religious worship; and he died a respected member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, enjoying, *in extremis*, the affectionate ministrations and devoted attachment of his minister, who left the army and came far to render these grateful offices. This is the great and generous character which partisan rancour and sectional misconceptions have pictured as a monster in treason and various criminality.

LIEUT.-GEN. WILLIAM J. HARDEE.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

His military life before the War of 1861.—His command in the Trans-Mississippi.—Ordered to Bowling Green, Kentucky.—At Shiloh.—His views and advice in the Kentucky Campaign.—Promoted to a Lieutenant-General.—The first day of Murfreesboro.—Reinforcements wanting at a critical time.—Gen. Hardee as an organizer of troops.—Religious incidents of his camp.—He joins Johnston's army in Mississippi.—Return to the Army of Tennessee.—The battle of Missionary Ridge.—Fought against the advice of Gen. Hardee.—He takes charge of Bragg's army at Dalton.—Why he declined permanent command of it.—The Atlanta campaign.—Protest against the appointment of Gen. Hood as Commander-in-Chief.—Hardee's desperate fight at Jonesboro.—He is assigned to the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.—Condition of this Department at the time of Sherman's "march to the sea."—The evacuation of Savannah.—Campaign of the Carolinas.—Hardee's fight at Averysboro.—Battle of Bentonville.—The General loses a young son in the last affair of arms.—A tribute from Arkansas troops to Gen. Hardee.—Estimate of his military record.—His virtues as a soldier and a citizen.

WILLIAM JOSEPH HARDEE was born in Camden county, Georgia, in 1815. He obtained his military education both at West Point and at the celebrated cavalry school of Saumur, in France. He was the author of one of the best works on military tactics that had ever been published; and, up to the period of the war between the North and the South, his military services had extended over more than twenty years. He had served in Florida; he had been stationed on the Western frontier; he had accompanied Taylor across the Rio Grande in the Mexican campaign, taken part in the siege of Monterey, and in various actions distinguished himself to the gates of Mexico. He was twice brevetted "for gallant and meritorious service" during this war, and came out of it Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. Thereafter, he was on duty on the Texan frontier until 1853; in 1855, he was appointed

Major of the 2d Cavalry; and the following year he was appointed Commandant of the Corps of Cadets at West Point, and filled that office until 1860. Upon being relieved, he obtained leave of absence, and was in Georgia at the time of the secession of that State.

He brought to the service of the Southern Confederacy a fruitful experience, and a name generally known in military circles. He was offered by President Davis the position of Adjutant-General of the Army. This he promptly declined in favour of more active service. The Provisional Congress authorized the appointment of five general officers, and Hardee was one of the five upon whom it was intended this rank should be conferred; but the arrival of Gen. Cooper, about this time, filled out the number to whom the appointments were eventually given.

Hardee was first assigned to the command of Fort Morgan, at the entrance of Mobile Bay; but in June, 1861, he was sent, with the rank of Brigadier-General, to take command in Arkansas. He commenced his military career with a most brilliant design. When Gen. Price was in the heat of his first famous campaign in Missouri, and pursuing the victory he had obtained at Oak Hills, Gen. Hardee was also intent upon a movement in that State, which promised the most important results. It was to advance through Southeastern Missouri from the Arkansas border, having his base at Pocahontas; to unite at Frederickton with a column under Pillow, of some 6,000 or 8,000 men, moving from New Madrid; to take Ironton, and then, by flanking and threatening to get between that place and St. Louis, to compel the evacuation of the latter city, or to defeat its garrison in the open field. This movement would have cut off and destroyed the defeated and routed army of Lyon, then in full flight for St. Louis, and made the Confederates masters of the situation in Missouri. But the campaign was overruled by other necessities—the first instance of that frequent disappointment of decisive operations in the West, due to the lack of uniformity and concert in the plans and actions of the various commanders. It was considered at Richmond most important, at that time, to occupy and fortify Columbus, in Kentucky, situated on the Mississippi River, some twenty-two miles below the mouth of the Ohio. This measure, it was thought, would protect the States

lying along the Mississippi from invasion, by enabling the Confederates to hold the river, as it was by the river only that those States could be conveniently reached. Gen. Pillow's forces were consequently ordered to that point. Finding that his plans were rendered impossible of execution, on account of the want of Gen. Pillow's coöperation, Hardee returned to Pocahontas, and was shortly afterwards transferred, with the greater portion of the troops under his command, to the eastern side of the river, and was ordered to Bowling Green, as soon as that place was occupied.

From this time the name of Hardee is so constantly associated with the Army of the West, known at various times as the Army of the Mississippi and the Army of Tennessee, that to detail his career would be to write the almost entire history of that army, and consequently to repeat much that has been narrated in other parts of this work. A mere enumeration of his services on the different fields of the West is all that the design of our work will admit here, or our space afford. The story of the two days of Shiloh has already been told. Here Gen. Hardee, as division commander, commanded the first line of attack; and at the moment of the untimely recall by Gen. Beauregard of the pursuit of the enemy, the advance of Hardee's line was within 400 yards of Pittsburg Landing, where the fugitives, huddled under the banks, were crowding on a steamer which was conveying them across the river. Gen. Hardee, necessarily much exposed in the fight, was wounded in the arm, had his coat-skirt torn away by a cannon-ball, and his horse wounded. In the second day's unequal struggle against Buell's reinforcements, the ground was stubbornly contested for some hours, and Hardee drew off his command in the evening to follow up the army, as it retired unpursued to Corinth.

At Tupelo Gen. Beauregard was succeeded by Bragg, who, being in charge of a territorial department, assigned Hardee to the command of the army. This he retained until the army moved from Chattanooga into Kentucky, in August, 1862. There were no active military operations at this period, and the duties of Commanding General were restricted to those administrative offices which are scarcely less important to the efficiency of our army than skilful handling in the field. For these Hardee's

thorough acquaintance with the practical workings of all departments of military administration qualified him to a peculiar degree.

In the Kentucky campaign, the two wings of Bragg's army were commanded by Polk and Hardee. A coöperative force under Kirby Smith had marched from Knoxville, Tennessee, through Cumberland Gap. After the capture of Mumfordsville, Kentucky, Buell advanced from Nashville to within a few miles of Bragg. Hardee was opposed to moving against Buell, believing that he would retire to Bowling Green, only a few miles in his rear, where the works, whose strength Hardee knew, from having constructed them himself, would secure his position. But Hardee, whose quick military apprehension estimated at its first value the advantage of fighting the enemy cut off from his base of supplies, and with the prestige of the late success on the side of the Confederate arms, and who foresaw the injurious, moral and material effect of allowing Buell to march unmolested to the supplies and reinforcements awaiting him at Louisville, was in favour of giving him battle at some point between Mumfordsville and Louisville. Other reasons overbalanced these in the opinion of the Commanding General, and the army moved aside and gave Buell undisputed passage to Louisville. Gen. Hardee was accustomed to say that the retreat from Kentucky dated from this time.

It is true that the battle of Perryville, which followed, was a Confederate success, so far as beating one corps of the enemy (McCook's) was concerned. But the want of forces to follow up the success—forces that could have been supplied from Harrodsburg, as Hardee had strongly advised in a communication to Gen. Bragg—made it a failure as respects the general campaign. But one of the four divisions at Harrodsburg was sent to the field, and the battle was the partial adoption of Hardee's plan, when nothing but its full adoption could assure the expected results. It was paying the price of victory with no hope of reaping its rewards.

The only question that remained after this battle for the Confederate army was how to get out of Kentucky. It was solved successfully; and the month of December found Bragg's army, after having described a circle of 1,500 miles in a little over 70

days, assembled at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, to oppose Rosecrans, who had succeeded Buell, and arrived with his army at Nashville. On reaching Knoxville, in coming out of Kentucky, Hardee had been notified of his promotion to the grade of Lieutenant-General, along with Jackson, Longstreet, Polk, Kirby Smith, Holmes, and Pemberton.

The advance of Rosecrans brought on the battle of Murfreesboro. Here Hardee began the attack with Cleburne's and McCown's divisions, surprising McCook's corps, running over it, driving the Federal right several miles, and doubling it back on the centre. At this critical time he called for reinforcements. None were sent him. Polk's forces had suffered severely in the attack upon the enemy's centre, and Breckinridge was still held in reserve on the extreme right. Later in the day the division of the latter was sent, brigade at a time, to attack the enemy in front of Polk. The only result of their gallant attack was heavy loss and utter repulse. If the division had been sent to Hardee, who was completely in rear of the Federal army, the victory must have been signal. As it was, Hardee's troops had lost heavily and were physically exhausted. Cleburne's division, in single line of battle, had encountered and overpowered five successive formations of the enemy. McCown's division had done equal service. They were now confronted by fresh troops of the enemy, formed in a railroad cut, which served as a formidable entrenchment, and were protected by a park of artillery, which commanded their open front. It would have been folly to attack this position without fresh troops, and none were to be had.

Thus ended the battle. Hardee had beaten odds of at least three to one, had captured over twenty pieces of artillery, several thousand prisoners, and arms and munitions in proportion. Nothing but the want of support prevented the completion of a victory which would have been conclusive in its results upon the campaign. At the close of the fight, Hardee was in short cannon range of the Nashville pike, leading to the rear of the Federal army.

Rosecrans now sent his trains and wounded to the rear, and seemed preparing to retreat. A disaster, resulting from the attack of a division of Bragg's army, two days later, changed the aspect of affairs, and determined Gen. Bragg to draw off his

army. This was done on the 3d January. The enemy were too much crippled to attempt pursuit.

The Confederate army halted in its march from Murfreesboro : Polk's corps at Shelbyville, and Hardee's at Tullahoma, and remained here during the months of January, February, and March, 1863. While here, Hardee, whose industry halted at no amount of labour, drilled and inspected every regiment of his command. He was probably the only Lieutenant-General in the service who personally inspected the arms and accoutrements of every soldier of his corps. This he did, with commendation for the good soldier and reproof for the careless ; and the knowledge that the commander was acquainted with the merits and demerits of every soldier was a great spur to soldierly emulation.

On field-days, ladies were frequently present in numbers, and one of the means taken by Hardee to reward good conduct on the field, was to call out from each regiment the officers and soldiers who had been specially distinguished for gallantry. These were introduced, by name, to the ladies, with an account of the services which had won them distinction.

About the last of March, Hardee's corps, to secure better forage and encampments, was advanced to Wartrace and Bell Buckle, in the direction of Murfreesboro. While encamped in that beautiful region, the lamented Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, made a missionary visit to the army. He camped and messed with Hardee, and here began that strong friendship between the soldier and the churchman, which grew with each year until the death of the latter. There was always a strong religious sentiment pervading the army, and large numbers of soldiers were daily assembled under the ministration of the Bishop. The place of worship was usually in one of those stately beech groves that cover the face of that part of Tennessee, and the pulpit and seats were rude and rustic enough to be in keeping with the surroundings. The Bishop was of singularly commanding stature and presence ; his thoughts were clothed in grand, pure old English, and his words fell heedful on the ears of the veterans, who extended rank after rank, as far as the voice of the speaker could reach. Among the audience were such men as Bishop Polk, Bragg, Hardee, Breckinridge, Cheatham, and Cleburne.

The retreat of Gen. Bragg towards Chattanooga, and the

events that led to the battle of Chickamauga, have been sufficiently related on other pages of this work. In this battle Gen. Hardee did not participate. Shortly after the fall of Vicksburg, he received an order from President Davis to proceed to Mississippi, and report to Gen. Johnston. D. H. Hill was promoted to Lieutenant-General, and assigned to his corps. No military movements of importance in Mississippi followed the capture of Vicksburg, and Johnston's army being too small for organization into army corps, Hardee was without command. Until more active service should offer, he volunteered to assemble and organize the Vicksburg prisoners, who had been paroled and furloughed, and who, subsequently exchanged, were at their various homes, distributed over several States.

After the battle of Chickamauga, certain matters growing out of the conduct of the battle caused injurious dissensions between the Commanding General and some of his subordinates, one of the results of which was the relief from duty with that army of Lieut.-Gens. Polk and Hill, and an order for the return of Hardee. Accompanying the order was an autograph letter from the President commissioning Hardee as peace-maker to the army, and appealing to him to exert himself to heal the dissensions existing in it.

Bragg's army had occupied Missionary Ridge, with its left resting on Lookout Mountain, with the object of partially investing Chattanooga and cutting off Rosecrans' supplies, by commanding with artillery the river and road communications to his dépôts in Tennessee. On the 24th November, 1863, Grant attacked and carried Bragg's left on Lookout Mountain. With the loss of Lookout Mountain, there was no longer an object in holding Missionary Ridge. If this position could be held, which the loss of Lookout Mountain had made more than doubtful, it was no longer practicable to curtail the supplies of the enemy; and the most that could now be hoped for was to hold the position until the enemy, safe within his lines, and no longer suffering for provisions, could receive reinforcements enough to take it. But this was by no means the situation. Sherman's army had crossed the Tennessee above Chattanooga, and was now threatening the right. The force which had captured Lookout Mountain threatened the left.

Thus, on the evening of the 24th November, the Confederate army, weakened by the detachment of Longstreet, who had been sent against Knoxville, confronting an enemy reinforced by Sherman's army, discouraged by the loss of Lookout Mountain, with both flanks exposed and liable to be turned, had everything to lose and nothing to win by risking a battle next day.

Gen. Hardee, impressed with the dangers of the position arising from this state of things, urged Gen. Bragg to withdraw his army that night, and remained at army headquarters until one o'clock A.M., up to which hour the question was being discussed. Gen. Bragg, influenced somewhat by the difficulty of withdrawing troops and trains in the few hours then remaining before daylight, and sustained by Gen. Breckinridge, the other corps commander, decided to remain.

The next day followed the great disaster of Missionary Ridge. In this action the Confederate right, under Hardee, was successful, repulsing with great slaughter the attack of Sherman; but meanwhile the left had been carried by assault at several points, and the enemy directing a flank attack upon Hardee, he found his position untenable, but yet maintained his ground long enough to cover the line of retreat of the army.

On arriving at Dalton, Gen. Bragg was relieved, at his own request, and ordered to turn over the command of the army to Hardee. The latter took charge of the army, but declined its permanent command, partly from an unjust diffidence of his own abilities, but chiefly from a higher motive. He argued that the army, disheartened from its late reverses, needed some new inspiration to restore its tone—that the country was gloomy, and required the prestige of some well-established reputation to renew its confidence. Johnston and Beauregard were both of higher rank than himself, and both now had less important commands. Either of them could probably command more of the confidence of the army and the country than himself, and could therefore accomplish more for the cause. Actuated by this high motive, he made a representation to the government which resulted in the assignment of Gen. J. E. Johnston to the command of the army.

In the campaign which culminated at Atlanta, Hardee, as corps commander, did constant and conspicuous service, and it

was in its hard and perilous progress that he earned his *nomme de guerre* of "Old Reliable." It was a peculiar campaign. It began with odds of more than two to one on the Federal side, and the reinforcements received by Johnston, during the campaign, were less than half those received by Sherman. It extended over 100 miles of territory, no mile of which but was contested; and through a period of seventy days, no hour of which, day or night, was any part of either army out of the sound of firing. The Federal Commander, admonished by the lesson at Resaca and subsequent similar ones at New Hope Church and Kennesaw, learned to advance very cautiously. The spade came into habitual use, and either side could throw up a formidable field-work in half an hour.

On the 18th July, Gen. Johnston was relieved from the command of the Army of Tennessee, and Lieut.-Gen. Hood was assigned to its command, with the temporary rank of General.

The three Lieutenant-Generals of the army, including Hardee, at once united in a telegram to the government (which Gen. Hood sent), urging a suspension of the change until the existing emergency should have passed, but the recommendation was not adopted.

There is a current belief that Hardee was a second time offered the command of the army, and declined it. Such was not the case. He would now have felt it a duty to accept the command if it had been offered him. None of the reasons which influenced his declining the command at Dalton now existed. He could but know that his name, as commander, would now have inspired more confidence in the Army of Tennessee than any other, except Lee and Johnston. Lee could not be spared from Virginia, and Johnston had just been removed. On the other hand, he could but recognize, in common with almost every soldier in the army, that Gen. Hood's experience and ability were not equal to the command of an independent army.

Again, the removal of Johnston and the promotion of Hood, assumed that the latter had not endorsed the policy of the previous campaign; whereas Hardee, as one of the corps commanders present at all the councils of war, had means of knowing that no position occupied by Johnston, from Dalton to Atlanta, had been given up without Gen. Hood's approval; and that, in several

instances, as at New Hope Church and Kennesaw, he had persistently and earnestly urged withdrawal some days before the movement was made.

The experience of Lee's army in Virginia, and Johnston's in Georgia, had demonstrated that troops behind ordinary field-works could successfully resist two or three times their numbers, and that such works could be thrown up on occasion in half an hour. Sherman, in the campaign just ended, had habitually intrenched at every step, and it was very unlikely now that he could be attacked without encountering intrenchments. The troops had been educated for the past seventy days, in the belief that these works could be held against any odds, and they themselves had proven, on repeated occasions, that the belief was well founded. It was unreasonable now to expect to unteach them all they had been taught, and to convince them that they could take the works when occupied by odds, which they had so often held against the same odds. It was clear, therefore, that any success resulting from a change to active offensive operations, must be due to the superiority of Southern troops over their opponents, and would be at a cost of life which the Confederacy could not afford.

Such were the reflections which would have induced Hardee to accept a command, the supposed declension of which has subjected him to censure. As it was, with natural professional pride, he felt aggrieved at being passed over by an officer inferior in age, rank, experience, and ability to himself, and respectfully demanded of the War Department to be relieved from further duty with that army, and in case of refusal, tendering his resignation. He was perfectly frank with Gen. Hood, and explained to him his reasons for requesting to be relieved.

The President refused Hardee's application, and telegraphed him, appealing to his patriotism and sense of professional duty, not to injure the cause or discourage the army by withdrawing from it at so critical a time. It was an appeal which he could not resist, and he waived his demand for the time. His feeling on this point had been entirely professional, and his personal and official relations with Gen. Hood, hitherto frank and cordial, were not affected by it. On the contrary, the new commander soon had occasion to show, in a marked degree, his great reliance upon him.

The bloody but fruitless assaults on the enemy's entrenched lines and the desperate stand made by Hardee's corps at Jonesboro—where it had been placed by Gen. Hood to protect Macon, and communications in rear, under the mistaken supposition that Sherman was retreating—belong to the general history of the campaign. But this last contest was peculiar, one of the most remarkable on record, in respect of disparity of numbers, and the tenacity and success with which the inferior force held its ground. Hardee's command was three divisions—Cheatham's, Cleburne's, and Bate's. The Federal force of three corps was reinforced during the forenoon by the arrival of three additional corps, and Sherman himself came up and assumed command, his whole army being present, except one corps which had been left to guard the depots at Chattahoochee bridge. The position of Hardee's corps was not chosen, but was fixed by the necessity of covering certain roads which passed to the rear of Atlanta, and had no marked natural advantages. It was strengthened by the field-works which the troops threw up in the brief time allowed for preparation. It was of absolute necessity to the safety of the remainder of the army at Atlanta, that this position should be maintained until night.

The enemy began the attack about noon. Fortunately it was not simultaneous on all parts of the line, and Hardee, by divesting unassailed points entirely of troops, except a skirmish line in front, and moving them rapidly to points of attack, was able to concentrate force enough at these points to repel all assaults until about the middle of the afternoon. Then an angle of his line, manned by Govan's Arkansas Brigade and Lewis' Kentucky Brigade—troops that had no superiors and few equals in the army—was carried by assault, and eight guns and most of Govan's Brigade were captured. These brave men stood to their line until the dense volume of Federal troops rolled over their works, and literally took physical possession of the men. Hardee's post was near Granberry's Brigade, which was on the left of Govan, and his first intimation of the loss of the angle was seeing Granberry's Brigade coming back. He thought they were giving way, and a commander might well despair of the day when Granberry's Texans gave way. He galloped up to the brigade, which was retiring under fire, and asked Granberry sternly what this meant.

But Granberry was only swinging round his right to form across the base of the lost angle, and drawing himself up to the full height of his majestic stature, with a just pride in the fame of his Texans, he replied, "General, my men never fall back until I order them." Gordon's Tennessee Brigade was then brought up rapidly, and charged in the angle on the right of Granberry, and a line was thus established across the base of the angle which was held until nightfall put an end to the conflict.

Having accomplished the object of the stand, Gen. Hardee withdrew that night to Lovejoy station, four miles distant, and took up a position which was maintained against a renewal of the attack next day, and until the other two corps of the army, which had evacuated Atlanta in the night, formed a junction with him. Sherman then drew off his army to Atlanta.

The loss in Hardee's corps in the part of the campaign conducted by Gen. Johnston had been a little over five thousand killed, wounded, and missing. Assuming that of the other two corps to have been equally great, the loss in the army foots up 15,000. Hardee's loss, while under Hood's command, up to the fall of Atlanta, was something over 7,000; by a like estimate, that of the army was 21,000. But there was this important difference of result: Johnson inflicted upon the enemy a loss certainly three times his own, while the loss inflicted by Hood was as certainly less than his own.

In the latter part of September, President Davis visited the Army of Tennessee at Palmetto, Georgia, and Hardee renewed his request to be relieved. His wishes were complied with, and he was assigned to the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, hitherto commanded by Gen. Beauregard. The latter officer was appointed to a military Department, including the field of operations of Hood's army.

Hood's invasion of Tennessee in November, 1864, left Sherman's army in North Georgia unopposed. The road southward to the coast was now open to the Federal commander, and it soon became evident that he did not mean to leave unimproved the opportunity thus offered him to penetrate a hitherto uninvaded section, and at the same time to take Richmond in reverse.

Hardee's department was totally without resources to meet this invasion. It had heretofore been a peace department, and

had been literally stripped of all material of war that could be used by the armies in the field in Virginia and North Georgia. Every soldier and gun not absolutely indispensable to hold the coast line, had been sent to Lee or Johnston long ago. The troops left in the department, mostly heavy artillerists, were distributed in forts and defences along 150 miles of coast, and were at every point confronted by the land or naval forces of the enemy. The weakening of any one point would have been followed by an attack upon it, probably a successful one, by an enemy constantly on the alert, and whose naval resources gave them great advantages for concentration. The loss of one point in a system of coast defences more or less dependent, involved the eventual loss of the whole system.

Hardee, therefore, could place no troops in the field without the sacrifice of the coast line, which, in addition, would have given the enemy possession of the railroad communications with Richmond, and enabled them to cut off Lee's supplies.

Moreover, the military prisons of the Confederate States were in Hardee's department, and though their administration was controlled directly from Richmond, their military defence devolved upon him. Augusta and Macon, whose arsenals and powder mills furnished the Confederate armies their daily supply of arms and ammunition, were also to be protected.

Such was the condition of the military department now invaded by forces whose progress the splendid army of Johnston had been unable to check, and against which Hood had hurled his columns in vain.

Hardee represented to the government the exact condition of affairs, and the necessity of sending him troops, both for the defence of his department and as an eventual protection to Gen. Lee. Wheeler's estimate was that Sherman had 45,000 muskets, and Hardee was willing to take the field against him with 20,000. Not a soldier or a gun was sent him, and he was left to his unassisted resources. He at once set about securing the service of the militia and reserves of Georgia and South Carolina, and took measures for placing all important points in his department in such posture of defence as his means would allow. He went to Macon, Georgia, where there were valuable public shops, soon after Sherman began his march southward, and organizing a force

of Georgia reserves, under command of Gen. Cobb, and the reserve artillery of the Army of Tennessee; which had been sent back to that point by Hood, prepared to defend the place. Sherman passed by without attacking Macon, and Hardee then proceeded to Savannah, which was now evidently Sherman's destination. He received there a telegram from Gen. Bragg, at Wilmington, advising him to take the field against Sherman. He replied with grim humour, that his whole available force at Savannah then consisted of 180 Georgia militia, and he did not think it advisable to assume the offensive against Sherman's army with that force.

Savannah had no land defences, and Hardee now selected a strong position between the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers, some three miles from the city at its nearest point, and entrenched it. This line, necessarily some twelve miles long, was objectionable for its length, but had great natural advantages. To man it was the next thing.

A body of Georgia militia, under command of G. W. Smith, had come by way of the Savannah and Florida Railroad, and reached Savannah in advance of Sherman. To these were added some South Carolina militia and reserves, and a small brigade of local troops from Augusta, made up of government machinists, from the public shops there, convalescents from hospitals, and detailed men from various quarters. There were also one or two regiments and several companies of regular troops, withdrawn from the water side defences of Savannah, and a small body of dismounted cavalry, which had been sent back from Lee's army to be remounted, and was now brought into service by the necessity of this occasion. This nondescript force amounted to less than 9,000 effectives. Most of them lacked sufficient organization, arms, accoutrements, transportation, everything necessary to the comfort or efficiency of troops. With this force Hardee proposed to hold a line of twelve miles against Sherman's army.

Hardee did not expect to hold Savannah against a determined effort of Sherman to take it. His object was to hold it long enough to force Sherman to pass by, in order to communicate with the Federal fleet and obtain the supplies he was presumed to need after his long march; which, by Hardee's calculation,

would gain time for the arrival of the still hoped for reënforcements from Virginia.

Sherman appeared before Savannah on the 6th December. His march through Georgia had been unopposed, except by Wheeler's cavalry, which hung on his front and flanks, and did good service by harassing his march, cutting off his foraging parties, and keeping Kilpatrick's cavalry close under the wings of the Federal infantry.

The fighting in front of Savannah was confined to skirmishing until the storming of Fort McAllister. The garrison had made a gallant defence, but was inadequate in numbers, and it had been out of Hardee's power to reënforce it. Meantime a force of the enemy had crossed the Savannah river, on pontoons, above the city, and effected a foothold on the opposite side, within a mile and a half of Hardee's line of retreat, and was being held in check by a portion of Wheeler's cavalry, and a dismounted body of Butler's division of cavalry, under Gen. Young.

Sherman now sent a formal demand for the surrender of Savannah and its garrison, on the ground that the city was no longer tenable and the escape of its garrison was impracticable, and threatening, in case of refusal, to show no quarter to the garrison if captured by assault. Hardee returned an unequivocal refusal, but made preparations to evacuate the place. His object in holding it thus long had been defeated by the fall of Fort McAllister, which opened communication between Sherman and the Federal fleet; and the thing now was to save the garrison for other service. This, with an army in his immediate front, a wide navigable river in his rear, and a body of the enemy near his line of retreat, on the opposite side, was sufficiently difficult and precarious. The water transportation was insufficient to convey the troops across the river rapidly, and in anticipation of this emergency, Hardee had constructed a pontoon bridge of rice flats, collected from the plantations along the river. This bridge was thrown across to an island and thence to the South Carolina side, a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The bridge was completed on the evening of the 18th December, and Savannah was evacuated that night. The troops, field artillery, stores and munitions were brought off without loss or

accident. The heavy guns, which could not be brought off, were spiked and otherwise disabled. Several steamers, which were to have been burned, fell into the hands of the enemy, through the treachery of their officers; and the only steamer destroyed was one in which Hardee himself owned a part interest. Nothing of value was captured by the enemy at Savannah, except the cotton owned by private individuals, which was distributed, and some of it concealed in various portions of the city. This could not have been collected to be burned, for want of transportation. It had required every dray, cart, and vehicle of every description that could be impressed in the city, to keep the troops on the line supplied with rations, forage, and ammunition.

The conduct of the operations at Savannah ranks high as a military achievement. In less than ten days, without sufficient tools or working force, a line of twelve miles had been entrenched, with less than 9,000 nondescripts, illy organized and provided, and many of whom had never before heard a gun fired in action. This line had been held for twelve days against a large and well-appointed army, and when there was no longer an object in holding it, and the situation of the garrison had become so critical that the Federal commander demanded its surrender in the belief that it could not escape, a pontoon was improvised, and the garrison brought off without the loss of a man or a gun.

After a month of rest at Savannah, during which his army was increased by a large number of recruits, Sherman resumed his march northward, with the evident object of taking Richmond in reverse. Hardee had sent the Georgia militia to assist Gen. D. H. Hill in the defence of Augusta, and disposed his other forces, now reënforced from Virginia by Connor's South Carolina Brigade of infantry and a part of Butler's Division of cavalry, so as best to impede the progress of the enemy, and cover the land approaches to Charleston. Meantime, Gen. Beauregard's geographical command had been extended over Hardee's Department, and the shattered remnants of Hood's army, returned from the disastrous invasion of Tennessee, were *en route* to North Carolina.

On the 13th of January, Hardee had telegraphed the President that, with his present force, Charleston must be abandoned

or suffer investment if seriously moved upon, and offering, if the good of the service required it, to attempt to hold it with his present force, or to insure holding it if reënforced by 10,000 men. No additional troops could be sent him, and the alternative was presented of evacuating Charleston, with its dependencies, or isolating the troops that held it. As early as the 27th December, Gen. Beauregard had ordered preparations to be made for evacuation; and on the 30th of the same month directed that the rule observed in the case of Savannah should be applied to Charleston; that is, the city should be held only so long as compatible with the safety of the garrison, and when the alternative offered, the city should be abandoned and the garrison preserved for field service.

On the 14th February, Gen. Beauregard arrived at Charleston, from Columbia, returning the same day, and ordered the evacuation of Charleston "as soon as the necessary preparations can be made."

On the 15th, Hardee received a telegram from the President urging the postponement of the evacuation as long as possible, in the hope that "Beauregard may beat the enemy in the field, and thus preserve the city and harbour for future use."

Later in the day, Gen. Beauregard reiterated his order, and on the night of the 18th the guns that had so long hurled defiance across Charleston harbour, were silenced; the flag that had floated in triumph alike over the strength and ruins of Sumter, was hauled down, and Charleston, the city of grand old memories, was evacuated.

Withdrawal from an extended line of coast defence, confronted everywhere by the enemy, was a delicate operation, and was made more difficult by the bad faith of some of the harbour vessels that were to transport the garrisons from the harbour forts to the mainland. But the troops were brought off without accident, the stores were removed, the rolling-stock of half a dozen railroads which had been concentrated at Charleston, was sent beyond the Santee, and Hardee's troops moved by rail to Kingstree.

The desultory campaign of the Carolinas which now ensued, presents but little of interest, and may be briefly despatched in closing the military career of Gen. Hardee. When Gen. John-

ston assumed command and came upon the scene, he directed Hardee to move to Smithfield, North Carolina; the object being to concentrate there Bragg's troops from Wilmington, Hardee's from Charleston, and the remnant of the Army of Tennessee, to make head against Sherman. Marching in this direction, Hardee arrived in the vicinity of Averysboro, on the 15th March. Branching off near this point were roads leading to Raleigh, Smithland and Goldsboro, and it became important, with reference to Gen. Johnston's future operations, to ascertain whether Sherman's army or only a detachment of it was following up Hardee; and if his whole army, whether its destination was Raleigh, Smithland or Goldsboro. This could only be done by a stand that would develop the force and objects of the enemy. Hardee accordingly selected a position several miles in front of Averysboro, at a point where the courses of Cape Fear and Black rivers were contiguous, and awaited the attack.

His force consisted of two small divisions, commanded by Gens. McLaws and Taliaferro. The troops which Hardee brought out of Charleston had been greatly reduced by desertion. Some of them had been on garrison duty all through the war and were now unwilling to enter the field. Others were disheartened by the reverses everywhere attending the Confederate arms, and in some instances companies were reduced to half their numbers by desertions in one night. In a rapid march, such as Hardee had been making, it was impossible to stop these desertions or to arrest the deserters. After passing the South Carolina State line, Gov. Magrath had recalled a brigade of South Carolina State troops, refusing to allow them to go out of the State. Hardee's effective force, therefore, was now reduced to 6,000 men, including a brigade of South Carolina reserves. His flank was protected by Wheeler, who was on the ground with a portion of his cavalry. The enemy brought against him the 14th and 20th corps of Federal infantry and Kilpatrick's cavalry. Gen. Sherman was on the field in person.

Hardee's troops, with the exception of Connor's brigade, sent him from Lee's army, had been drawn from the coast defences, and for the most part had served heretofore only as heavy artillery. They had been organized on the march from Charleston, and this was their first field service. They were now to be sub-

jected to a severe test of soldiership, and they bore the test bravely. They repelled the attack of as good troops as there were in the Federal armies, made with the odds of two corps against two divisions, changed position repeatedly under fire, and resisted successfully every attempt of the enemy to turn their position with the coolness and steadiness of veterans. Their loss in the fight (known as the battle of Averysboro) was 500 killed and wounded; that of the enemy, if the statements of prisoners subsequently captured may be credited, was 3,000.

Two days later, Hardee received orders to move to Bentonville, where Johnston designed concentrating to strike the column of Sherman on its march to Goldsboro. The troops assembled at Bentonville, on the 19th March, were McLaws' and Taliaferro's divisions of Hardee's command (5,500), Hoke's division, from Wilmington (4,500), and 4,000 troops of the Army of Tennessee --total 14,000. The last were worn and haggard, from the hard service of the winter; their faded gray jackets were stained with the mud of six States in which they had fought or marched in the past three months, and not more than a corporal's guard gathered around some of their regimental colors. But before the close of the day they showed that their soldierly qualities, at least, had survived the hardships and disasters of the Tennessee campaign.

Hampton's cavalry had checked the head of the enemy's column at Bentonville; and the enemy, with their usual precaution, had thrown up field-works in their front. Heavy skirmishing had begun in the morning and continued until Johnston's troops were all up. Hardee was placed in command of the troops of the "Army of Tennessee" and Taliaferro's division, and directed to attack on the right. Hoke's division was to follow up the attack. McLaws was on the left and in reserve. Hardee moved forward at 3 P.M. and carried two lines of temporary field-works, captured three pieces of artillery and a stand of colors, and drove the enemy one and a half miles. Then at nightfall they were found to be in such force as to make it unadvisable to press them further.

At one point in the advance of the troops of the Army of Tennessee, they had encountered a ditch and depression of ground which protected them from the fire under which they

were advancing. In front was an open field swept by the enemy's musketry from their works just beyond. The battle of Franklin was fresh in their minds, and they hesitated. Hardee saw their hesitation, and, leaping his horse over the ditch, he rose the ascent beyond, and in full view of his own troops and the enemy, waved his men forward. They recognized their old commander, now seen for the first time since October before, and raising a cheer such as those old hills had never echoed before, dashed across the field and drove the enemy pell-mell from their works.

Gen. Johnston rode up to Hardee on the field, while the action was still in progress, and said, "General, I congratulate you on your success. You have only done, however, what you always do."

The Confederates occupied at night a line a little in rear of the advanced position of the day. It was afterwards ascertained that Sherman had 35,000 troops on the ground at the beginning of the fight. He now brought up the remainder of his army, and pressed Johnston's line closely.

In an affair of the next day fell, mortally wounded, a son of Gen. Hardee, only sixteen years old. A year before, this brave boy, full of generous military enthusiasm, and captivated by the renown of "Terry's Rangers," a body of Texan cavalry, had run away from school at Athens, Georgia, and joined this regiment as it passed on its way to the army. His years were too tender for the rough service of these veterans, and his father took him on his staff. He won his spurs at Resaca, where he had a horse killed under him, and did a soldier's duty throughout the campaign. Later he joined Stuart's battery of light artillery in South Carolina, and served as a private up to the battle of Bentonville. There he again met "Terry's Rangers," and the boy's first love revived. The soldiers, proud of his preference for them, urged him to join them. Gen. Johnston designed making him his aid-de-camp, but thought it well first to allow him to see more field-service. He joined the regiment but two hours before the charge that closed his young career. Thus, in his father's last battle—in the last charge of the day—in the last gallant blow which the "Army of Tennessee" struck for Independence, fell, in the beauty and promise of tender youth, this noble boy, leaving no male descendant to inherit the name and the fame of Hardee

A few days thereafter and the news of Gen. Lee's surrender was the occasion of the conference which terminated in the capitulation agreed upon between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, on the 26th April, 1865. The sad survivors of the brave thousands that had enlisted in the ranks of 1861, now stacked their arms, furled their banners, took leave of their comrades, and prepared to wend their way to their various homes. It was a touching proof of affection for their first commander that the Arkansas Brigade, which had commenced and ended its career under Hardee's command, and whose bravest filled graves strewn over the length and breadth of nine States, at a moment when it might be supposed that men who had not seen their homes and kindred for four years, would only consider the speediest mode of reaching them, now volunteered, in a body, to escort Gen. Hardee to his adopted home, in Alabama. He declined the generous proffer, and moved across the country, accompanied by some members of his staff, and escorted by a company of couriers, who had served with him three years, and who never left him until they had seen him under his roof-tree, in Alabama.

Gen. Hardee's record, as a commander in the Confederate armies, is perfect in its round of usefulness and honour. Always in the field, always on duty, always at the point which danger and responsibility made the post of honour, from Missouri to North Carolina, from "Shiloh" to "Bentonville," he was intrusted with high duties and critical enterprises, and found faithful in all, and equal to all. In the outset, he began by preferring active field service to rank and a position of comparative ease in an Administrative Department. He afterward resisted the strongest temptation that could have been held out to a noble ambition, in declining the command of the second army in the Confederate States, when he thought the public weal would be advanced by intrusting it to other hands. No page in the history of the armies with which he was connected but is full of the proofs of trust reposed in him by his commanders, and in the unwritten but infallible verdict of the rank and file of the army, those severest, but most competent of all judges, his name stands in the front of the great soldiers of the war. President Davis is known to have considered him the best corps

commander in the service ; and Gen. Johnston went even further, in saying that he was more capable of handling 20,000 men in action than any other Confederate leader.

Gen. Hardee possessed, in a high degree, the quality which Napoleon classes as one of the most important in a commander—the capacity to estimate, at their just value, military events as they occur. His courage was of that order which inspires courage in others. An accomplished horseman, of commanding stature, and strikingly martial mien, his bearing in action was impressive and inspiring. To this was added, coolness that never failed ; presence of mind never disturbed ; and an intellect that rose, like his heart, in the tumult and dangers of battle.

After the close of the war, Gen. Hardee adapted himself readily to the change in the habit of life resulting to him, in common with his brother officers of the old army, and applied himself to civil avocations, with the same energy and success that had marked his military career. In the combined occupations of planting and railroad operation, he finds agreeable and useful employment ; and, followed by the respect and confidence of his countrymen, awarded to the virtues of the man not less than to the deeds of the soldier, his life flows on in an unbroken current of honourable usefulness.

LIEUT.-GEN. RICHARD TAYLOR.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Peculiar advantages of Gen. "Dick" Taylor in the war.—His gallantry and critical service at Port Republic.—Transferred to West Louisiana.—Interest of his military life directed to New Orleans.—Operations of 1863 in the Lafourche country.—His part in the Red River campaign.—Violent quarrel with Gen. E. Kirby Smith.—The merits of this controversy canvassed.—President Davis sustains Gen. Taylor, and gives him increased rank and command.—His disposition to insubordination.—Destruction of his property by the enemy.—A Vermont soldier's account of the exploit.

RICHARD TAYLOR—OR "Dick" Taylor, as he was popularly known—had the accident of birth and a peculiar advantage to favour his career in the late war. A son of Zachariah Taylor, the tenth President of the United States, and the popular hero of the Mexican war, he bore a name already dear and familiar to the public. A brother-in-law of President Davis—who had married his sister after a romantic elopement from her father's house—he had an extraordinary access to the fountain of office and honour: was in close relationship to a ruler who was notoriously governed by his personal affections in dispensing his official patronage, and distributing the gifts of rank and fortune.

Gen. Taylor's first remarkable service in the war was in Stonewall Jackson's famous campaign in the Valley of Virginia. It was at Port Republic that the Louisiana Brigade, commanded by Gen. Taylor, decided the day by an attack on the enemy's artillery, responding with cheers to Jackson's stern command, "That battery *must* be taken!" This attack, by which the enemy's artillery was dislodged and the field secured for a general advance of the lines of infantry, was perhaps the most brilliant incident of the resplendent and fruitful campaign; and at Port Republic the line has been generally drawn when the fortunes

of the Confederacy passed from their first great shadow of disaster and mounted to a new illumination of hope. It was the beginning of that remarkable series of victories in which Richmond was saved, the war put back on the frontier, and Lee's guns bel- lowed for peace almost at the portals of Washington.

Gen. Taylor was afterwards transferred to another and distant field of operations, and, with the rank of Major-General, placed in command of the District of West Louisiana. Here transpired the chief interest of his military life. It had a remarkable connection with the city of New Orleans; and twice he indulged the vision of relieving or recapturing that city, which appears, indeed, to have been the aim of all his operations and the summit of his hopes. At one time the prospect of such a prize was reasonable, and kindled public expectation. In an active campaign in the Lafourche country in the summer of 1863, Gen. Taylor, by an admirable operation, captured Brashear City and its forts, and the position thus obtained, with that of Thibodeaux, gave him command of the Mississippi River above New Orleans—enabled him in a great measure to cut off Gen. Banks' supplies, and, it was hoped, might eventually force that Federal commander to the choice of losing New Orleans or abandoning his operations against Port Hudson. But the unexpected fall of Vicksburg, which involved so many other operations, and carried down with it so much of Southern fortune, was fatal to Gen. Taylor's plans, and robbed him even of the success he had already obtained. It exposed Port Hudson, compelled its surrender, and left Gen. Taylor's position in the Lafourche country extremely hazardous, and not to be justified on military grounds. He was clearly unable to hold it, with an active force less than 4,000 men, not including the garrison at Berwick's Bay, against the overwhelming forces of the enemy released from the siege of Port Hudson; and he was compelled to abandon the campaign, to disappoint the hopes it had excited, and to mortify an ambition that had sought so great an opportunity of success and glory.

Gen. Taylor's second occasion of notable service in the Trans-Mississippi was in the famous Red River campaign in the spring of 1864, in which, acting under the orders of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, the department commander, he encountered Banks' army moving from Alexandria, and gained two of the most important

victories of the war. The events of this campaign were thus summed in an address he made to his victorious troops :

“HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT WEST LOUISIANA, MANSFIELD, LA., April 11, 1864.

“GENERAL ORDERS, No. —.

“*Soldiers of the Army of Western Louisiana :*

“At last have your patience and devotion been rewarded. Condemned for many days to retreat before an overwhelming force, as soon as your reinforcements reached you, you turned upon the foe. No language but that of simple narrative should recount your deeds. On the 8th of April you fought the battle of Mansfield. Never in war was a more complete victory won. Attacking the enemy with the utmost alacrity when the order was given, the result was not for a moment doubtful.

“The enemy was driven from every position, his artillery captured, his men routed. In vain were fresh troops brought up. Your magnificent line, like a resistless wave, swept everything before it. Night alone stopped your advance. Twenty-one pieces of artillery, 2,500 prisoners, many stands of colors, 250 wagons, attest your success over the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Army Corps. On the 9th instant you took up the pursuit, and pressed it with vigour. For twelve miles, prisoners, scattered arms, burning wagons, proved how well the previous day’s work had been done by the soldiers of Texas and Louisiana.

“The gallant divisions from Missouri and Arkansas, unfortunately absent on the 8th instant, marched forty-five miles in two days, to share the glories of Pleasant Hill. This was emphatically the soldier’s victory. In spite of the strength of the enemy’s position, held by fresh troops of the Sixteenth Corps, your valour and devotion triumphed over all. Darkness closed one of the hottest fights of the war. The morning of the 10th instant dawned upon a flying foe, with our cavalry in pursuit, capturing prisoners at every step. These glorious victories were most dearly won. A list of the heroic dead would sadden the sternest heart. A visit to the hospitals would move the sympathy of the most unfeeling. The memory of our dead will live as long as noble deeds are cherished on earth. The consciousness of duty well performed will alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Soldiers from a thousand homes, thanks will ascend to the God

of battles for your victories. Tender wives and fond mothers will repose in safety behind the breastworks of your valour. No fears will be felt that the hated foe will desecrate their homes by his presence. This is your reward; but much remains to be done. Strict discipline, prompt obedience to orders, cheerful endurance of privations, will alone insure our independence.

“R. TAYLOR, Major-General Commanding.”

After the battle of Pleasant Hill, Gen. Taylor was for pursuing the enemy to his transports; and, contemplating the destruction of Banks and Porter, indulged the prospect of thus overthrowing the enemy's power, and perhaps opening the way to New Orleans. It was a brilliant vision and a stirring inspiration. But the Commanding-General did not favour this view; he did not share Taylor's exultation; and very properly looking to all points of his extensive department, and surveying the whole field of action, rather than being intent on *éclat* and the interests of a particular locality, he decided upon a different campaign, which was to move against the Federal General Steele, who was threatening invasion of Texas and Louisiana from Little Rock. Indeed, it must be confessed that Gen. Taylor's idea of freeing the Department of the Gulf, by pursuing and overthrowing Banks' army, bordered on the visionary, and was not the wise choice in the alternative of campaigns presented after the battle of Pleasant Hill. However that battle was adorned in the words of the general order we have quoted, the truth is it was scarcely a Confederate victory—that three-fourths of Taylor's army had been actually worsted in the engagement, and that the enemy had ultimately retired rather from distress of supplies and timidity than from positive disaster to his arms. Banks was now intrenched at Grand Ecore, supported by gunboats; and the idea of annihilating in their intrenchments a force double that of the Confederates, and resting on gunboats, counting, too, the difficulties of transportation over 250 miles, was not among the probabilities to be entertained by a prudent commander. The country was destitute of supplies; it was impossible to dislodge the enemy by undertaking a sustained operation upon his communications; and a direct assault upon his position was scarcely to be thought of. Meanwhile, Steele was still advancing from Arkansas; he

had crossed the Little Missouri with an excellent army of 15,000 men, having been joined by Thayer from Fort Smith. In view of all the circumstances, Gen. E. Kirby Smith decided to move against Steele, and to forego Gen. Taylor's plans against Banks; it being still possible that after Steele was disposed of, he might flank Banks, and, concentrating his forces, ultimately essay his capture or overthrow.

The sequel was that Banks escaped before such a concentration could be formed. While Gen. Smith moved with the bulk of his army against Steele, Gen. Taylor, with a small force, was intent upon Banks, and followed the enemy very vigorously, capturing and destroying three gunboats and six or eight transports. He insisted that with Walker's, Parsons', and Churchill's divisions, he could overwhelm Banks, who was now at Alexandria, assisting Porter, who was trying to get his gunboats over the falls of the river. Some infantry in Arkansas was immediately put in motion to him, as it seemed possible the enemy might be compelled to abandon or destroy his fleet. But, by singular skill and energy, he had built a tree-dam across the Red River, by the aid of which he succeeded in getting all his boats off before any reinforcement reached Gen. Taylor, who was compelled, with little opportunity of action, to see the prize he had counted on slip from his grasp.

The truth must be stated that Gen. Taylor was a passionate, high-tempered man, and had but little sense of subordination. He fought with admirable gallantry; he had, perhaps, more accomplishments of general education than any commander of equal grade in the Confederate army; but he chafed under the commands of his superiors and the formulas of rank; and it may be said that he was a very able, and a very imperious man. So violently did he resent Gen. Smith's interference with his plans against Banks and the diversion of the campaign, that he wrote to Richmond, requesting to be relieved from the command of the district of West Louisiana. Indeed, he had dissented from Gen. Smith, and almost defied him, in every incident of the campaign. It had been the design of the latter commander to draw Banks some distance beyond Mansfield, and to make a field against him only when he could concentrate all the Confederate forces; but Gen. Taylor took the responsibility of changing a

reconnoissance into a battle, and on the commencement of the action, he had declared to Gen. Polignac, who commanded one of his divisions, "Little Frenchman, I am going to fight Banks here, if he has a million of men!" A dispatch from Gen. Smith came to him in the midst of the battle, ordering him to withdraw near Shreveport. "Too late, sir," said Taylor, to the courier who brought it; "the battle is won. It is not the first I have fought with a halter around my neck." Happily, a victory was obtained. But when on the heels of his victories, Gen. Taylor was for giving chase to Banks, and risking the whole department for an improbable success against an enemy intrenched and resting on gunboats, it must be considered wise and fortunate that he was opposed by the prudence of his superiour, and stayed at the point of success already accomplished. But when this difference between the two commanders went up to Richmond, and Gen. Taylor, ordered to Natchitoches, awaited there the pleasure of the government, President Davis did not take this view, and was prompt to adopt the cause and caprice of his relative—to such an extent, indeed, that he gave him increase of rank, and one of the most important commands in the Confederacy. The consequence of the disagreement between Gens. Taylor and Smith was that the former was made a Lieutenant-General, transferred east of the Mississippi, and given the command of what was popularly known as the Department of the Southwest, comprising East Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. This command Gen. Taylor surrendered to the enemy, in a convention with Gen. Canby, on the 4th May, 1865.

Before the war Gen. Taylor had possessed a vast property; he was a munificent planter, surrounded by wealth and culture. He was one of the earliest and most conspicuous victims of the enemy's rapacity. It was in the second year of the war, shortly after the capture of New Orleans, that the enemy commenced, to a large extent, his career of atrocities against rights and properties which the arms of both belligerents had hitherto spared. They removed Washington's statue from the State House of Louisiana to New York; they took a large part of the State library; they liberated the convicts from the Penitentiary. It was in this period of vandalism that Gen. Taylor's plantation was plundered, one hundred and fifty of his slaves carried off,

and his private papers despoiled, even of tokens of affection from his illustrious father. The exploit was gleefully described by a Vermont soldier, and published in a Northern paper. The report is copied literally, for obvious interest and instruction.

“It is one of the most splendid plantations that I ever saw. There are on it 700 acres of sugar-cane, which must rot upon the ground if the Government does not harvest it. I wish you could have seen the soldiers plunder this plantation. After the stock was driven off, the boys began by ordering the slaves to bring out everything there was to eat and drink. They brought out hundreds of bottles of wines, eggs, preserved figs, and peaches, turkeys, chickens, and honey in any quantity. I brought away a large camp-kettle and frying-pans that belonged to old Gen. Taylor, and also many of his private papers. I have one letter of his own hand-writing, and many from Secretary Marcy, some from Gen. Scott, and some from the traitor Floyd. I brought to camp four bottles of claret wine. Lieut. — brought away half a barrel of the best syrup from the sugar-house, and a large can of honey. The camp-kettle and pans I intend to send home. They are made of heavy tin, covered with copper. I think I will send home the private papers by mail, if I do not let any one have them. The camp is loaded down with plunder—all kinds of clothing, rings, watches, guns, pistols, swords, and some of Gen. Taylor’s old hats and coats, belt-swords—and, in fact, every old relic he had is worn about camp.”

How refreshing the innocence and exuberance of the Vermont spoiler; how evident that such outrages were not the unusual or hidden practices of Federal soldiers; how great the magnanimity that is called upon to forgive and forget such atrocities of the war! Gen. Taylor is now a comparatively poor man, struggling for a livelihood in commercial pursuits in New Orleans—the city his arms most sought to save; and when we find such a man, notwithstanding the grievous personal recollection of the war he bears, consenting to the enemy’s terms of reconstruction, and heartily counselling their acceptance, we see an example of that magnanimity which has made the people of the South admirable in disaster, and proved their strength equal to suffer as to do.

MAJ.-GEN. DABNEY H. MAURY.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Ancestral stock of Dabney H. Maury.—Services in the Mexican War.—Accepts the cause of the Southern Confederacy.—Various services in the Western armies.—His gallant defence of Mobile.—The Army of Mobile the last organized body of troops in the Confederacy.

DABNEY HERNDON MAURY is descended from the families of Fontaine and of Maury, who fled from France to Virginia, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV.; from the Minor who came to Virginia, in the reign of Charles II., with a grant from that king; and from the Brooke, who came to Virginia, with grants from Queen Anne. The estate of Brooke Bank, on the Rappahannock, is still held by William Brooke, under the original grant. Dabney H. Maury was born in Fredericksburg, May 21, 1822. His father was an officer of high character and ability, who lost his life while serving under old Commodore David Porter in the West Indies, as flag-officer of his fleet; and his father's brother, Matthew Fontaine Maury, yet lives, known to fame as "Lieutenant Maury."

In 1846, he graduated at West Point, was assigned to the Mounted Rifles, proceeded to Mexico, and went into action for the first time at Vera Cruz. He was severely wounded at Cerro Gordo, was promoted for his gallantry there, and also received a pleasant and honourable testimony in the present of a sword from the citizens of Fredericksburg. He was subsequently variously employed as instructor at West Point and Carlisle Barracks, and gave to the military literature of the country a valuable treatise on a new system of tactics for mounted troops. In 1860 he was promoted to captain of the Adjutant-General's department, and ordered to Santa Fé, as Adjutant-General of New Mexico.

He resigned his commission on receiving the news of the secession of Virginia, and made his way with his family and servants through Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, to Richmond, where he arrived on the 19th July, 1861. He was at once appointed Colonel of Cavalry by the Governor of Virginia, and subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and assigned to duty as Adjutant-General of Johnston's army at Manassas. He was soon afterwards, at his own request, transferred to the Army of Fredericksburg.

In February, 1862, he was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, as Chief of Staff to Gen. Van Dorn; and, having been complimented in the battle of Elk Horn, he was promoted Brigadier-General. He went to Corinth with the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, and from that time held various commands in the West. He commanded a division in the battle of Corinth, and did a splendid service after that action in engaging the Federal corps under Ord, at the Hatchie Bridge; and in the subsequent operations around Vicksburg, especially in the defeat of Sherman's and Porter's expedition into the Deer River country, he obtained additional distinction.

But the most memorable and brilliant service rendered by Gen. Maury was the defence of Mobile, in the last periods of the war—an event which adorned the declining fortunes of the Confederacy, and gave to its history the last example of glory. He had been transferred to East Tennessee, when he was ordered to exchange Departments with Gen. Buckner, and to proceed to Mobile, and take command of the Department of the Gulf. While exercising this command, Gen. Maury, at different times, repulsed the attack of Farragut's fleet against Fort Powell, the column of Davidson, from Baton Rouge, against Mobile, and the raid of Ashboth, from Pensacola, towards the Montgomery and Great Northern Railroad. Being temporarily in command of the Department embracing Mississippi, Alabama, East Louisiana, and West Florida, he authorized Forrest to make the expedition into Memphis which caused the retreat of the invading column of A. J. Smith, which had already penetrated into Mississippi as far as Oxford.

After Mobile had been several times threatened with attack,

an army under Canby, and a large fleet, commenced to move against it, in March, 1865. Canby's immediate force was over 45,000 troops, besides a fleet of about twenty war vessels. Gen. Maury's forces were less than 8,000 effectives, with four or five inefficient gunboats. The enemy having got in position, attacked the lines of Spanish Fort and Blakely, while he threatened Mobile itself. The effective force of the positions attacked numbered about 4,000 of all arms; the besiegers numbered more than 45,000, and the works were light field-works. The supply of Confederate ammunition was scant, and had to be very sparingly used. After two weeks of defence, not surpassed in courage and skill by any in the war, the position of Spanish Fort was abandoned to the enemy, and most of the garrison saved. Next day, Blakely was carried by assault. Gen. Maury then decided, in pursuance of his general instructions, to attempt no defence of the city, but to save his garrison. He occupied two days, April 10th and 11th, in removing his stores and destroying his armament, etc., and during the night of the 11th, he removed the troops from their positions in the city, except the rear-guard of 300 Louisiana infantry. On the 12th he marched out of Mobile, on the road to Meridian. The Army of Mobile reached Meridian about 4,500 strong, and was organized into a division under Gen. Maury, and prepared to march across the country into Carolina, to join Gen. Johnston. But this design was overruled by events which had occurred elsewhere.

On the 12th May, 1865, Gen. Maury and the Army of Mobile were paroled prisoners of war, under the terms of the surrender made by Gens. Taylor and Canby. The Army of Mobile was the only organized body of troops on that day in the Confederacy, and bore on their serried bayonets the last hope of the South.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Brilliant service of Magruder's batteries in the Mexican War.—Interesting incident at Contreras.—He makes the tour of Europe.—Offers his sword to Virginia.—Battle of Bethel.—Important and critical services on the Peninsula.—How he deceived McClellan, and defied his "grand army."—Another desperate situation in front of Richmond.—Transferred to Texas.—Recapture of Galveston.—Affair of Sabine Pass.—Address to the people of Texas.—The enemy compared to "the ravenous cat."—Gen. Magruder resists a surrender.—His exile in Mexico.—The tribute of a companion-in-arms to his accomplishments and virtues.

JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER was born at Port Royal, in the county of Caroline, Virginia, in 1808. He graduated at West Point in the class of 1830, and his earliest campaign was against the Indians in Florida, where he served under Gen. Scott and his uncle, Gen. James Bankhead. In the Mexican war his services were historical and brilliant, and he was remarkable there for the splendid performance of his light artillery—an arm the value of which he illustrated in no less than nine battles. The stormy music of his battery was heard in the very first combat at Palo Alto, and its vibrations scarcely ceased until they shook the buildings in the Grand Plaza of the capital! It was in the rapid and effective management of field-pieces, and the combinations with which they were applied to accomplish immediate and important results, that his genius shone and his brilliant courage was most strikingly manifested.

The severest test of the valour and efficiency of this comparatively new arm occurred at Contreras, where Capt. Magruder was ordered to entertain the powerful concentration of the enemy's batteries under Gen. Valencia, while the brigades of Riley and Persifer F. Smith were painfully and slowly gaining his rear. His battery held its ground desperately; it was crippled

by the heavy and murderous fire of Valencia; his horses lay around the guns in pools of gore; but he did not withdraw his broken and suffering ranks until the columns of infantry had succeeded in flanking the enemy. One of his guns was commanded on this day by Lieutenant Thomas Jonathan Jackson, afterwards the world-renowned "Stonewall."

Singular and startling are the vicissitudes of war! When Capt. Magruder had lost half his officers and men in the terrible exposure for three hours at Contreras, and was looking about him for such assistance as he could get in his extremest need, he saw, at a little distance, a young gentleman in the uniform of the United States army, apparently not engaged in the battle. Riding up to him without a moment's delay, Capt. Magruder proposed to the youthful stranger that he should take charge of one of the pieces disabled by the loss of its officer. The invitation was unhesitatingly accepted, and the volunteer lieutenant served the piece with the utmost self-possession, and with telling effect, until the end of the fight. When his name was asked for, that it might be properly mentioned in the official report, he gave it as George B. McClellan! There, upon that Mexican battle-field, under the blazing fire of the enemy, did these two men meet for the first time, fifteen years later to be confronted as deadly enemies on the already historic intrenchments of Yorktown, Virginia, in a war between the sundered sections of the Union! Did the "forlorn hope" of the memorable day of Contreras, its common glory, ever come to the memory of these leaders of hostile armies when each watched the camps of the other and plotted his destruction; and what must have been its lessons, what its inspirations, in this strange confront and emulation of arms!

Magruder came out of the Mexican War a Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. Soon after its close, he went abroad, and spent some time in England and on the Continent, everywhere perfecting his acquaintance with the art of war in the arsenals and camps of the different nations of Europe, and everywhere received in the most polished circles of society. This foreign tour he repeated, just before the political difficulties of the United States ripened into secession, under a commission from the War Department to prepare a report on the light artillery practice of European estab-

lishments, and to translate from the French the best manual of artillery tactics extant in that language, for the use of the United States army. When he returned to Washington he found the clouds of war gathering, and on the instant that the proclamation of President Lincoln roused the people of Virginia into armed resistance, he laid down his regulation sabre and his colonel's commission, and drawing the sword which had been presented to him by his native county of Caroline, he came to offer his skill and devotion to the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

He was made a Brigadier-General; and it was his good fortune to win one of the earliest successes of the war, upon a soil of historic inspirations—his command of about 1,800 men checking at Bethel a column which Butler had sent from Fortress Monroe to try the threshold of the Peninsular approach to Richmond. But this affair was trifling compared to the service which he was afterwards called upon to perform in covering this approach to the Confederate capital—a service which was not noisily advertised in the gazette, but which consisted in the ceaseless vigilance and untiring energy that during thirteen long months of hardship and exposure occupied the enemy, and at last kept an immense invading army in check, and made the inconsiderable force of less than 10,000 men impress the “Young Napoleon” of the North, and his grand army, with the idea of 100,000. It was a service which saved Richmond.

When McClellan commenced the transportation of his army to the Peninsula, and Gen. Johnston yet lingered in the neighbourhood of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, Gen. Magruder found himself, with the small force under his command, confronting an army which gradually grew before his eyes to 75,000 men, before he received a single reinforcement. Every day fleets of transports arrived in Hampton Roads, and the extension of the long line of tents at Newport News told of the gathering host. At this time Gen. Magruder's line extended from Gloucester Point, on the north side of the York River, across the peninsula to Mulberry Island, in the James River, a distance of seventeen miles, on which was strung a force scarcely exceeding 8,000 men. At one time it was proposed in a council of war to retreat towards Richmond; but Gen. Magruder rejected the

advice of his officers, and determined on the desperate enterprise of entertaining McClellan and his great army until Gen. Johnston's forces could arrive upon the scene. He inspired his men by eloquent appeals. He issued an address to be read to each command in his army, in which he declared: "The enemy is before us—our works are strong—our cause is good—we fight for our homes and must be careful. Every hour we hold out brings us reinforcements." It was not a mere idle audacity, a blind desperation; he was active every day in impressing the enemy with a show of strength and alarming him with signs of battle; he adroitly extended his little force to every point open to observation, so as to give the appearance of numbers to the enemy; he made almost daily feints of attack; there were marchings and counter-marchings, the hurrying to and fro, the midnight calls, the movements down one road and up another. McClellan actually believed that an army of a hundred thousand men was on his front. Night after night did the Federal officers sleep restlessly in their encampment at Newport News, expectant of the alarm that Magruder was upon them. Morning after morning did they strain their eyes along the road leading to New Market, for the dust of his approaching columns. Such was the alarm and uncertainty of McClellan until Johnston's army reached the critical ground, and assured the safety of Richmond. The service of Magruder had been vital and heroic; it was almost incredible, in the simplest statement of the facts. With a force of about 10,000 he had checked the whole of McClellan's army, and paralyzed the power for mischief of a great host, supported by an immense naval armament, with two wide water courses open to them, by which, at any moment, they might have assailed him on both sides at once!

It appears to have been the peculiar fortune of Gen. Magruder to enact the most desperate parts in the defence of Richmond. In the memorable battles of 1862 around that city, we again find him in circumstances somewhat similar to those at Yorktown, holding a thin and critical line, and playing upon the enemy's credulity as to the magnitude of his forces. When Gen. Lee crossed the Chickahominy with the larger part of his army to fight the battle of Gaines' Mills, the divisions of Gen. Magruder and Huger were all that remained on the other side

of the stream to cover Richmond. Of the situation and McClellan's opportunity, Magruder writes: "After the battle of Friday, the 27th June, on the opposite bank of the Chickahominy, it was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn his troops to the right bank, and therefore the whole of his forces were massed in front of our lines, and that he had destroyed the bridges over this river, thereby separating our army and concentrating his own. * * * * From the time at which the enemy withdrew his forces to this side of the Chickahominy and destroyed the bridges, to the moment of his evacuation, that is, from Friday night until Sunday morning, I considered the situation of our army as extremely critical and perilous. The larger portion of it was on the opposite side of the Chickahominy, the bridges had been all destroyed, but one was rebuilt, the New Bridge, which was commanded fully by the enemy's guns from Goulding's, and there were but 25,000 men between his army of 100,000, and Richmond. * * * Had McClellan massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against any point of our line of battle, as was done at Austerlitz, under similar circumstances, by the greatest captain of any age, though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have insured him success, and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and, consequently, the city might have been his reward."

Happily McClellan did not have the genius or audacity to use this opportunity of attack, and, retreating across Gen. Magruder's front, he made for the James River, below Richmond. In this retreat he surprised Gen. Magruder, who was only able to come up with his rear-guard at Savage Station, and afterwards made an ill-advised attack upon his batteries of Malvern Hill. In these incidents of McClellan's retreat (which have been elsewhere related more fully), Gen. Magruder fell under some popular censure, from which he was vindicated, however, by an official investigation of the facts.

After these battles he was sent west of the Mississippi, to take command in Texas, bearing with him, in the order assigning him to this distant command, an extraordinary tribute to his services, declaring that "Maj.-Gen. Magruder has deserved the thanks of the army and the people, and will carry to his

new field their confident hopes for the achievement of new successes." These hopes were more than realized. He appears to have had a fondness for dramatic and startling adventures; his dashing courage took to desperate enterprises; and the country was soon electrified by a train of victories on the Gulf Coast, where the war had hitherto dragged, and presented but few exhibitions of interest. As he was on his way to Texas, accompanied by Judge Oldham, Major Forshey, and others, the subject of retaking Galveston Island was introduced. The difficulties of the undertaking were canvassed, and the question came up whether the work was feasible. Major Forshey observed: "General, I think the best plan is to resolve to retake Galveston any way, and then canvass the difficulties." The General replied that he thought so too, and from that point began the undertaking.

The recapture of Galveston was accomplished on the 1st January, 1863, by an attack on the enemy's fleet and garrison; the steamer *Harriet Lane* was carried by boarding from two small steamers fenced with cotton; and the whole Federal fleet would have been compelled to surrender, had they not ignominiously escaped under cover of a flag-of-truce. Some months later followed the success of Sabine Pass. Attacked by five gunboats, the fort, mounting but three guns of small calibre, and manned by 200 men, steadily resisted their fire, and at last forced the surrender of the two gunboats *Clifton* and *Sachem*, badly crippling another, which, with the others, escaped over the bar. The result of this gallant achievement was the capture of two fine gunboats, fifteen heavy guns, over 200 prisoners, among them the Commodore of the fleet, and over fifty of the enemy killed and wounded, while not a man was lost on the Confederate side or a gun injured.

About the close of the year 1863, Gen. Magruder had reason to suppose that the enemy contemplated a formidable invasion of Texas by the coast, Gen. Banks having taken possession of the Lower Rio Grande and occupied Aransas and Corpus Christi Passes. In view of these movements, an address was issued to the planters who resided in counties within fifty miles of the coast, from Corpus Christi to Galveston, to remove their negroes beyond the reach of the enemy. In making this appeal to the

people of Texas, Gen. Magruder warned them against the faithless promises of the enemy. "The utter disregard of all social rights," he said, "as well as the distinct proclamation of President Lincoln, so ruthlessly carried out by his minions, leave no room for hope, even to the most credulous, to save their property, and especially their negroes, even by the base submission of men who should prefer death to dishonour. Should hopes be held out to the people of Texas that they will be exceptions to the rule so vigorously enforced in her sister States in localities where the enemy are in possession of temporary power, and should even the property of some, deceived into an oath of allegiance by the treacherous promises of our enemy, be for a time respected, such hopes will prove deceitful—such respect a snare. The playing of the ravenous cat with the harmless mouse is not more deceitful or fatal."

It is well known that Gen. Banks subsequently changed his intentions, if he had contemplated an invasion of Texas from the sea, and undertook the famous Red River campaign, in which Gen. Magruder was called upon to coöperate with the other Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi. This was the last event of importance west of the Mississippi. When, by the progress of dominant events on the other side of the river, the necessity of surrender came here, Gen. Magruder attempted to animate the Texas troops in the hope of prolonging the war, or punishing the enemy to the last opportunity. At Houston he addressed the citizens, sought to inspire them with something of his own hope and ardour, and concluded by protesting that "he had rather be a Comanche Indian than bow the knee to the Yankees." But these appeals were vain; and Gen. Magruder accepted for himself the experiment of exile, removing to Mexico, where he was connected with the government of Maximilian in some scheme of colonization. This enterprise having failed, he has since returned to his country, where enough of sympathy for "the lost cause" yet remains to make welcome for all its illustrious and unhappy champions.

A companion-in-arms of the General, writing of him in the active period of the war, when his star was ascending with the fortunes of the South, thus describes the man: "Of Gen. Magruder, in the freedom of private life, it may be said, without vio

lating the proprieties of social reserve, that never was there a more agreeable man. In conversation he is especially happy, enriching whatever topic may be under discussion with illustrations drawn from the stores of a large and various reading, or enlivening it with anecdotes of his actual experiences of life and manners. The elegance of his demeanour, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of repose, derived from much observation of men and cities, courts and drawing-rooms, combined with the betrayal, now and then, in his personal adornments, of a cultivated taste in objects of luxury, brought upon him, among his intimate friends in society, the title of "Prince John"—a title which was used in pleasantry by his brother officers in the old army. But never was a man more free from mere vulgar ostentation, either outwardly or in social intercourse. On the contrary, his style in talk and in correspondence is that of severe simplicity. Few men, however, can engage him in an encounter of wits without loss of reputation. Beast Butler tried it while at Fortress Monroe, in an exchange of letters, and came off No. 2. * * * *
Wherever he may go, he will be to his friends the same merry, dashing, charming fellow that he has been in former days, in the drives and *fêtes* of Newport, in the saloons of Paris, in the military outpost, in the midnight bivouac, in the club, and in the camp; and we may be assured that he will prove to the enemies of the country the same self-composed, self-reliant, indomitable, dangerous combatant that he was to Tiger-Tail and Osceola, Valencia and 'the Young Napoleon.'

SOME CONCLUDING REMARKS.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Reflections on the close of the war.—The true glory of history.—“The possession forever.”—The duties and hopes of the South.—Two distinct grounds of faith in the future.—The people of the South to make their own history and Pantheon.—Their dead heroes.

On the completion of our work there arise some great and ennobling reflections. It should be the pride of the people of the South, and the ambition of its youth, to uphold as a peculiar ornament the glorious names of the war, and to cultivate with tenderness and reverence whatever remains of the institutions and ideas of chivalry in their country, so well distinguished in the world as it already is for its types of courage and peculiar schools of honour. In the second year of the past war, the London *Times* declared that whatever might be the fate of the Southern Confederacy, it had “begun its career with a reputation for genius and valour which the most famous nations might envy.” It is for us to remember that the title thus conferred is not changed or diminished by the mere political issues of the war. The true glory of history is indifferent to events; it is the record of honour, as often read in the grand stories of misfortune as in the illuminated text of victory. It is thus that although the cause of the South, in certain respects, and for a certain time, may be lost, we are yet gainers in history and inheritors of its glory. This reputation is not a shadow; it is the treasure which the Greeks called “the possession forever,” a substantial and enduring crown, that for which nations have fought as above all other objects of contest. The low and grovelling mind may apprehend but little in a name in history, and weigh it lightly in the coarse scales of a utilitarian philosophy; but it is the first

prize for which generous nations have contended in all ages of the world, the ornament of the humblest individual who shares the common title of a great people. Looking at the past war, not in the narrow circle of political partisans, not from the stand-points of the passing day, but from the great eminences of History, it might be difficult to exchange as equal prizes the martial glory of the South for the material triumph and shallow success of the North.

We are not disconsolate. We have won a priceless fame in the past war; we have obtained a new school of experience; we have entitled ourselves the countrymen of Lee and Jackson; we have reproduced the best part of Ancient Chivalry; constructed a romance of cavaliers that will ever have a distinct place in the admiration of Christian nations; given to the world names which it will not willingly let die. Talk about defiling these names by the shallow daub of the epithet of rebels; talk about "making treason odious" by confiscations, and prisoners, and gibbets—why these are but helps to sympathy, the crowns of martyrdom, the assurances of a yet more loving and reverential memory of our living and dead! The enemy *cannot* dishonour our history. What is the diction of laws worth when our feelings, and judgments, and consciences proclaim those heroes whom they call "traitors." Yes, they will "make treason odious" only when they can give law to affection and measure the drops of blood in our hearts.

There is a coarse notion that there should succeed upon the war a utilitarian age in the South; that the people should build mills and factories, sum up their philosophy in that great Yankee word, "material prosperity," and let *ideas* alone. Gov. Orr says he is "tired of South Carolina as she was," and wants to copy after Massachusetts and her mills, and get into the South some of the pelf of New England civilization. Now this advice may have a certain and limited value: we must repair the homes ruined by the war, reclaim the waste fields, and build anew the temples of industry. But this is not all, or the noblest part of our task. Let it be also our care to defend ourselves against what would be the worst consequence of our defeat—the loss of our distinctive character as a people, and the diminution of our name in history. Let us maintain, as far as possible, our peculiar

habit of civilization, protect our institutes of honour, reassert the virtues of chivalry, and not forget the exercise of arms. We may yet be in training for a brilliant future. The cause, for which we struggled four years, may be lost for the present, and yet the curtain may have been drawn down only upon one act of the drama, and great events may yet be in reserve. The battle-scene may again mount the stage; a great contest does not easily end in a span of years; and the war that is not succeeded by a solid peace only lays the foundation of another conflict. The character of that struggle, the parties to it—whether the war of neighbourhoods will follow the war of sections—these are uneasy speculations. The one fact alone is certain, that there is no deep sense of pacification in the country, no consciousness of real peace, and the meaning of this, the logical, exclusive, simple meaning is, another conflict.

In the first place, we do not believe that after a convulsion so vast and profound as the past war, it is historically possible for a people to return quietly to the old habit and law of its existence. The lesson of human experience is to the contrary; the analogy of Nature is to the contrary. Such convulsions are the signals of great changes in history; they necessarily date eras. We believe that it is impossible to compass the commotion of the late war into the mere decision of certain special questions; that its consequences are not yet spent; and that the prospect of coming quietly back to a common idea and the old routine, is the short-sighted vision of the mere politician, and not the anticipation of a sound philosophy.

In the next place, we hold the broad faith that if there was really any truth or virtue in the cause of the South, it is bound to reassert itself, and to make some second appearance in history. If that cause was an error or crime, we can believe in its extinction. But whatever is true and just, constantly renews itself; and the law of resurrection is as certain as the fact of temporary dissolution. We recollect Mr. Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*, wrote those noble lines of poetry:

“ Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

It is a thrilling picture; a sweet, solemn eloquence; a beautiful faith.

These are general considerations. We do not enter the field of narrow questions; we do not attempt details; we do nothing more than maintain that the late war is visibly, necessarily, unconcluded, and await the coming time, assured that what Mr. Headley calls "the great clock of destiny" will strike again. We speak, as in the mystery of the future. The notes of the trumpet may be heard beneath our windows sooner than we expect, and the silver-sounding instruments of "Death's couriers" call us to the field again. In the present situation it may be well for us to say but little, and to maintain with regard to all parties in the North the Napoleonic attitude of attentive neutrality. We shall not discuss that question.

We have desired to write on behalf of the past, rather than of any new theme of glory. Let the people of the South secure its honour; let them assemble its great names, make their own history and Pantheon, and celebrate the deeds of their Chivalry. There are Northern politicians who regard the South as nothing more than a camp of paroled prisoners, who would give tickets-of-leave to our heroes, and put all our history in phrases and stereotypes of their own choosing. But in the eyes of the world, remember, the felons and traitors of the South are a great and conspicuous people, who were simply unfortunate in an arbitration of arms. We went down in the struggle, yet covered with glory; we lost on the cast of events, yet winning the recompense of honour.

And what of that assemblage of loved and honoured spirits which Northern newspapers term so flippantly "*the rebel dead?*" They are the men who in battle forgot that they had ever heard the name of death, and yet died. They are above the clamours and accusations of one short generation of men: they are safe in Heaven and in History. Neither the shafts of malice, nor the weapons of unconquerable death shall ever reach them more; their names are forever safe from the touch of corruption; and their shining tents are pitched on the Campus Martius of eternal fame.

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